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CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs,
Ont.

January, 1943

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, 'give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown', and he replied—'Go out into the darkness and put your hand in the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than the known way'."

from the New Year Message of King George VI, 1942

Hallowe'en Party
Chinese Catholic Mission, Toronto

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VOL. XXIV | VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* | No. 1

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(Scene from Martyrs' Shrine at Midland by courtesy of Rev. Father Lally, S.J.)

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Signposts

Rev. J. P. Ainslie, S.F.M.

Father Joseph Ainslie Ordained:

In the Church of St. Basil at Toronto, on the morning of December nineteenth, Most Rev. Charles McGuigan raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood, Joseph Ainslie of Kingston, Ont.

CHINA offers its sincerest congratulations to Father Ainslie and the members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society heartily welcome into their midst another missionary priest.

•

Our Deepest Sympathy:

CHINA extends its deepest sympathy to Miss Violet Wong, teacher in our school at the Vancouver Mission, and to the other members of her family, in their recent sad bereavement.

Violet's brother Jack met with a very serious accident in the mill where he had been working and died after receiving the Sacrament of Baptism.

The priests and students at the Seminary, together with Violet's numerous friends throughout Canada and the United States, will not forget Jack in their prayers. May his soul rest in peace.

•

"Hudson's Bay" Blanket Draw

Winners of the "Hudson's Bay" Blankets offered as prizes in the Grand Drawing at the Chinese Mission Annual Bazaar, Vancouver, Wednesday, November 11th, 1942:

1. Dr. Donohue, 3 King's Road, St. John's, Nfld. (4936) C
2. Sisters of St. Joseph, Clandonald, Alta. (6408) E
3. Wing Lung, 152 East Pender St., Vancouver, B.C. (9236) B
4. Rev. L. Hart, S.F.M., 852 North Park St., Victoria, B.C. (7646) C
5. E. McCracken, 4003 Parker Street, Vancouver, B.C. (6272) B
6. Sister M. Ethna, 11827—85th Street, Edmonton, Alta. (3094) C
7. Sisters of the Cross, Lafleche, Sask. (4417) A
8. Rev. I. Sholla, C.SS.R., 125—3rd Avenue, Yorkton, Sask. (4538) C
9. Rt. Rev. F. Chaloner, St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, B.C. (4613) D
10. Fong Loy, 71 Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C. (1100) C

A Holy and Happy New Year to all our readers

ODDS and ENDS

by THE RAMBLER

When a man is 20 he doesn't care what people think about him; when he is 35 he worries about what people think of him; when he reaches 50 he discovers that they don't think of him at all.—Quoted in *Catholic Digest.*

* * *

Only when we are satisfied to be a nobody does happiness really begin. The man who sets out to be President or Senator or to make the world sit up and listen can never afford time for the simple pleasures of life. Rarely can he relax sufficiently to drink in the beauty of a tree or a flower or a golden sunset.

* * *

A famous doctor has said that there is no drink problem, that nobody craves alcohol but rather the release that alcohol affords from otherwise inescapable troubles and problems. He also maintains that sermons by well meaning relatives invariably aggravate the situation. "Father, dear father, come home with me now" rarely evokes more than the rejoinder to "get away from them swingin' doors".

We query the first pronouncement but find ourselves in accord with the second. Nobody was ever helped by being told that he was a big brute and should be ashamed of himself. However, this is by no means an age of moral indignation in such matters.

* * *

Did you know that a man never loses his reason? Example: The patient in padded cell 210 believes he has a glass arm. What does he do? He keeps it wrapped in cotton wool. Perfectly sound reasoning, syllogistic, in fact.

Things made of glass need protection.

But my arm is made of glass.

Therefore, my arm needs protection.

Therefore, I wrap it in cotton wool.

If the man who believed he had a glass arm went around asking his mates to crack it with a hammer because it was made of glass, then we should subscribe to the loss of reason theory. So, if you think you're Napoleon it isn't your reason that is fundamentally at fault but your imagination gone berserk.

* * *

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. If you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you have said to-day.—Emerson, *Self-Reliance.*

* * *

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of its members. Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. To be great is to be misunderstood.—*Ibid.*

* * *

Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure that conceals it.—Emerson, *Compensation.*

* * *

In my travels I met several gifted apostates from all Christian denominations and I studied for years the problem of apostasy. I read the lives, letters, diaries and writings of Renan, McCabe, Rosenburg, Lenin, Mark, LeDantec, Loisy and many others. I think the principal reason for apostasy is the refusal to bear the cross of life and accept the Christian solution of the problem of evil. . . . I have met many people calling themselves atheists but I have yet to meet one of them who is happy, contented and in peace of mind.—*The Voice of the Church.*

* * *

The Best

The Best Philosophy—A contented mind.

The Best Theology—Pure and beneficient life.

The Best Medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance.

The Best Music—The laughter of an innocent child.

The Best Science—Extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.

The Best Biography—That life which writes charity in largest letters.

The Best Navigation — Steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention.

"CHINA"
St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find $.....as a subscription to "China" for..... years.

Name .....

New Address .....

.....

Name .....

Old Address .....

.....

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Vancouver Mission Photo Album

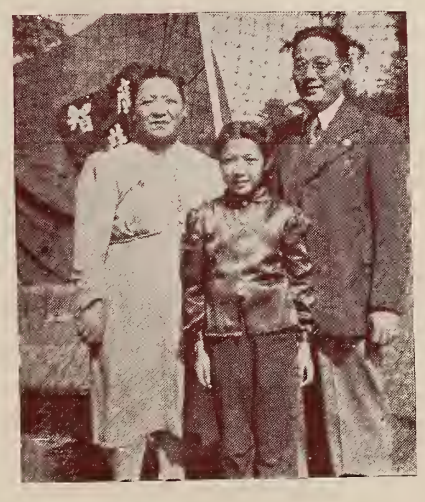
ABOVE: *Pupils at the Kindergarten School.*

ABOVE: Kindergarten Group.

CENTRE: *The Three Evelyns—Evelyn Gee, Evelyn Wong, Evelyn Lee.*

Miss Evelyn Lee, standard bearer in the Holy Rosary procession.

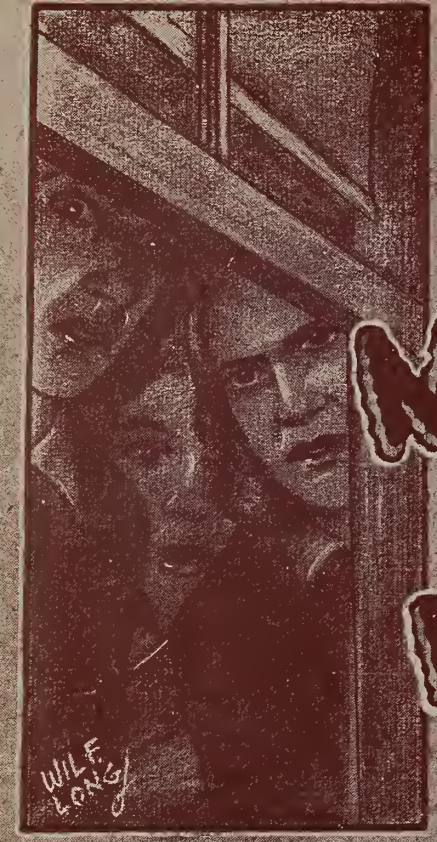
One of the Sisters with two little Chinese ladies.



CENTRE: *Friends of the Mission.*

The Grey Sisters at Vancouver, B.C.

Myrtle, Violet, Mabel and Dorothy Wong.



MURDER IN A NUNNERY

By ERIC SHEPHERD

"I WONDER," he said, "if I might have a look at the *locus* and observe for myself the—ah—respectivity of . . . ?"

"But of course, Mr. Chief Inspector."

Reverend Mother rose, and the Inspector was about to follow her, when there came a light tap at the great door, and, upon permission, a small girl appeared of so rare a degree of exotic beauty that the Inspector was reminded of Gauguin. The rather dowdy uniform frock of a schoolgirl sat absurdly on this little queen of the southern seas.

"Yes, Inez . . . ?"

The child stood to rigid attention and delivered herself of a message.

"Please, Reverend Muzzer, but Muzzer Peck she say de Senor in 17 parlour 'e make de revoluccion an' refuse longer to be entertain wiz de good writings."

At sight of the Inspector the child blushed and made a deep curtsey.

Reverend Mother smiled.

THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School, is found murdered in St. Joseph's chapel. Miss Verity Goodchild, one of the students, remaining after Benediction as a penance for being late, makes the gruesome discovery.

The detectives arrive and decide on calling in the aid of Scotland Yard. Chief Inspector Pearson of the Yard has just arrived and is in conference with Reverend Mother Superior.

CHAPTER IV—(*Continued*)

"Come in, Inez, and tell me who is this Senor who makes the revolution in No. 17!"

"Pardon, Reverend Muzzer; but Muzzer Peck she does not tell me. Only she say a Senor of much indignation."

The Inspector beamed sentimentally upon the exquisite Inez. He did not know if she was an angel, but he hoped there were others like her playing in the Elysian Fields.

"I think I can clear this up, Reverend Mother," he said. "The revolutionary person is probably Detective-Sergeant Osbert, of the Force. I rather wondered why he did not meet me at the door."

Reverend Mother's face expressed the warmest satisfaction at one mystery the less.

"That is certainly who it must be. I expect he *was* waiting for you, and Mother Peck tidied him into a parlour. Poor man, I do hope she let him smoke."

But the Inspector had no hope.

Reverend Mother took Inez by the hand, and, with one of those mocking hazel glances at the Inspector, said:

"If you can spare a moment, Mr. Chief Inspector, I think it really would interest you to hear about the revolution in Inez' country, Anaconda, and about how her father became the Hazh Bazh."

Inez glowed with delight, and, striking a pretty pose, was about to begin, when the Inspector whispered desperately aside to Reverend Mother:

"Excuse me. My stupidity, I am sure. But *what* did the little girl's father become?"

Reverend Mother waved a spacious hand.

"It's Anacondan for—their head man, don't you know? . . . Mussolini . . . that sort of thing. Now, Inez . . ."

The child resumed.

"It is de Revoluccion, Senor. Dere is big-gunning and bombing—great deal of noise. De ol' Hazh Bazh 'e come out wiz 'iz sword an' cock-'at and is making de speech, but my fazzer 'e shoot with 'iz revolver into de front of Hazh Bazh. Den all de oder Senores they also shoot into de Hazh Bazh and stick their knifes into 'im—so 'e iz dead, an' dey clean him away. So den my fazzer iz de Hazh Bazh."

"Dear me, dear me!" was all the horrified Inspector could find to say. He was aghast at the recital.

But Reverend Mother seemed to take an impish pleasure in the domestic politics of Anaconda.

"And did the other Senores agree, Inez?"

"Oh no, Reverend Muzzer. All de Senores wish to be de Hazh Bazh hisself. But when dey see de machine-gun which my fazzer point at dem, den dey agree."

"Quite," said Reverend Mother.

As she spoke she bared the child's arm to the elbow and compelled the squeamish Inspector to take note of a livid cicatrice in the tender flesh from the wrist upwards.

"Tell the gentleman how you got this, Inez."

The child immediately resumed.

"It is de night of de Revoluccion. We are in de nursery, my bruzzers and sisters an' de little baby and I. Some of de Senores dey wish to make my fazzer very sorry, so dey come to kill all us who are his little children."

The Inspector shuddered convulsively.

"So we little children when we 'ear de Senores hiding in de hacienda, we also get ready our revolvers and daggers. We obey the commands of my bruzzer Jacquimo—'e is very clever boy. We pile up all de nursery chairs and tables and make de *barricado*, and Jacquimo 'e dispose over de door so that a bomb fall down on de Senores when they come in to kill us. We are careful to put de little baby b'ind de barricade."

Miss Verity Goodchild.

The Inspector goaned.

"Is this possible!"

But Reverend Mother continued to smile with a kind of radiant impishness.

"Yes, Inez?"

"De Senores dey do not expect de bomb of Jacquimo and are very discontented when it fall down on zem. But some are still alive, and dey come in and see de barricade. Dey fire at us, but we are behind de barricade. De Senores have no barricade, so Jacquimo kill zem wiz 'iz automatic-pistol which our Grandma give 'im at Christmas."

"A delightful touch!" Reverend Mother whispered aside.

Inez proceeded.

"But one of de Senores 'e arrive at de barricade and 'e stick me with 'iz knife—like that . . ."

She glanced indifferently at the frightful scar.

"But it only cut me a little, and then I stick de Senor in de t'roat. De Senores is all dead now, so Jacquimo 'e tie up my cut in de little baby's frock, an' we take de little baby, an' all go downstairs to play games. We must not go into de hacienda, for now dey are shooting with machine-guns all across. Me, I swoon sometimes because of de cut, but Jacquimo throw water out of a bucket over me. Den, soon after, my fazzer de Hazh Bazh come 'ome with my muzzer and grandma and ever so many solderos and a tank, and two of my aunties, and so we are all safe at last."

The Inspector had sat down again, and now lay cataleptically in his chair. So this was a Convent school!

Reverend Mother however kissed the blood-stained daughter of the reigning Hazh Bazh, and cast a mischievous glance at the prostrate Inspector.

"Very well told, Inez. I should like to meet your brother Jacquimo."

She went to a cupboard and produced what was obviously a box of chocolates—and of no mean size.

"Now I know I can trust you to share these with all the rest of the class? Now run away, dear, and God bless you."

With an adorable smile, and a profound curtsey distributed between Reverend Mother and the Inspector, Inez took the gift and vanished.

After a short interval of silence the Inspector drew his breath and spoke.

"The most amazing tale I ever heard. We have nothing like it at the Yard. . . ."

Reverend Mother glittered at him.

"We have others almost as good. I thought you might like a practical example. When Inez first came to us she would have thought no more of stabbing than of washing her face. Indeed she would have thought considerably less."

The Inspector regarded her much as one might a lion-tamer who has just pulled a lively young lioness by the tail. The moral of Reverend Mother's example was not lost on him.

"How did you bring about the change for the better?"

Reverend Mother answered in an offhand voice, for she knew that what she was going to say would seem strange and fantastic to the Inspector.

"Oh—by prayer . . ."

She went on at once.

"By prayer, and patience, and a sense of humour. We felt that God had played a trick on us by sending a little panther to be trained for His purposes. The idea of a lot of well-meaning old hens trying to tame a little panther is definitely funny, you must admit. I never see the child creeping along the corridors at night—with all the instincts of a wild animal still alert in her—without thinking of those lines of Blake:

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night . . .

She is a relief, God bless her, after the 'Mary had a little lamb' type."

The Inspector was muttering to himself.

"It all makes me a little ashamed to have allowed myself to remain in such ignorance. The idea current in the world——"

He broke off rather awkwardly, but Reverend Mother encouraged him with a nod and a smile.

"The idea current in the world—I confess, shared by myself until to-day—is that nuns are disappointed people; misfits, so to speak; emotional failures, shirking life and its problems . . . "

Reverend Mother spoke very softly.

"And now?"

The Inspector sprang to his feet and answered with energy.

"I find them—more in the nature of—Big Game hunters . . ."

He got no further, for Reverend Mother had positively clapped her hands. Her face was alive with pleasure.

"That is a delightful compliment, Mr. Chief Inspector. It puts heart into us. In return I will take you straight to the scene of your investigations—and I will rescue your subordinate from his enforced instruction in the Catholic Faith."

CHAPTER V

DOCTORS (FOR ONCE) DO NOT DISAGREE

SUPERIORS are supposed to depute as much of their work as they can, but it was characteristic of Reverend Mother of Harrington that she could seldom depute a job which had captured her interest. It was under her personal escort that the Inspector now visited what he technically called the *locus* and cast an eye over its respectivities.

The chapel of St. Joseph was on the left or Gospel side of the main altar; it was entered from the main cloister by a heavy door, and had another door leading into the main body of the chapel.

Reverend Mother pointed out that these two doors provided a thoroughfare out of chapel for visitors and nuns who had business in the direction of lodge and guest-house, but it was not used by the children.

As nobody passing out that way after Benediction had noticed anything amiss with the old Baroness, it seemed reasonably certain that she was not stabbed until some minutes after the general exodus was over. Either somebody had been waiting with the intent, or a favourable chance had been seized. The Inspector, for no reason he could have given, inclined to the latter theory.

On coming out of the chapel into the cloister, they were joined by Detective-Sergeant Osbert, newly released from gaol. It was obvious that the story of his woes was trembling on his lips, but owing to the presence of Reverend Mother it continued to tremble there.

"Ah, Osbert," said the Inspector.

And, beyond presenting the detective to Reverend Mother, that was all he said.

They all three turned right, towards the guest-house, and, skirting the lodge, soon came to the apartments recently occupied by the murdered woman.

It was but a small, plain room to have housed so much wealth, but upon examination in detail it was found to contain every creature-comfort an old woman can want.

"Of course *we* didn't furnish it," Reverend Mother said.

Osbert was throwing open cupboards and revealing large stacks of correspondence and other literary matter.

But the Inspector had paused on the threshold of the room, and was standing there with cocked head and closed eyes, as if trying hard to remember something.

Reverend Mother watched with the deepest interest and some suppressed amusement. So this was a sleuth!

The Inspector was soon contented; he handled but few articles in the room. It was observed by Reverend Mother, however, that such articles as he did handle were chiefly textile, and that he passed them hurriedly and furtively under his nose.

The door was locked, and they went downstairs into the cloister again.

No sooner did Mother Peck behold the police gentlemen in the company of Reverend Mother and being by her inducted into the Priests' parlour and made free of all its amenities, than she began to take a higher view of their characters. She was further reconciled by being introduced with the words:

"This is our invaluable Mother Peck, gentlemen. I really do not know what we should do without her."

The Inspector as usual took immense pains with his old-fashioned bow, but the Detective-Sergeant could not so soon forget his injuries.

(*To be continued*)

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XVI—No. 1 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. January, 1943

National Recruitment of Young Missionaries of the Little Flower

UPPER: *Carol Boulton, Marguerite Little.* LOWER: *Bernadette Edwards, Sheila Smith. St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S.*

New Missionaries of the Little Flower

Chinese Children Become New Members

Gordon David Gee, 367 Cordova St., Vancouver; Jerry Soon, 628 Heatley Ave., Vancouver; Douglas Jang, 527 E. Georgia St., Vancouver; Glen Kong, 572 E. Georgia St., Vancouver.

* * *

From St. Andrews' School, St. Andrews, Nova Scotia (Grades I to VIII)

Joseph MacPherson, Jackie Sears, Bernadette MacPherson, Jean Kennedy, Helen Boyd, Mary C. MacDonell, Colina MacEachern, Bernadette Kennedy, Alexander MacEachern, Joe MacDonald, Alexander MacDonell, Clement MacPherson, Mary Lahey, Gerald MacDonald, Aileen MacNeil, Mary R. MacDonald, Daniel MacDougall, Gilbert MacPherson, Bernard MacEachern, James MacDonald, John MacNeil, Mary Teresa MacDonald, Marie MacDonald, Kelvin MacDougall, Louis MacPherson, Marie MacNeil.

Enlistment of Catholic Youth of Canada and Newfoundland in Army of Christ: Object to Supply Spiritual and Material Aid to Foreign Legion of Christ in China

FATHER JIM, editor of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, is launching a new membership campaign for this Missionary Organization now in its fifteenth year. The Little Flower's Rose Garden was founded in 1928 and since that time thousands of young Canadians and Newfoundlanders have joined. Now when our nation is calling its youth to enlist in army life for the war, Father Jim has decided to follow suit and call on Catholic boys and girls, young men and young ladies throughout Canada and Newfoundland to join this army of Soldiers of Christ.

The purpose of this legion of Young Missionaries of the Little Flower is two-fold: first, to pray for the Missions and Vocations; second, to labour for the material assistance of the Foreign Legion of Christ in China. Just as the workers of Canada are vital to the successful prosecution of the present war by supplying the material with which to carry on, so, too, Canada's Young Missionaries of the Little Flower (up until now called ROSE BUDS) will help supply the spiritual and material aid needed to carry out the war against Satan and paganism; ours the task to save immortal souls for Christ the King of Heaven and Earth.

The conditions of membership in this Missionary Army of the Little Flower are as follows:

To recite the following prayer each day—

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatory and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.

(With ecclesiastical approbation)

To receive Holy Communion once a month for the special intention of vocations to the missionary life.

Young Missionaries of the Little Flower

"The Little Flower's Rose Garden"

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

SCHOOL .....

I am a new member, and promise to live up to the rules of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. ☐

I am already a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. ☐

ST. THERESA—
Born, January 2, 1873
Professed, September 8, 1890
Died, September 30, 1897
Canonized, May 17, 1925

My Dear Young Missionaries:

THE New Year is now with us and we are looking out into the future with hope in our hearts. The year 1943 is opening, it is true, with the world at war. But the work of the Missions must go on regardless of the unsettled state of affairs. Now more than ever before, strange to say, can the Missionary be all things to all men. In far-off China your brother missionaries, priests and Sisters, are remaining in that country however difficult the times may be. Now the pagan people of the Orient know that the missionaries have left all, not for material gain but for the love of Jesus Christ and the salvation of immortal souls.

On the front page of this issue of the Little Flower's Rose Garden you will see that we are recruiting a larger army of Young Missionaries of the Little Flower. Theirs the task to pray for the welfare of the Missions, especially for the increase in vocations to the priesthood and the sisterhood. Besides this it is necessary to work and raise funds to help our "big brothers and sisters" carry on. I know you will all answer this call. Fill in the form on page one of our own section of this Missionary Bulletin and mail it to me as soon as possible.

May God bless you throughout the New Year just begun and may the Little Flower inspire you to great things for God.

FATHER JIM.

A Poem of The Little Flower

"My prayers shall travel every day,
Fast as a mighty river rolls;
My brothers, missioned far away,
Helped here by me, shall conquer souls.
And so the pure baptismal stream
Shall make of many a pagan child
A temple where God's grace shall beam
And God with man be reconciled.
By prayers, by acts of life divine,
His brave apostles we must aid,
With them our grace we must combine,
And fight their battles unafraid."

—Saint Therese of the Child Jesus.

The Mail Bag

St. Joseph's Convent,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Reverend and Dear Father:

We were glad to have Reverend Desmond Stringer as our guest speaker at the November meeting of our C.C.S.M.C. unit. It certainly gave us a thrill to listen to a real Chinese Missioner, who loves China and seems to be longing to return to that land where he has already spent twelve years, to bring the knowledge of Christ to its inhabitants.

Father Stringer urged us to help the Missions by our prayers and sacrifices. We gave Father fifteen dollars as our contribution towards the good work that our own Canadian Scarboro Missionaries are doing.

Very respectfully yours,
LOUISA ROSSITER,
Secretary, C.C.S.M.C.

Thank you, Miss Rossiter and all our friends at St. Joseph's. I am not surprised you have enjoyed having Father Stringer in your midst. He has many interesting stories about China. Maybe you will have another chance to hear him speak before he leaves "The Island".

* * *

Holy Cross School,
380 Mortimer Avenue,
Toronto.

. . . Enclosed you will find a cheque for six dollars and fifty cents ($6.50), a donation from the boys and girls of Holy Cross School. The children are zealous little missionaries and are eager to alleviate the sufferings of your Priests in China. They raised this amount by collecting paper.

Assuring you of a continued remembrance in our daily prayers, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
SISTER ST. MARY
ALEXANDER, C.N.D.

I assure you, Sister, we all appreciate your interest and that of the Young Missionaries of the Little Flower, at Holy Cross.

* * *

Atlanta, Ga.
U.S.A.

Reverend and Dear Father:

Our teacher, Sister Mary Alma, has loaned us her CHINA and we liked it so much that we want to subscribe for it.

We hope our subscription money will aid the Fathers and Sisters in far-away China. Our class has collected $11.00 and we ask you to send the magazine to the twenty-two names listed on the attached sheet. We would appreciate it very much if you could send the November issue to us regardless of this late date.

Very respectfully yours,
MARY ANN KANE.

Your subscriptions have already been attended to, dear friends down in Atlanta. Father Jim hopes you will join the Rose Garden; become soldiers in the army of Christ.

St. Andrews' School,
St. Andrews, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

The pupils in our classroom are sending you one dollar for the Missions. They want to become members of the Rose Garden, and I am sending you their names. I am the Secretary of our Crusade Club.

Very respectfully yours,
MARY LAHEY.

We have to thank the Crusaders of all Canada and Newfoundland for the interest they take in things missionary. The Crusade Movement was founded to help make our young people mission-minded and this Movement has certainly accomplished much along this line. May God bless you all and may your Mission Unit continue to prosper.

* * *

Letters received from: Eleanor Selby, Peterborough, Ont.; Dorothy Boyer, Blind River, Ont.; Anne Howard, Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland; Odilo Brendon Howard, Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland; Magdalen Morrissey, Carbonear, Newfoundland.

* * *

Blind River, Ontario.

Dear Father:

I have received your CHINA book and I think it very interesting. I have read a letter in the book asking if you were still savings stamps. If yes, will you please let me know. . . .

Your new 'Blind River Friend',
RITA FALLER.

Thank you, Rita Faller. Yes, we will accept all the stamps sent to us.

* * *

St. Michael's Academy,
Chatham, N.B.

Dear Father:

We are enclosing a small sum of five dollars which was voted at our Students' Mission Crusade meeting. We wish it were more but we know you will accept it with our prayers for the success of your work.

Yours sincerely,
MARY KROUGHAN,
Secretary of the Senior C.C.S.M.C.

Thank you, dear Missionaries, your donation is not so small. May God bless you all.

* * *

43 Brookland Street,
Glace Bay, N.S.

Dear Father:

I am sorry I didn't write to you. I've been writing letters all the time to my brother in England. If I give you my brother's address will you write to him or get someone to write to him? His address is: F. 8911, Driver Stephen Malloy, No. 8 Platoon, 3rd Division Supply Coy., R.C.A.S.C., Canadian Army Overseas.

AGNES MALLOY.

Good girl, Agnes, keep writing to your brother. He appreciates your letters, I feel sure.

* * *

St. Joseph's College School,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father:

I am enclosing a cheque for five dollars, collected by our class, Form IIC. We would like to adopt a Chinese baby girl, and name her Frances Anne. We hope that you will be good enough to arrange for this.

Respectfully yours,
HELEN PRENDERGAST.

Thank you, zealous Young Missionaries of the Little Flower.

* * *

St. Joseph's School,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find a Money Order for five dollars ($5.00) from Grade II. I am sending a picture of the four children whose MITE BOX offerings amounted to the above sum. . . . The present class is making good beginnings with Mite Box Offerings. Please send more boxes.

Yours respectfully,
SISTER MARIE CONCEPTA.

Mite Boxes are just the means Father Jim wants all the children in our Catholic Schools, throughout Canada and Newfoundland, to use for Christ's Missionaries in far-off China. May God bless you!

* * *

Pickering, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

I received your welcome letter and most interesting pamphlet. I do enjoy the Religious Theatre of the Air.

Enclosed please find my two poems. I worked hard and prayed for my thoughts. A friend of mine gave me the title of "The Empty Chair". I use my other as a prayer.

Sister Bertha, mentioned in the poem, is my sister. When she left to follow her vocation I paid this little tribute to her.

Respectfully yours,
BERNICE O'HARE.

Many thanks, Bernice, your poems are lovely. Keep up the good work.

A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament

There's a lonely Friend in the Tabernacle veiled—
The God Whom they scourged, then mocked and nailed;
The God with a love for man so supreme,
That He died on a cross man's soul to redeem;
The God whose Heart is still burning to shed
His tenderest blessing on each penitent head.

Oh why can't we hearken His pleading divine
And give Him each day a few minutes of time
That so often are spent in gossip or shame
Or wrongfully using His Holy Name?

Can we not whisper to Him, truly there,
Our "Thank You, dear God", and our own little prayer
That would comfort and gladden His lonely Heart
And help to make up for the cruel part
That a sinful world in its coldness and pride
Still offers the God of the lance-pierced side?

A few aspirations as we kneel at the rail
To the Prisoner of love 'neath the altar Veil;
Then to genuflect humbly and with courage anew
Say "Lonely Saviour, my Saviour, till to-morrow, adieu".

The Empty Chair

The table is set, but there's one not there,
We think of this now as we begin with prayer.
Begging all blessings from the Great High Priest,
Before we partake of this lovely feast.

The setting is cheerful, all are gay,
For Bertha leaves for the Convent to-day.
Her Lord has called and she'll follow after,
Bertha, whose life was one of laughter.

Her family meant much, both one and all,
But she loved her Lord and would answer that call.
"Come follow Me," was heard 'neath the altar veil,
And she answered Him there as she knelt at the rail.

Before her always He walked so slow
And she said from her heart though very low,
"Dear sweet Jesus"—then full of zest,
"I'll come dear Jesus for I love you best."

Yes, she's gone to her happy home to live,
Nothing to receive, but love to give,
So, dear Bertha, though we love you yet,
This one dear thought please don't forget:

We've loved to have you among us all,
But be always faithful to the Master's Call.
Stay there and give, you've love to share,
Offer Him this in your daily prayer.

Remember us, too, the ones you hold dear,
We've remembered you and your chair is here.

YOUR WILL

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE SUM OF $....."

Priests of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and Grey Nuns from Pembroke Undergo Incredible Hardships in Flight from Invader

THE convent, hospital, priests' house and dispensary at Lishui have been burned to the ground, according to word just received from Fr. Ronald Reeves, of London, Ont., now in Kanchow, Kiangsi Province, and it is presumed that missions in Pi Wu, Sungyang, Tsingtien and Dolu have suffered the same fate. At the moment, the priests and Sisters (with the exception of those in Peking where conditions are fairly normal), are recuperating in different far-flung missions from the effects of a wild flight half way across China to avoid internment in an enemy camp for the duration of the war. Details of their experiences are contained in a letter just received from Rev. Harvey Steele, now at Chungking, where he will remain as mission Procurator till the end of the war.

After recounting the story of their escape to Lungchuan, where fourteen priests lived for two months in a small Chinese mission house, Father Steele goes on to tell the story.

Slept in open, under trucks, for thirty nights in succession. . . . No food of any kind for five days. . . . Lay in muddy ponds with heads over water while Japanese planes bombed and strafed truck. . . . Finally reach widely scattered havens all across South China. Several seriously ill as result of nerve-racking experiences. Lishui missions burned to ground.

Leave by Bicycle and Truck

"After getting a loan from the Chinese Salt Administration officials, it was decided that those with bicycles should leave and we gave each one two thousand dollars, Chinese money (about $100.00 Canadian). Food was becoming impossible to buy at Lungchuan and there was real danger of being completely surrounded and unable to get out. Fr. Alex. MacIntosh and Fr. Alan McRae were the first to leave, by bicycle. Frs. Boudreau and Morrissey were appointed to go to Kweilin, seven hundred miles away, and I myself to Chungking, much farther distant. Sounded easy on paper but was to turn out quite a forbidding trip. A few days after the departure of our vanguard, we three got a chance of a ride by a salt truck to the adjoining Fukien Province. That very morning of our departure we had an experience that we shall not soon forget.

A Close Call

"We were just inside the Fukien border when two planes roared out of the blue. We had but a few seconds to get out of the back of the truck and make for the side of the road before the bombs rained down right beside us. Fr. Morrissey and I lay in the mud and water of a rice paddy and we were pretty well covered, all except our heads. I conveniently found a big stone which I held against my head and lucky for me that I did. A piece of shrapnel gashed my hand as I held the stone while two other pieces went

clean through my sun helmet. . . . Close enough. . . . Fr. Boudreau had run in the opposite direction and escaped without a scratch, and Fr. Morrissey, right beside me, was also uninjured. In all, the two planes dropped twelve bombs all around us, churning up the mud and water and dry earth and filling the air with flying shrapnel. But, thanks to Divine Providence, we escaped. One little boy had a piece of shrapnel driven right through his stomach and there was little we could do either to ease his suffering or save his life, as we had virtually no medical supplies of any kind. This raid lasted about three-quarters of an hour and the truck emerged unscathed except for broken glass and some shrapnel through the woodwork. We continued our journey, passing many trucks less fortunate than ours, some on fire and others blown to bits. I had quite a sore hand for a few days as the wound became infected.

Packed Like Sardines

"The truck took us to within one hard day's walk (in the summer heat) of the American Dominican Mission at Fukien, where we remained a few days. To our great surprise and joy, who should turn up on the third day but five of our Sisters from Lishui (Sisters Catherine, Genevieve, Vianney, Kenneth and Sister Superior), and Frs. McKiernan and Russell White, also bound for distant Kweilin. They said the others were all hoping to get out in a few days. There was nothing to eat in Lungchuan. They were travelling by salt truck, too, and the driver agreed to take us along. At four a.m. next morning, after a sleepless night, ten of us piled in like sardines, crouched on top of several tons of baggage. It sure was some ordeal, especially for the poor Sisters, in the sweltering heat of July. The next day we had to make a hurried exit when the planes came over again but this time we were not bombed.

Hunger and Disease

"The whole trip from Lungchuan to Hengyang, in Hunan, was supposed to take only six days. From there we were supposed to catch a train to Kweilin in Kwangsi Province. Actually this nightmarish trip took a month because of breakdowns of every imaginable kind, and the turning over of the truck, etc. We would move on about five miles or so. Then . . . a breakdown. We would sleep on the roadside for several nights at a time away from cities and even villages at times. This led to great hardships, as you can imagine, and there was always the problem of enough to eat and drink. Such was our trip through the Province of Fukien during the hottest weather and during this time most of us were suffering from dysentery because we had to drink the dirty water along the side of the highway, fully aware of what it would mean. The medicine the Sisters brought had been stolen, bismuth, quinine, aspirin, etc., and all we had was iodine, which we drank, diluted, till our mouths fairly burned. We could not get rid of this burning till we reached a Chinese hospital at a place in Southern Fukien . . . that part of the trip I shall never forget.

"To give you an example. *I went five days without food at one stretch.* Then came the high mountains of Kukien, which meant getting out and walking forty li (about fifteen miles) each day, for five or six days in a row. I nearly dropped on the roadside from sheer exhaustion, but the will to live is a great driving force, and to drop out there meant only one thing, death by lingering starvation and thirst.

Truck Overturns

"The next 'highlight' of our trip was about six a.m. on the Feast of the Assumption when our truck turned completely over just as we were pulling out of a small village where we had slept under it during the night. Again it was Providential that a great many of us were not killed since the whole heavy cargo fell on top of us when the truck turned upside down. Sister Julitta had her wrist broken and Fr. Russ White his shoulder dislocated . . . all the rest of us escaped with bruises and sore bones. I placed Sister's wrist in splints and I wanted to set Fr. Russ's arm but he could not stand the pain. A local quack doctor came along and he agreed to let him try but to no avail. Fr. White fainted during the ordeal and that gave me my opportunity. I set the shoulder back and after he came to, the pain soon disappeared.

"Father White fainted during the ordeal."

"After two days more, another breakdown, but this time I managed to get a public bus, so I took Sister Vianney, who was very ill, and the two cripples, and we made the American Vincentian Mission of Kanchow, Bishop O'Shea's Vicariate. Here we were received with the greatest of kindness and were able to get proper hospitalization, including X-ray. Bishop O'Shea himself has been very ill since his terrible ordeal in Hong Kong and our Sister Kenneth will help take care of him.

By Plane

Leaving the bus and five Sisters (the others also had arrived later) at Kanchow, I struck out for Kweilin with Fathers McGettigan, Morrissey and Lyons. No need to go into detail about that part of the trip across a whole Province, so like the earlier part of the journey. But we were becoming seasoned veterans by now. Fr. Lyons stopped at Hengyang, while Fr. Hughie and I plodded on. Reaching Kweilin, the Maryknoll mission, we were given a great welcome by the American fathers, but as there was a chance of a trip by transport plane to Kunming, we did not delay. A three-hour journey over delightful mountain scenery and we were there, quite a contrast to our laborious snail pace of the past month. Fr. Hughie was advised to remain there, as his lungs have not been too good of late and it is an ideal climate for such trouble. One foreign doctor advised him to go home, if at all possible. While there he will do some sort of light work as chaplain for the U.S. flyers.

The Bus Again

"I could not get another plane ride free and could not afford to pay the passage but the next best thing was a free ride on another salt truck. Bless those salt trucks. They may be lumbering old crates that break down every few miles, but try walking across a Chinese Province in July without food or water and you will think a truck a veritable heaven. I spent six days on this truck and from Kunming passed over some of the highest mountains I have ever seen, ten thousand feet high. In normal times one could enthuse over the entrancing scenery but these days we are too distracted and preoccupied for such things. For part of one day we seemed much higher than in the big transport plane, the clouds flattening out like a great woolly carpet along the mountain roads and gorges beneath us.

Cost of Living

"Imagine my surprise on arriving in Chungking to find Fr. Lyons there ahead of me. He had taken a plane direct from Hengyang, three hours to here; as opposed to my six-day bus ride. I heard here that the big transport had been lucky to avoid an enemy plane that had been in the air over our course but an hour before. Well, I am here at last in the much battered capital, still bloody but still unbowed. My stay will be for the duration as this is the best place to look after the financial arrangements and at least see to it that our priests and Sisters do not go hungry. Here it is possible to get a much higher rate of exchange for our Canadian dollar, but since it costs each of us *one hundred Chinese dollars a day to live*, and on very poor food at that, we shall need every dollar you can scrape up and send us. You would not believe the cost of things here. Imagine $130.00 for a package of cigarettes that in normal times used to cost a few cents. And $5,000.00 (Chinese, of course) for a new overcoat. We hear that most of our missions have been burned down throughout the whole Lishui district, so that when we get back there, we shall have to begin all over again. But the goodwill of the Chinese people that the missionaries have earned throughout the whole country will more than offset our material losses when this awful war comes to an end. The Church in China to-day enjoys tremendous prestige because priests and Sisters are still to be found all over the country.

"The doctors are of the opinion that Fr. Hughie McGettigan and Sister M. Vianney will *have* to return to Canada, if a way can be found. They told the latter plainly that unless she could get home her days were numbered. And she is only twenty-nine. Life in China can take its toll. We wonder how Frs. Strang and Venadam are making out back in our own district. They elected to stay and hold the fort at Lungchuan and, if possible, visit the rest of the district. They will find ruins everywhere and I am sure Lishui must be a pathetic sight by now. When we were leaving they were getting ready to "hole out" somewhere among the Chekiang mountains and trust in Providence for sufficient food to keep alive.

Lost Everything

"We have lost everything except what we could carry and some of the chalices that we gave to the Christians to hide for us. But the safety of such things is very doubtful because of the bandits everywhere. You know how word gets around. We are now a bunch of refugees, with no winter clothing and the cold weather not far away, and we simply have not the money to buy things at these colossal prices. Fathers McGettigan, McFarland Kelly, McGoey and Father Curtin himself were among those who had to spend a considerable time in bed this summer, because of the heat and sunstroke and dysentery and the strain entailed in such a hurried exodus under hard conditions. We have all lost a great deal of weight but everybody is in good spirits and we look forward to the day when peace in our district will enable us to take up where we left off. I know I am forgetting to tell you many important details in this sketchy letter. We are all looking forward to hearing some news from home."

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

Your ship of hope goes forth today,
Piled high with dreams so dear;
You watch it gaily sail away,
A-down the new-born year.
While in the Crow's Nest, Vision sits
His glass clapped to his eye.
And strives to pierce the veil of mist
That cloaks yon, distant sky.
Her canvas gleams as white as snow,
And from her stern to bow,
All beautiful and new she is,
As onward cleaves her prow.
O Sea, I pray—be kind to her
As sails she o'er Life's main,
And may she reach this New Year's end
Unpirated by Pain.

—Hugh F.X. Sharkey.

READ 'EM AND GRIN

Fortune-teller: "Beware! A dark woman is following you."
Walker: "Well, she'll soon get tired of that. I'm a letter carrier."

Chairman of the Dance Committee: "Can't you stretch the music a little—just a dance or two more?"
Orchestra Leader: "Sorry, this isn't a rubber band!"

"A mighty fortunate accident," said the driver as he watched the ambulance take his wife to the hospital. "Not a tire was scratched."

Barber: "Will you have something on your face after I finish shaving you?"
Customer: "I doubt it."

Mike: "How much do you charge for funeral notices?"
Newspaper Clerk: "Thirty cents an inch."
Mike: "Begorra, it's robbery. Me brother was six feet tall."

A laddie from college named Breeze
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,
Collapsed from the strain.
Said the doctor: "It's plain
"You're killing yourself by degrees."

Judge: "Why did you steal the lady's carpet?"
Tramp: "I did not."
Judge: "She says you did."
Tramp: "She said take the carpet and beat it."

Lord Blank (on telephone): "Hello! Hello! Please reserve a box for two for to-morrow night."
Voice: "Sorry, our boxes are only for one."
Lord Blank: "What do you mean? Aren't you the Grand Theatre?"
Voice: "No. I'm Smith, the undertaker."

Customer (heatedly): "You ought to be in the war instead of in the grocery store."
Proprietor: "What makes you say that?"
Customer: "No enemy could stand up to the way you charge."

Judge: "It seems to me I've seen you before."
Prisoner: "You have, Your Honor. I gave your daughter singing lessons."
Judge: "Thirty years!"

On his way home an inebriate stopped at a lamp-post and pulled out his house key.
A passing policeman noticed him fumbling around, trying to insert the key into the post, and asked politely, "Nobody home?"
"The heck there isn't," said the other. "There's a light upstairs."

"If I had refused you, darling," murmured the romantic maiden, "would you have driven your car over the brink of the precipice, dashing us both into eternity, like the lover we saw in the movie the other night?"
"N-no, not this car, honey," answered the practical and trutbful swain. "You see, I've just had new tires put on."

Witty Boarder: "Ah, your steak is like the weather this evening, madam—rather raw."
Witty Landlady: "Indeed! By the way, your board bill is like the weather, too—unsettled."

A farmhand took his girl for a buggy ride and nine miles out in the country the horse dropped dead. "Oh, dear," sighed the girl, "and I'm so tired!" "Suppose I give you a nice kiss," said the farmhand. "That will put life in you." "In that case," said the girl, "you'd better kiss the horse."

The knife-grinder met an old friend.
"How are things with you?" asked the friend.
"Splendid," was the reply. "Everything's as dull as can be."

Fay: "What's the hardest thing when you're learning to skate?"
May: "The ice."

The young man was rather sby, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed bim for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he jumped up and grabbed his hat.
"Oh, don't go," she said, as he made for the door. "I didn't mean to offend you."
"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."

The reporter came idly into the office.
"Well," snapped the editor. "What did our eminent statesman have to say?"
"Nothing."
"Well, keep it down to a column."

"So you and your neighbour are not on speaking terms?"
"No, all diplomatic relations are suspended."
"How did it happen?"
"My neighbour sent me a can of oil to use on my lawnmower when I started to cut the grass at 6 a.m."
"What did you do about it?"
"I sent it back and told him to use it on his wife when she started to sing at 11 p.m."

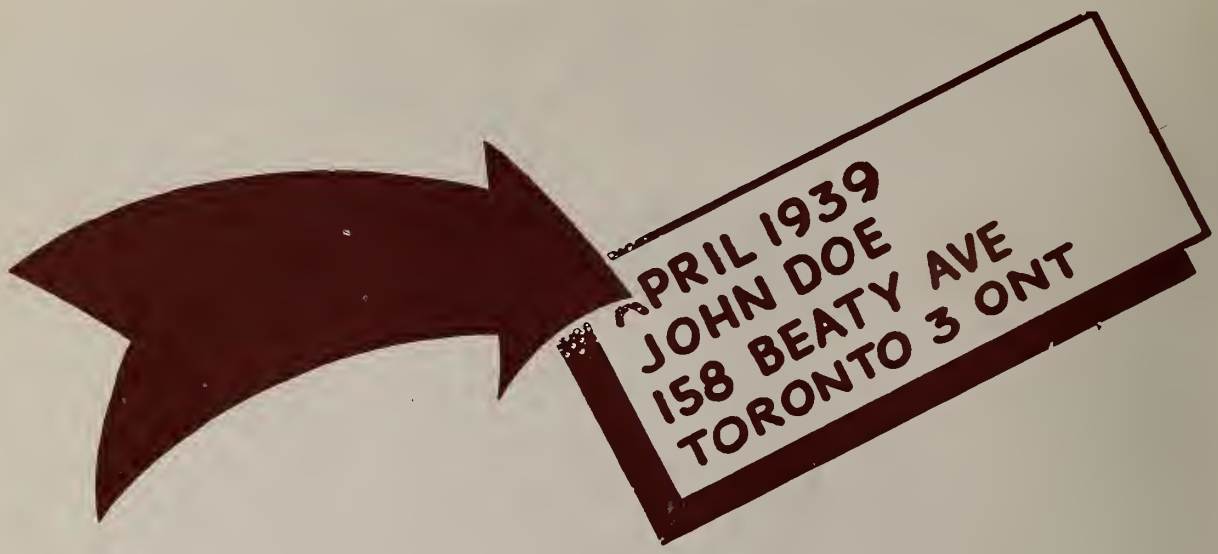
He was reading to his wife an account of a famous naturalist's accident.
"Reaching for a rare plant, he slipped over the cliff, and as he fell he gathered momentum."
"Oh, George," she interrupted, "the poor man! What an enthusiast he must have been. Fancy picking flowers even as he fell!"

Judge: "Why did you steal that watch?"
Prisoner: "I only wanted to know the time."
Judge: "Well, the time is five years. Next case."

"Women are as capable as men," said his wife. "Why, I know a girl of 21 who gets the salary of the sales manager in a big firm."
"I quite believe you, my dear," said he. "When did sbe marry him?"

She (ending a quarrel): "I see now why woman is often called a bird."
He (smartly): "Yes, because they are always on the lookout for crumbs."
She (quietly): "No, because of the worms they pick up."

An Irish soldier in the Middle East received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left, and she was going to dig the garden herself.
Pat wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Bridget, for heaven's sake, don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."
The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry-load of men in khaki arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.
Bridget wrote to Pat in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do, as tbe soldiers had got the garden dug up, every bit of it.
Pat's reply was sbort and to the point: "Put in the spuds."



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FEBRUARY 1943

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

Our Holy Father's New Year Message

To Our Missioners and Our Benefactors

Magni facientes et singulari studio prosequentes tum Evangelii praecones, qui tanto in discrimine rerum Christi regnum amplificare contendunt, tum christifideles, qui numquam satis laudanda caritate et cura sacris expeditionibus opitulantur, illis atque his a Deo incolumem agendae constantiam, augescentem promeritorum copiam, pacis laetitiaque opes invocamus atque amanter et laeti benedicimus.

Ex Aedibus Vaticanis, die 23° Julii 1942

Pius PP. XII.

TRANSLATION

Attaching, as we do, the greatest importance to and following with special interest both the heralds of the Gospel in their struggles, during these perilous times, to extend the kingdom of Christ, and the faithful people, who with generosity and zeal beyond all praise make these sacred undertakings possible; we beg God to continue them one and all in their unerring course, to grant them an ever increasing store of merit and abundant peace and happiness, while from the bottom of our heart we cheerfully impart our blessing to them.

Given from the Vatican, July 23, 1942. *PIUS PP.XII.*

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VOL. XXIV | VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* | No. 2

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Signposts

Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser, P.A.

Monsignor Fraser Safe

There was general rejoicing at China Mission Seminary when the welcome news was received by Monsignor McRae, the Superior General, from His Excellency Bishop Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll, that Monsignor Fraser was safe and well in Manila and staying with Archbishop Dougherty. The message was received by radiogram from Fr. Mark Tennien, Maryknoll Procurator at Chungking.

As yet we have no further details, but we have reason to believe that both the Archbishop and Monsignor enjoy comparative freedom within the grounds of the Episcopal Palace.

Our readers will recall that Monsignor Fraser and Fr. Beal left San Francisco last October on the S.S. *President Harrison.* The last word received from him was a letter from Manila dated November 29, 1941, and which arrived on the last China Clipper to cross the Pacific. He remained at Manila on Society business while Fr. Beal went on as far as Shanghai. It was while on a trip up the Yangtse river to remove American citizens that the *Harrison* was captured by the Japanese. Fr. Beal, meanwhile, had left for Pekin.

No doubt Monsignor is hoping to be able to return soon to his beloved Chinese people in Kinhwa, who miss him more than ever during these sad days in Chekiang Province. Our readers will join with us in a prayer of gratitude to God for his safety. Through His Excellency Bishop Carroll of Calgary, nephew of Monsignor Fraser, the Vatican has confirmed the good news and expressed its joy.

Rev. Leonard Hodgins Is Taken By Death

Rev. Leonard J. Hodgins, bursar and instructor at St. Augustine's Seminary, died suddenly early last month. Ordained in 1924 by the late Archbishop McNeill of Toronto, he was curate in Holy Name parish, Toronto, before joining the Seminary staff eight years ago.

Father Hodgins, son of Mrs. Michael Hodgins, the former Bridget Ryan of Almonte, and the late Mr. Hodgins, was born at Newmarket, Ont. He studied at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and St. Augustine's Seminary.

CHINA offers to the family of Father Hodgins and to the faculty of St. Augustine's Seminary its deep and sincere sympathy in their great loss. May his soul rest in peace.

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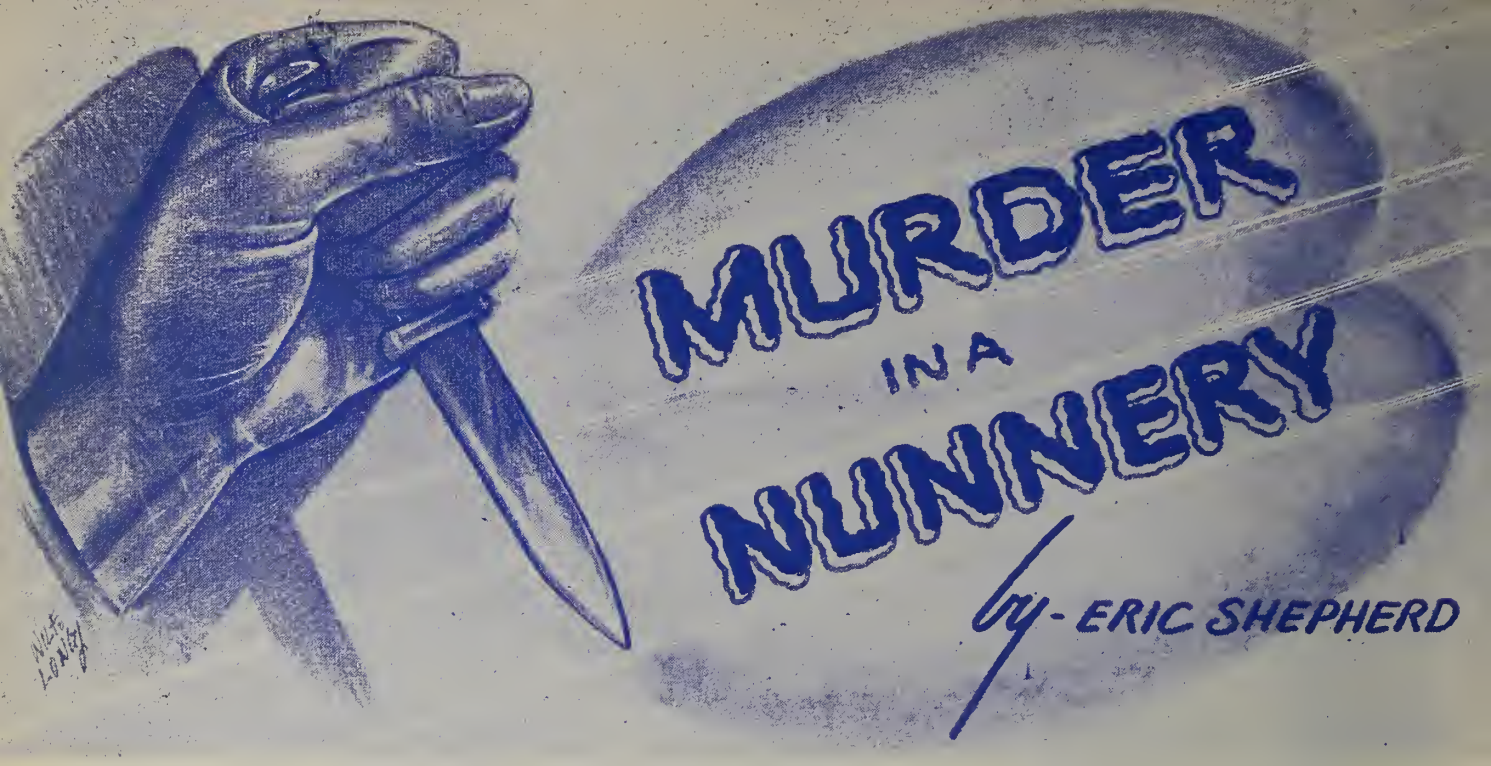


THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School, is found murdered in St. Joseph's chapel. Miss Verity Goodchild, one of the students, remaining after Benediction as a penance for being late, makes the gruesome discovery.

The detectives arrive and decide on calling in the aid of Scotland Yard. Chief Inspector Pearson of the Yard has just arrived and is in conference with Reverend Mother Superior.

REVEREND MOTHER went on, taking Mother Peck affectionately by the arm.

"These gentlemen are here to help us, Mother, and so I am sure we shall do everything in our power to help them. These rooms will be their headquarters, and *all* the other parlours must be put at their disposal."

Mother Peck opened her deeply sea-green eyes wide at this. Not even the Archbishop had ever had *all* the parlours!

Reverend Mother continued:

"You, dear Mother, with your admirable sense of organization, will be able to help in many ways; and Sister Carmela will attend to their comfort. . . ."

She added:

"Which reminds me. Mr. Inspector, while you have your conference, do allow me to send for wine and biscuits. You have had nothing since you crossed our threshold."

The Inspector was of opinion that work is best done without wine; he merely murmured politely. But the Detective-Sergeant was thanking Reverend Mother almost with tears in his eyes.

Reverend Mother waited to see the arrival of Sister Carmela with decanters of wine and whisky and various savoury sundries, and then wished good night, being much obstructed in her departure by the extreme politeness of the Inspector.

Sister Carmela was a round-faced lay-sister with the blackest of eyes and brows, an irresistible smile, and all the physical strength and charming alacrity of her good-natured race.

The Detective-Sergeant made no secret of his admiration either of the Convent Hebe or her cups.

"This is something like!" he pronounced of the preparations. "Do themselves well, these nuns. . . ."

The Inspector was standing on the hearthrug, lost in thought; but he fired round at this.

"You mean perhaps, they do their guests well. . . ."

"Right, Chief. Whatever you say. What's yours?"

But by one of those mysteries perhaps never to be satisfactorily cleared up in this world, the arrival of the decanters was almost coincidental with that of the doctors, who now came in with all that buoyancy and heartiness which autopsy imparts to truly professional spirits.

Said Dr. Goodall, as he noisily pulled a chair to the table:

"Betted these lads were boozing. Eh, Flower?"

And his colleague appeared to have had the same suspicion.

All glasses were soon brimming, and the medical officers made their report. They brought with them, very carefully disposed, the weapon which had done the deed. It was no curious stiletto of Milan steel but a surpassingly homely pruning-knife forming part of the general horticultural equipment of Mr. Turtle, the Convent's handy-man.

"Home-grown enough, eh?" said Dr. Goodall, adding more whisky to his glass. "Not much Caesar Borgia about *that!*"

The handle was tied round and round with string. When all the others were absorbed in the absorption of drink, the Inspector repeated his mysterious performance of the bedroom and passed this haft closely under his nose.

He then threw back his head, as one savouring fine cognac.

Observing the blade, the Inspector asked:

"Was it a deep stab?"

Both doctors answered at once.

"No. Hardly did more than perforate. . . . And you should have seen the stays the old girl had on! More like plate-armour. Shock was really what bumped her off. . . ."

Dr. Goodall added, with a shake of the head:

"Clumsy work, if you ask me. Tip and run. Just what you would expect of one of these nuns with no previous experience."

The Inspector let this pass. He interrogated Dr. Goodall.

"Not a deadly stab, you say? Could it have been—do you think—the work of a child?"

Dr. Goodall filled his glass.

"Depends on age, development and ferocity of child. Not impossible, however. Eh, Flower?"

Dr. Flower also filled up, and considered.

"Doubt if young child could have got through those stays. Doubt it."

"What is a *young* child?" inquired the Inspector.

Both doctors refused to commit themselves.

The Inspector persisted:

"Is—twelve—a young child?"

Again both experts answered at once.

"Depends. Might be—might not be, so very. No saying without examining child."

The Inspector went on patiently.

"I want a definite answer to this. Taking children by and large . . . such a blow as you describe, would it be wholly beyond their power at twelve — allowing for the stays?"

Dr. Flower made answer:

"My daughter Constance is exactly that age—a fine, well-developed child; plays hockey and all that. I am confident she could have produced the effects."

He added, with a fond paternal smile:

"Only, I think Connie would have got further in."

"The answer to my question is Yes, then?" said the Inspector.

"By and large?" Oh, undoubtedly."

The Inspector repeated himself, speaking slowly and deliberately, knowing what frivolous creatures doctors sometimes are.

"You are able to assure me that the injuries inflicted would not be wholly beyond the power of a child of twelve—taking children by and large?"

He had provided the doctors with just the saving gag their caution required. They answered severally.

"By and large. Without a doubt. . . ."

"Unquestionably. By and large. . . ."

It was at this point that the Inspector helped himself to a mild whisky and soda and a cheese straw.

Dr. Goodall rallied him:

"You don't drink, Inspector. Strong drink is raging, eh?"

The Inspector added soda—in such quantity that the Detective-Sergeant regarded him with pity as a man good and worthy, no doubt, and perhaps clever, but without virility.

The Inspector answered the doctor:

"I find it impairs my sense of—smell," he said.

CHAPTER VI

HARDLY CONCEIVABLE, BUT CERTAIN 'RIBBONS' ARE LESS THAN PERFECT, AND SEE GHOSTS FOR THEIR PAINS

THE sleeping arrangements at Harrington School consist of large, airy dormitories divided on either side of a central aisle into pleasant cubicles. A nun, so placed as to be able to look down the aisle at will, presides over each dormitory and has to acquire as best she can the technique of Chaucer's 'smale fowles' which 'slepen al the nicht with open eye'.

Some senior girls, however, those in the Upper Fifth and Sixth Forms, enjoy small rooms of their own, where they not only sleep at night but may retire during the day at suitable times for private study; and it was this privilege together with the excitement and disorganization naturally ensuing on the events of the day, which enabled a number of young ladies attired in pyjamas and dressing-gowns to meet that evening for gossip and contraband chocolates in the room of Miss Verity Goodchild.

The breach of regulations was rendered more scandalous by the presence of a number of 'Ribbons' that is, prefects, charged with the

Rev. Mother Superior

keeping of the strictest letter of the law.

It is only fair to say that the Ribbons had felt some scruples, but were in the end overruled by Miss Goodchild, who remarked:

"Oh come on. We don't kill a pig every day."

Miss Goodchild was not a Ribbon.

Prudence Rockingham was shocked.

"Oh Verity, what a way to put it! Killing a pig. . . ."

But Verity was unabashed.

"It's only your horrid mind that makes you think I meant *her*. What I did mean, as you perfectly well know, is that this is a special occasion."

In the end Miss Rockingham attended the pow-wow, her Ribbon notwithstanding. Gossip and chocolates were not to be withstood considering the events of the day, and, as an extra attraction, right over the way from these bedrooms was the Guests' Wing with one large window brightly lit where it was known the sleuths were exchanging clues.

Others present on this social occasion were (Ribbons) Miss Torquilla Rohays and Miss Alauda Gale, and (non-Ribbons) Miss Philomene Watts and Miss Jamette Kestrel.

In order to add to the romance and general sleuthiness of the occasion, and also as a not unnecessary precaution, Miss Jamette was stationed near the door as sentry in case the 'Peaglums' should try on her 'Assyrian descending' stunt.

But as Miss Goodchild remarked:

"Not that anybody is likely to be on the prowl. All too scared of sleuths and ghosts."

The slender Philomene wriggled.

"Oh, Verity, I do wish you wouldn't. . . ."

"What have I done now . . . ?"

"Talking about ghosts. I don't like it. There might be, you know. . . ."

Verity had stronger nerves. Indeed, she was generally remarkable for her 'nerve'.

"Fiddlesticks! Besides, haven't we got our Ribbons with us? . . ."

Miss Alauda took up the challenge:

"You seem to have got over your shock very nicely, Verity," she remarked.

Verity tossed her head.

"I'm tough. . . ."

All the same she shuddered a bit as she added:

"I didn't howl much. It was only—a bit awful—the way the old thing had sort of slumped over. . . ."

There was a squeal from Philomene.

"Verity, don't. I shall never sleep. You know how badly I sleep. . . ."

Torquilla, captain of hockey and senior Ribbon present, took up the running.

"The question is, who did it? Anybody any ideas?"

She circulated the chocolates, and looked inquiringly from face to face.

"Verity, what do you think?"

The reply was instant, though slightly impeded by a caramel chocolate.

"Not a doubt about it. Pecky did it. Not her fault . . . congenital: probably dropped in infancy. She won't be hanged, but only shut up during *His Majesty's* pleasure. *And if I were His Majesty*. . . ."

She did not finish owing to the caramel; but everybody understood and sympathized.

Jamette, from her post at the door, uttered a scoffing sound.

"Pooh! As if Pecky would ever leave the lodge—even to commit a much-needed and long-overdue murder. . . ."

There were squeals of laughter, and Torquilla said:

"Yes, that lets off Pecky, I'm afraid. I tell you what: Turtle did it—or 'Mock' Turtle!"

Turtle, it may be said, was the Convent's outdoor factotum, and 'Mock' Turtle (so called by the school) was his excellent and respectable son.

But Verity would not hear of it.

"Of all the nonsense! Turtle, indeed! Who ever heard of good old Turtle in chapel! As for Mock, he couldn't swat a fly. . . . He's always thinking how like St. Aloysius he is. . . ."

Jamette remarked from the door:

"Excuse me, ladies; but I heard a loud noise uncommonly like the 'Peaglums' being very quiet. It might be as well — until the hideous shadow passes by — if Verity got into her blameless bed while the rest of us hide our lights under the nearest bushel. . . ."

The suggestion was taken. The visitors took cover at the foot of the bed and under it, while Verity, assuming an expression of almost maudlin innocence, hopped in between the sheets.

There was no light in the room except for a pale young moon of May.

The door was gently opened, and the head of Mother Peagle put round it.

"Not asleep, Verity, dear? . . ."

"Not—quite, Mother. . . ."

"Not feeling nervous or upset? Remember, the blessed Saints and Angels have us in their keeping."

"Yes indeed, Mother."

"If you hear any unusual sounds, it will be the police. Have no uneasiness; I shall be close at hand."

This was exactly what Verity had wanted to know; her face was almost dewy with child-like reassuredness when Mother Peagle kissed it affectionately.

The door was softly closed again, and after a discreet interval the Witches' Sabbath re-assembled.

They all agreed about Mother Peagle:

"Sweet thing! How she does always give herself away! She's really a saint! My idea of a perfect lady! Just the sort of person to bring up girls. . . ."

But the white-faced Philomene was in a trance at the window.

"Whatever is the matter, Phil? . . ."

"Oh, *look!* Oh, be *quick*. . . ."

It was dark in the garden, but the moon was shedding a little eerie light among the evergreens.

In this scant and doubtful light a black figure crept gropingly—a bent figure, the figure of a nun. . . .

Or was it the figure of a nun? . . .

With parted lips and pringling spines, the watchers could only gaze. . . .

The figure vanished in among the thicker evergreens—out of sight. . . .

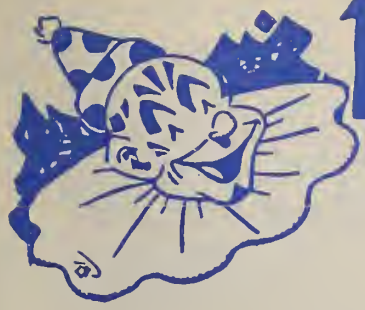
It had taken a path which all well knew—leading to the cemetery. . . .

Torquilla, hockey captain and senior Ribbon, found her voice at last:

"Hush, you little fool," she said.

For the white-faced Philomene was shaking with sobs.

(*To be continued*)



READ 'EM AND GRIN

"What is an opportunist?"
"One who meets the wolf at the door and appears the next day in a fur coat."

Magistrate: "The police say that you and your wife had some words."
Prisoner: "I had some, sir, but I didn't get a chance to use them."

Young Wife:. "I'm afraid, dear, my pie is not all it should be. I think I must have left something out."
Husband: "Nothing you left out could make it taste like that."

Reporter: "I suppose that as the plane fell, all your sins flashed before your eyes."
Movie Actress: "Oh, dear, no. We only fell two miles."

George: "And why was Bill fired from the Seminary?"
Tom: "Latin trouble. He translated *homo sapiens* as a man making maple syrnp."

He: "They say the sausages consumed by the army each week would reach three times around the world."
She: "Don't you believe it. That's just a lotta baloney."

"I think there's company downstairs."
"How d'ya know?"
"Just heard mamma laugh at papa's joke.'

Little George, the garage mascot, was visiting his annt. He found the cat in a sunny window, purring cheerfully.
"Oh, Auntie, come quick," he shouted. "The cat has gone to sleep and left her engine running."

"Your honor, I was not intoxicated."
"But the officer says you were trying to climb a telegraph pole."
"I can explain that, your honor. A conple of cerise crocodiles had been following me around all afternoon and they were beginning to get on my nerves."

Professor (to tenderfoot, entering class late). "When were you born?"
Tenderfoot: "Second of April, sir."
Professor: "Late again."

Teacher (to new boy): "What do they call you at home?"
"Flannel, miss, because I shrink from washing."

The seven ages of woman. Baby, infant, little girl, young lady, young lady, young lady, young lady.

She (naively): "A little bird told me what sort of lawyer your father was."
He: "Zat so? What did he say?"
"Cheep, cheep."
"Well, a little duck told me what kind of doctor your father is: Qnack, quack."

"Tbat sign says, 'Parking fifteen minutes'."
"Isn't that the limit?"

He: "When I was young, the doctors told me that if I didn't give up smoking I would become feeble-minded."
She: "Tben, wby didn't you stop?"

They laughed at me when I spoke to the waiter in Italian but he came right back with a little Scotch.

"Look beah, niggah, you'se cheatin' on me."
"Black man, ah ain't cheatin' on you."
"Yes, yon is. Ah never dealt you that ace."

Irate Master (to negro servant): "Rastus, I thought I told you to get a domestic tnrkey."
Rastus: "Ah done get a domestic turkey."
Master: "Well, how did the shot get in it?"
Rastus: "I specks they was meant for me, sab."

Molly (weary of sermon, in very audible whisper): "Mummy, if the church caught fire, would he stop then?"

"Did that patent medicine cure your aunt?"
"No. She read the circular wrapped around the bottle and got two more diseases."

He: "I admit, my dear, that women are more beautifnl than men."
She: "Naturally."
He: "No, artificially."

"Is this a picture of your fiancee?"
"Yes."
"She must be very wealthy."

The critic wrote: "The play ended, happily." What a whale of a difference a little comma makes. And then: "The singing of the Bradshaw chorus broke up a happy evening."

Waiter: "Soup, sir?"
Customer: "Good?"
Waiter: "Fourteen carrott."

"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says the conntry paper obituary notice. "He had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."

He: "Bette is a good bridge player. I can't understand why she didn't return my lead."
She: "She hates returning diamonds."

The Girl: "I think you should feel as happy as a King when you are in the air."
The Aviator: "Happier. I'm an ace."

"And what did you enjoy most in France, Mrs. MacStinger?"
Mrs. Mac: "I think it was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise."

"My plate is damp," complained the seminarian.
"Hush," said his pal, "That's your chicken soup."

A travelling man in a back country hotel complained: "The towels are dirty and I never have any soap."
A Proprietress: "But you've got a tongue in your head, haven't you?"
Salesman: "Sure, but I'm not a cat."

Elderly gentleman: "Mr. Brown, I believe? My grandson works in your office."
Mr. Brown: "Oh, yes. He went to your funeral last week."

Teacher: "Sammy, give me a sentence containing the word 'anthracite'."
Sammy: "We had a big family party last week and you shoulda heard my aunt rethite."

"Say," yelled the rooster as the hen sat on the porcelain egg. "Didn't I tell you to lay off that hard stuff?"

Dad: "Well, what kind of grades did you make in your finals?"
Son: "All right in everything bnt one study, and in that I am like Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln."
Dad: "Why, how's that?"
Son: "I went down in history."

"I am burning with love for your daughter."
"Don't make a fuel of yonrself."

'FAREWELL TO LI

By- REV. HARV

IT was the anniversary of the bombing of our mission, April 21, 1941, and the rumours from sources official and non-official said that a blitz on our northern mission in the Kinhwa district was pending. Days passed as we continued our daily trek to the mountains outside the city. Rain or shine, alarms and more alarms, as many as five a day, was the daily menu; bombings of the city and air-field averaged as many as a dozen or more per week; sometimes the planes came as many as five times in the same day. It was during one of these days that a huge bomb found its mark on the local Protestant mission which boasted of the finest dugout in the city; nobody escaped alive, and days afterwards when all bodies were identified, the total figure was something over 130 killed by this one bomb. The sights of that day none of us will ever forget. The raids became more and more terrifying since the planes no longer power-dived on their targets as had been their custom since the war began; bombs were now being dropped from high altitudes, and sometimes the planes were not even visible when the terrific explosions took place nearby. The number of eggs dropped in each raid varied anywhere from a dozen to more than one hundred and fifty.

Weary days and restless nights passed, especially the moonlit nights, and with the month of May, the weather warming up, the daily trek to the hills became a very tiresome ordeal especially for some of the Sisters. There was a growing tension in the air which one could actually see on the faces of all; even small babies screamed when they heard the first sound of the alarm. People began leaving town, merchants and businessmen began carting their goods to other cities and other provinces. This exodus to other places was not something new; last year we saw the same thing, but this time the persistent rumour that our city was going to be destroyed completely seemed to carry more weight . . . the whole situation was regarded more seriously than the similar one of the preceding year.

During the second week of May the grapevine system, which is so often wrong with its news items and gossip, said that the enemy was preparing to take the Kinhwa district, and that our turn would follow. Letters from the priests in Kinhwa district said that the situation there was confused, but there was a general feeling that the city would hold its own—another Changsha was the hopeful battle-cry of most people.

Rumours and Fears

May 21st, the first anniversary of the second bombing of our Lishui mission, and rumours said that the enemy had began its push south . . . two of our missions, Puchiang and Tungyang, had already fallen. It was impossible to contact the priests at these missions. It was also impossible to contact Kinhwa, although we did hear that our priests there had already gone westward to a place of safety. Later we found out that this rumour was untrue . . . they were still at their posts at this time. although Frs. McFarland and Kelly had come in to Kinhwa.

Truly the situation was different from the scares of previous years. There was now a reality to face. Last year the enemy did come to within 10 li of Tungyang, and heavily shelled the city before withdrawing. But this was more than a feigned thrust, as Frisco radio said, "It is a full-dressed military operation embodying some fifty thousand men." Our difficulty was to make a decision. We did not know of any other missionaries in China who had left their posts during this already five-year-old war. We could not learn what other Bishops of Allied nationality planned to do in such circumstances. Certainly to remain and be caught would mean internment, and perhaps worse than that; one did not care to think of the possibilities, especially for the Sisters. On the other hand, tradition said that missionaries always stayed at their posts with their Christians. But this was a new situation, the Christians themselves were not remaining, already about one-half of the city's population had gone elsewhere. In fact, during the past three years, no more than six or seven regular Sunday services had been held in

our church, because people were not living in their city homes, but with relatives and friends in the country, only coming to town on rainy days when necessary. The other alternative, to leave the mission and the countless things of value which could not possibly be taken with one because there was no way of transporting them, such was not an easy decision to make. Procrastination with the hope that the blitz would not extend as far as Lishui, seemed to be the best solution. Lishui being such a small city and of so little importance except for the air-field which had already been destroyed with the idea of discouraging occupation, one felt there was still much hope. Again the city located in a valley, surrounded by friendly mountains on all sides, seemed to be an easy spot to defend.

A Momentous Decision

The 23rd of May. and things looked extremely dark. Rumours of every kind abounded, and no one could tell just how near the enemy was. It seemed definite enough that Yungkong had already fallen. Telephone calls to Tsingyuen said that it was not Chinese speaking at the other end. Others said that yesterday the enemy advanced southward thirty miles, and that they were now but twenty miles from our city. Some friends came to our mission advising us, especially the Sisters, to "get going" before it was too late. Half-heartedly it was decided to get a boat for the Sisters. but it was too late, there were no boats to be had. It was then decided to hire rickshaws as far as Pihu, and from there boats could probably be found for the rest of the journey to Lungchuan. It was at this point, about 10 a.m., that the commissioner of police for the city, a devout Catholic, came to my door. In his hand he carried his uniform and police hat, and he was dressed in the jan san, the civilian dress in China. His face, usually beaming with a smile, was strained, wrinkled and almost pathetic as he said, "Shen fu please get the Sisters out of the city right away; I am now leaving for a small village 60 li distant in the mountains. There is no longer any law or order in the city, police and other officials are gone. Soldiers are piling into the city from all sides, occupying houses already vacated. Even if the enemy does not come, there may be looting, rioting and other dangers, so you better all leave, Shen fu, before it is too late."

The pleading voice and kindly advice of this Catholic friend seemed to give surety to our already half-hearted decision — all agreed to get out was the only logical thing to do. Everybody, especially the Sisters, was in a turmoil trying to hurry, trying to decide what few precious things to take along, since so little could be taken. Chinese employees were of little use or help at such times, although with tear-dimmed eyes they were doing their best to help pack. There was a good reason for these tears, the Sisters were leaving, they were losing their best friends, their home, and they must join with the other thousands of refugees in this war-torn country. The boy comes running in to say there are no rickshaws to be had—our decision to get moving was made too late. At this time I was lucky enough to get six carriers, and they were loaded down with bedding, a few items of summer clothing, chalices and other church goods, and off they started for Pihu. The only thing left to do was for the Sisters to walk to Pihu in the hope that a boat could then be got from there; a shouting voice from one of the boys came announcing that a friend had a boat and would take the Sisters to Lungchuan for seven hundred dollars. It was an awful price to pay for a boat, but the Sisters could never walk the 300 li to Lungchuan in this warm weather. "Yes, tell the man to bring his boat to the river bank opposite the convent and the Sisters will be ready in an hour's time."

Father Curtin would go along with the Sisters. Frs. Murphy and McNeil, who had their bikes, agreed to remain the night at the mission, since they could always make a quick get-away if necessary. Fr. McFarland and myself, being the only other priests at Lishui, started walking for Pihu at 1 p.m. My idea was to hire another boat from Pihu to take

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XVI—No. 2 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. February, 1943

A Call to Catholic Action

I am waiting patiently for the replies from last month's appeal for membership in the Little Flower's Rose Garden. As we go to press this month early, I cannot hope to have any news to give you on the subject. If by any chance you haven't filled out the form in last month's CHINA, do so now; you will find another form in this issue of your bulletin. In the case of schools, it will be sufficient to write your names and school address on sheets of paper; but do not forget to give your full name, so I can write your membership certificate the way you would like to have it. Some people, you know, are very fussy about how their name appears in public.

* * *

The Editor of the "Catholic Herald", London, England, in a public lecture, among many other fine things, said that: All over the world the Catholics of this generation were in a privileged position. Never in Christianity's history was it more patent that the world could not do without Christianity. If a man had tried to write up a mighty parable in order to demonstrate beforehand what happens to a people who reject God's truth, he couldn't possibly have worked it out more effectively or precisely than it has in fact been worked out in actual history. Our fathers and forefathers had really been up against it. They had to stand for the Truth as they knew it by faith; against the mighy onrush of progress in the fields of philosophy, history, science, economics, antropology, psychology, everything. To-day Catholics were called upon to profess their faith in the midst of the ruin of all these hopes. The grandoise edifice that man proposed to build according to godless blueprints had crashed. Every Christian to-day was in the position of a prophet who had lived to see his prophecies come true. Instead of having, like their fathers, to fight against a fatally rising tide, they stood alone on a shore littered with the wreckage that the tide had left behind as it receded.

That, said Count de la Bedoyere, is the position. What were Catholics going to do about it? Were they to-day creating in the minds of their fellowmen the impression of being masters of the situation in virtue of the clear lessons of history? . . .

* * *

This is a thought for you young people in High School and College. Upon you will rest the obligation of placing before a war-wrecked world the principles of Christian morality and right-living. Now is the time to prepare your minds and hearts to take the places left vacant by the so-called enlightened teachers and professors. They were blind leaders; you must become lights in a blacked-out world. Christ, the Light of the World, will shine through your example just as the sun still shines at night by reflecting its light through the moon. "FOR THE INCLINATION OF THE FLESH IS DEATH, BUT THE INCLINATION OF THE SPIRIT, LIFE AND PEACE."—Rom. V. ??

* * *

We hear that the war is upsetting the minds of many of our young people with regards to education. Their reasoning goes something like this: Next year I should graduate; then the army! So whether I pass my exams or not I am destined for the army and the front. Why worry too much about the books, after all there isn't anything in them that pertains to soldiering anyway. And sure when I return from the trenches or the far-away airfronts, or from the oceans of the world my heroism will do more for me than any formal education. Well, friends, all I have to say to you on this score is that many of you are destined for the army of Christ at home or abroad and you do need education for that kind of soldiering. The need for priests and Sisters is as great now as ever and the need will increase as the years go on. So much so, that one Religious Order is shortening its course that it may have priests ready to go forth to desolate Europe when this holocaust has ended. Those of you who feel the call to follow Christ in the quest for souls remember, your task is just as important in this service as it would be in the fighting forces of your country. If this war is for Christianity then the real defenders of Christianity must not be prevented from preparing their minds and hearts to save this world for God. Do not give up your idea of serving God now in the most critical moment of world history.

The Mail Bag

Mrs. Effie McKinnon and Pupils, Dominion C.B., Nova Scotia, ($5.00); Mission Club, Grades 3, 4, 5, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ont. ($5.00); Miss M. E. Burke, 48 Cambridge Street, Halifax, N.S. ($5.00); Pupils of St. Joseph's School, Sydney, N.S. ($5.00); Miss Helen Gallaut, South Rustico, P.E.I.; Literary Society, St. Joseph's College, North Bay, Ont. ($10.00); Sister M. Alacoque, St. Ann's School, Hamilton, Ont. ($5.00); Grade 8, St. Patrick's School, Hamilton, Ont. ($5.00); Boys of Grade 5, St. Paul's School, Toronto ($2.00); Miss Howard and Pupils, St. Paul's School, Toronto ($3.00); Pupils of Room Seven, St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ont. ($5.00); Commercial Dept., St. Patrick's High School, Fort William, Ont. ($7.00); Boys and Girls, Grade VI, College St. School, Halifax, N.S. ($10.00); The Little Missionaries, Grade V, College St. School, Halifax, N.S. ($5.00); Girls of Grades 3, 4 and 5, Holy Redeemer School, Sydney, N.S. ($4.00); A Friend, Summerside, P.E.I., Ransom (Theresa Ann), ($5.00); Crusade Unit, St. Augustine's Boys' School, Hamilton, Ont. ($5.00); Sister M. Francesca and Pupils, St. Patrick's School, Hamilton, Ont. ($2.00); Junior Red Cross, per Frank Jordan, S.S. 4, Hibbert, Perth Co., Ont. ($3.00); C.C.S.M.C., St. Andrews West, Ont. ($4.00); Reggie Kay, Erindale, Ont. ($3.00); Girls of Room II, Carmelite Convent, Toronto, Ont. **ernment does not consider this betrayal, otherwise it could not claim the right to fight for the Christian Democracy.** ($5.00); Ruth McPhea, Passchendale, N.S. ($1.50); Danny Sullivan, Trenton, Ont. ($3.00); Ralph Bower and Friends, College St. School, Halifax, N.S.; Pupils of Grade III, Room Six, St. Paul's School, Toronto, Ont. ($5.00); Grades VII and VIII, St. Joseph's School, Stratford, Ont., per Sister Vivina ($5.00); Betty Davis, 206 South Marks St., Fort William, Ont.; Margaret Chalue, Penetang, Ont. (stamps); Davis Family, 206 South Marks St., Fort William, Ont.; Marie Claire O'Brien, Morell, P.E.I. (stamps); Mater Redemptoris, Mission Unit, Ottawa, Ont. ($1.00); Faustina McMullen, Passchendale, N.S. (stamps); Sister M. St. Ivan and Pupils, Holy Name School, Toronto, Ont. ($10.00).

* * *

St. Joseph's College,
North Bay, Ont.

Dear Reverend Father:

. . . We are enclosing the "Mission Treasury" we accumulated during the past weeks and a little donation also, to give tangible proof of our desire to help on your noble cause.

We only wish we could share our Christmas good things with the Chinese war victims, but we shall continue

to pray for them and for the zealous missionaries in their land.

Devotedly yours,
CRUSADERS OF GRADES IX AND X.

Your donation of twelve dollars is very much appreciated and your enthusiasm as expressed in your letter much more. Please rest assured that we feel very happy to know you are with us in all our undertakings for Christ. Below we are publishing your SPIRITUAL TREASURY that others may follow your example:

FOR THE MISSIONS

Masses Heard	**964**
Holy Communions	**616**
Stations	**194**
Visits	**590**
Beads	**596**
Litanies	**342**
Benedictions	**259**
Memorares	**723**
Sacrifices	**815**
Ejaculations	**7,849**

* * *

Mount St. Vincent College,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Reverend and dear Father:

Although this is the first mite we have sent this year we have not been unmindful of the Canadian Missionaries in China. On the contrary, we have been following with concern the accounts of their misfortunes that have been written in CHINA and in the daily press.

Every Tuesday we offer all our prayers and spiritual works for the Missions and in this regard our China Missionaries have been treated more generously.

I am, sincerely yours,
NANCY O'FLYNN,
President,
Mission Crusade Unit.

Mount St. Vincent has ever been loyal to us; we know you will always be a strong force in our undertakings for Christ and souls. Many thanks.

* * *

St. Patrick's Academy,
Montreal, Que.

Reverend Father:

We are again enclosing an order for five dollars for the education of a young boy for the priesthood. We are sorry to have delayed so long but it really was our teacher's fault this time (!). She said so. Please God you will hear from us again next week.

Your little friends,
FIFTH "A".

Hope Teacher won't mind!

Holy Rosary School,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father:

The boys and girls of our Mission Club would like to have some Mite Boxes. Could you send us forty?

Your friend,
MARY CAROLYN FROST.

Could I!!

* * *

St. Patrick's Academy,
Montreal, Que.

Dear Father:

We are writing to you this time and sending you our little offering in honour of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. We ask our Immaculate Mother to see that our letter reaches you in plenty of time for Christmas.

Now, Father, we are sending a Post Office Order for eleven dollars and stamps for a few cents. The extra change might help a little towards the expense of putting our pictures in CHINA. . . . We are sending you some more pictures and ask if you could put them in sometime. . . .

We like the CHINA very much, Father. . . . Speaking of pictures, Father, would you happen to have one of yourself you could send us? We would feel honoured and it would help the good work, Father.

Your little friends of
FIFTH "A".

P.S.—Father, kindly put the ten dollars towards our little fund and keep the extra dollar for a few cigarettes for yourself for Christmas.

DOROTHY.

Well, isn't that nice!

You are certainly a wonderful group of missionaries. May God bless you one and all for your zeal and may Our Blessed Mother fill your hearts with happiness throughout the New Year just begun. . . . I am waiting on the pictures you mentioned above. It is a good job you addressed your letter to Father Sharkey because FATHER JIM doesn't send his picture to anyone—afraid the camera would not stand the shock! I am sure Father Sharkey will send along "a likeness". I'll try to persuade him.

* * *

97 Gower Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

Here we are again with our annual 'mite'. This year we feel more brave because we have succeeded in increasing the amount. . . . Please accept this as a small contribution to help the wonderful work of the Mission.

Our Big Brother 'Ted' is doing well in "The Victoria Rifles" and we would ask you to please say a prayer for him, that God will protect him and send him back safely when this awful war is over.

THE FEWERS.

I have already prayed for Ted's safety and will continue to do so daily in my Holy Mass. Each day I remember all the BUDS now in the armed forces of their respective countries. Many thanks for your generous donation.

* * *

St. Joseph's Convent,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Reverend Father:

Enclosed you will find a Money Order for eighty dollars. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for October and November CHINAS. Five dollars for the ransom of a baby girl to be named Agnes Veronica at the request of Grade One Girls, Oxford School. The balance of the money is to be used for the work of the Missions in any way you wish. Various classes in Oxford School made up the amount as follows:

Grade 5—Girls	$12.50
Grade 2—Girls	11.50
Grade 6—Boys	9.10
Grade 1—Boys	4.40
Grade 6—Girls	4.35
Grade 1—Girls	3.00
Grade 2—Boys	2.50
Grades 1 and 2—Mixed	2.50
Grade 3—Girls	2.00

Beginning with the December Magazine please increase my order by fifty copies. This will bring my monthly order up to 200.

Asking God to bless you in your work for souls.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
SISTER RITA URSULA.

I have published in full your letter, Sister, because I consider it an example of interest, zeal and generous co-operation. May the Good God bless you and your pupils for the part you are all playing in the saving of immortal souls. Many, many thanks.

* * *

The Christian Brothers
of Ireland,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dear Rev. Father:

Enclosed is a Money Order valued fifty dollars, a donation towards the Chinese Mission Fund contributed by the pupils of our school, St. Patrick's Hall. We hope that the enclosed Christmas gift to the Infant Saviour will be as acceptable to Him as were the gifts presented by the Magi long ago.

We hope and pray that the Catholic Missions in the fields afar may flourish in spite of all obstacles.

Sincerely yours in Jesus Christ,
BROTHER T. K. LAWLOR.

Undoubtedly Our Divine Lord will receive your gift as willingly as He did the Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh on the First Epiphany long ago. He will, I feel sure, shower His blessings and graces upon all those who help spread His Kingdom on earth. You are among His most faithful in this regard.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Chuch, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatory and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.

From THE CROW'S NEST

by

RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH

"La raison sans cesse raisonne
Et jamais n'a gueri personne."
Down the ages. High-geared thinkers.
Troubled thought—in mass production.
Words once written, words once spoken.
(Many *facts* that are but fiction.)
Dusty tomes, on shelves — in millions.
Once their authors' pride and glory.
So few exhume their buried wisdom
While mankind, heedless, surges by.
Brain waves, all, of *homo sapiens*,
(Sap, 'twould seem, as oft as *sapiens*)
Brain waves adown the embattled ages,
Lapping feebly, lashing wildly
Against the ramparts, strong, unyielding
That hide the truth from darkened reason.
And all the while, we little children,
Grateful for God's revelation,
Holding God's hand, in the darkness,
Brave life's night and storms and terrors.
Lift our eyes, by faith illumined.
And glimpse the glory that is to be.

* * *

For reason cures no man
(*Jamais. Personne.*)
Of that great ill, the penalty supreme
"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all its woes."
Cures none, for now King Reason reigns no more.
In Eden's Garden the monarch was dethroned.
In earthly heaven, at Creation's Dawn.
He forfeited that priceless heritage
Of order and harmonious control.
When docile nature harked to his commands,
When bird and beast and lesser self obeyed
And man was truly Captain of his soul.
For now, the mutineers assume command.
While stricken king looks on in weak dismay,
The rebel passions surge, in wild revolt.
Around his tattered remnant of a throne.

* * *

"For-r-r-r-r—it's *love* and love *alone* the world is see—king", cry the tenors, sopranos and baritones, as they go on to tell us that at last they have "*found*" the "Sweet Mystery of Life" and "know the secret of it all". Laugh, if you like, but truer words were never spoken. Love it is that the world is seeking. In every place under Heaven except where it may be found, completely and forever. We mustn't go cynical and pretend that nobody ever finds love in this life. Many do. But human love is but a fleeting gift, all too soon to pass. Never here on earth will man find the love for which he is ever seeking, because he does not belong here on earth. Man's heart and mind and affections are so vast and boundless that nothing less than the infinite greatness of the Creator can satisfy them.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, oh Lord,
And our hearts will never rest until they rest in Thee."

* * *

Abandon, that's the great need. Abandon, not resignation. I confess that I never liked the latter word, implying as it does a reluctant, willy-nilly sort of acquiescence rather than a generous and unquestioning acceptance of whatever God may be pleased to send. Abandon implies a satisfied sort of trust. "And what has God done" asks Father Faber, "that His creatures do not trust Him? We cannot trust ourselves, neither can we do without trusting. We cannot hang suspended in space from from nothing and over nothing. It is plain that we cannot trust each other. Confidence in God is meant to be the creature's life."

* * *

And the result of this confidence? At one fell slash, we cut the hundred-and-one Gordian knots of complications, entanglements, heartaches and despairs that result from trust misplaced; from leaning for support on fellow-humans who can scarce support themselves. Think of the blessed peace of those who trust God completely and without reservation, a peace that the world can neither give nor take away. They are beyond reach of human disturbance. They are immune from the major vexations of life. Serenely they hold their heads above the turmoil, like the lofty moun-

tains whose summit basks in sunlight while storms are raging in the valleys below.

* * *

The old policeman idea of God dies hard. I know people who have made truly heroic sacrifices down the years; who have denied themselves many of the legitimate joys of life in order the better to serve God and yet who regard themselves as a species of escaped convict or hunted criminal with whom God will "catch up" some day. They have been more sinned against than sinning. Their maladjustment harks back to the Little Red Schoolhouse. In their early and impressionable years teachers said to them, over and over: "That is a *mortal sin. A mortal sin. God will punish. God will punish. If you die—if you die —if you die* you will *go to Hell*, for *ever* and *ever* and *ever*."

Oh, yes, we know there are mortal sins. We know that people die and fear that some people go to Hell, for ever and ever. But what sort of way is this to attract children towards the love of God? The heart and mind of a child reach out for love and understanding as a flower reaches out for the sun. But in the cases of children we have in mind, the thought of God as a loving and understanding Father was overshadowed, if not utterly eradicated, by the grim picture of God the *avenger*. Torn between alternate fear of death and Hell, their whole souls became cramped, their whole outlook negative, their whole pre-occupation an attempt to find some way of escape. Small wonder that in some cases the escape itself was pathological, almost to the point of spiritual masochism. Some such tormented souls have been known to *drive* themselves, literally, into vocations for which they were neither fitted nor intended. And why? Because such vocations were the ways of life they hated most of all, the hardest and most uninviting ways they knew.

"You see, if you do the *hardest possible thing* you may *get by* in that dread day of reckoning."

Not love, but wild-eyed, frightened "appeasement" was the foundation of their whole spiritual edifice. They were victims of the *guidance* (sic) of the hell and brimstone boys of old, for whom shooting at dawn would have been an extravagant mercy.

Among the tragic circumstances beyond our control is the dread possibility, these anxious days especially, of the loss of those we love. How true it is for millions of mothers whose boys are facing the grim hell of modern war. Many a mother must feel a sword of fear and apprehension pierce her heart these days as she watches over the cot of her sleeping child. Will he come roaring down in flames some night from thundering sky to tortured earth below? Will he drift for weary, desperate days upon a storm-tossed raft, maddened by thirst and the merciless heat of a tropical sun? Or will he breathe his last, this boy of hers, in some remote, unfriendly land, where a callous enemy will bestow no mercy and there will be none to ease the lingering agonies of death?

What a consolation in the thought that not for long can we lose our loved ones who love God, nor can we ourselves lose *Him* through any man-made concourse of circumstance. God will never leave us, nor cease to love us. Ours the dreadful power of leaving Him, of walking out — into the eternal night. In these days of chaos and crumbling worlds we cling to our love of God as the shipwrecked sailor to his raft on the storm-tossed sea.

* * *

Opportunities for heroics may never come our way. We may go through our whole lives and never once be Johnny on the job when that family is trapped on the second storey or that distressed damsel is being pursued by the hungry bear. Manlike, we should cover ourselves with glory if such opportunities came our way. In the big issues we would not fail. Only in the little things do we consistently fall down, the "tremendous trifles" that go to make life more worth living for all those around us. It is far easier to tear into that burning building or force the reluctant bruin to unpaw the fair maiden than to be pleasant at the breakfast table on those dark-brown mornings when you feel like something that no self-respecting cat would haul across a threshold. Don't wait for the heroics. Life is an endless succession of little defeats or little victories.

"Every ship is a romantic object except the one we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits your vessel and hangs on every other sail on the horizon." Emerson.

* * *

"Gee, but that fellow gives me a pain. Cross my heart, he's a lame brain. I'm telling you, he gets me down." True or false? False. It isn't *he* that gets me down. It's my own little self alone, because nobody else can do it. Nobody else possesses the key to my innermost emotional reactions and it is precisely those reactions of mine that start the worry ball a-rolling. We are hampered or assisted in our efforts in the battle of life by our ability to cater to or guard against the increasing effects upon us of the behaviour of others. Apart altogether from spiritual insight that may reveal to us the beam in our own eye, it is sound physchology to turn the duck's back rather than the dry sponge towards the floods of little vexations with which the course of life occasionally overflows. That is, of course, unless we be the sort of people who are never happy unless they are miserable.

* * *

A rose, a lily, an oak tree, a golden sunset, a laughing child, all that I love in others—all these things are but drops overflowing onto earth from the boundless unseen ocean of beauty eternal. They all but mirror faintly the infinite perfections of God as the little pool mirrors the image of the sun. "Imitabilities of the Divine Essence", if you want to be technical. If the power of human beauty and human love can at times be so irresistible, what must be the power of that beauty, uncreated and eternal, that eye hath not seen, nor the heart of man conceived? The very essence of the joy of Heaven will be the unfolding to our enraptured gaze, for all eternity, of ever new manifestations of the infinite perfections of God.

"Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec litteris exprimere.
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere."

May we all know—some day.

"Farewell to Lishui"

(*Continued from page 9*)

the baggage to Lungchuan, which is our most southern mission, and the one furthest removed from the front.

Farewell To Lishui!

After a hurried bite of dinner and a short good-bye to some employees and friends, Fr. Lorne and I began our 40 li walk about 12.30 p.m. A short visit across the street at the Convent before leaving found the Sisters bustling around packing, and almost ready to leave. That scene I shall not forget quickly . . . the dozen or more faithful employees of years past were sobbing bitterly as they said farewell to the "Mo Mo's". As Fr. Lorne and I passed over the pontoon bridge spanning the river, we could see the Sisters' boat in the distance as it pulled out into the stream. We stood for a moment on the bank of the river overlooking the city for a last glance. I wondered as I took the last glance back at our church's steeple was this to be only an "au revoir", or would it prove to be really a farewell. Lishui was my home for four years, and a home, no matter how humble, is not an easy place to part from. Our church, residence and other buildings were but mere shacks after the bombings of the past years, but nevertheless these rooms contained our books, clothing and all that we owned in this world. These same rooms were the scenes of many happy hours during the past few years as priests from the missions came in to enjoy a foursome of bridge, to hear some radio, and to exchange stories of news and experiences. It was not so easy to say good-bye to a place that held such memoirs.

After walking on in silence a few hundred yards, we finally reached the highway to Pihu and joined the other thousands that were streaming southwards. The road was filled with people for the whole forty miles — not refugees from Lishui only but the thousands from Kinhwa and other northern cities — busses, trucks, cars, rickshaws, carts and bicycles made up the modes of conveyance, but like ourselves most of the people were walking with their packs on their backs; mothers with babies in arms, old men and young with both ends of their poles well filled, and even tiny kids with loads much heavier than themselves . . . it was a picturesque scene. We finally reached Pihu, Fr. Strang's mission, about 7 p.m., tired and hungry.

The Doomed City!

A late rising after a good night's sleep, and we awoke to the familiar tune of the Ching Pao (alarm), but alarms were not considered seriously in this small town, which had only been bombed once since the beginning of the war. After a few minutes we could hear the familiar drone and counted some twelve bombers circling over Lishui . . . then the ground and buildings of Pihu trembled as the planes went to work on Lishui for about one hour. That afternoon, Frs. Murphy and McNeil came in to tell us of the raid. They said that Lishui had become a ghost city . . . they were the only two people as far as they could learn that slept in the city the night before; even beggars and soldiers would not stay overnight in the city, since nobody knew at what moment the enemy would come in. It was as Fr. Murphy said, something hard to describe, a terrifying and depressing feeling crept over one in that silent city as night fell . . . it was truly a doomed city.

The following day the Fathers from Tsingtien and Dolu arrived at Pihu about 10 a.m., after a two-day hike over the mountains. Almost at the same time, Fr. Curtin and the Sisters arrived in their boat. It was impossible to get another boat for the baggage and the Sisters' boat was already too crowded, so much so, that it would be impossible to sleep, and there were yet five or six more days to spend in it, so something had to be done. To relieve this situation two of the priests agreed to take two Sisters on the parcel-carriers of their bikes to Lungchuan rather than to leave some of the baggage behind. Two of the Sisters agreed to the idea, one of them being Sister Superior. It took a lot of pluck for one already in her sixties to agree to such a plan; Sister Vianney was the occupant of the back seat of the other bike. The rehearsal of how to sit on this small seat and, above all, how to hold on, gave us all a much-needed good laugh. Finally the party got started; it was something the Chinese, like ourselves, never saw before and, like ourselves, they laughed heartily. The two bikes sped down the street amidst a row of beaming faces on both sides. An hour later there came one of those sudden cloudbursts which lasted about one-half hour. Needless to say, between the rain and the muddy road, the party of four were happy people when they reached their destination that first evening after covering about 125 miles. Weary and aching bodies covered with wet and muddy clothing thoroughly appreciated the hospitality of the Protestant missioners at Yunho that evening. Early the next day the foursome again headed south and reached Lungchuan about five p.m. After a couple of days rest, Frs. Hudswell and McGoey, the drivers, returned to Pihu to get some clothing, etc., since the enemy had not yet come in.

The Zero Hour!

Shortly after the cyclists left, the boat with Fr. Curtin and other Sisters left. For the rest of us at Pihu there was a problem to solve. There were five of us going to Lungchuan when the time came and we only had two bikes. After some hours of patching and matching, one complete bike was made from parts of old ones lying around the mission. It would be strong enough to carry the weight of one light person and Fr. Lorne, being about the lightest, was elected as driver. The other four of us would take turns driving each other on the handle bars. Thus our plans were finalized and we were ready, waiting for the zero hour. Frs. Strang and Turner decided they would go to a mountain mission, and if and when things got hot they could, from there, make their way across the mountians to Lungchuan.

I think it was our third day at Pihu when Fr. McFarland took sick; for months he had not been feeling well, but this day his condition became more serious and

we had reason to be worried about him. Almost at the same hour there came the bad news that the Japs were nearing Sungyang, and our path to the south would be cut off if we did not get on our way soon. Fr. Lorne wanted us to go and said that he would stay behind and hope for the best if the enemy came, but such, of course, could not be. We said the prayers of the Church over him and prayed for the best. One rumour followed another, "Lishui now occupied, the Japs landed at Wenchow, enemy nearing Sungyang, etc." At eleven that night, from a good source, we learned that it was true that the enemy was but 40 li away, and so we must get away early in the a.m. Fr. Harold, who had been hoping that the boy would bring his motorcycle along, would start walking in the morning until his motorcycle came along.

Then came the dawn and we were on our way before 4 a.m. Fr. Lorne was improved and able to drive the home-made bike. All went well for the first six hours and then the heat began to tell on us. We had covered more than 100 miles, and were away from the danger area, so there was no need of such a big hurry. Our party split, Fr. Scotty got a drive on a passing truck; Frs. McGettigan and McFarland got in a boat with a Protestant missioner, so there was only Fr. McNeil and myself left with a bike each. Fr. Lorne needed medicine badly, so we had to try and catch the boat the Sisters were in. From a Protestant missioner we learned that we had no time to waste if we were to catch them on the other side of the Yunho mountain. This meant that we would have to continue our peddling in the heat of the noonday sun, a thing we had hoped to avoid.

It was in this hard push up the Yunho mountain about noon hour that I had to call it "quits". The six-hour relay trip with Fr. McGettigan in the morning had sapped my reserve strength. About half way up the mountain I found some shade under a tree and Fr. McNeil went on in the hopes that he could get me something to drink and a few eggs. I fell asleep and waking almost two hours later there was still no sign of Fr. Dan, so I started walking with my bike; reaching the summit of the mountain I found Fr. Dan just starting out with some eggs and tea for me. After this nourishment and a little rest we began the long coast of more than 15 li to the bottom of the mountain, where we hoped to meet the Sisters' boat and get the medicine for Fr. Lorne.

Timing could not have been more perfect. Within two minutes after our arrival at the ferry crossing, while sipping a bowl of hot tea we saw this boat coming upstream. Almost too good to be true, 'it was the Sisters' boat'. Within another two minutes while we were still congratulating ourselves on our good luck, a lone plane came directly overhead from the other side of the mountain. There was no time to think nor a place to run to, it was right on top of us with a volley of machine-gun fire. The objective was but a few yards from us, some hundred drums of gasoline piled on the roadside. Then a second spray of lead right over our boat, and three bombs a hundred yards away, and our visitor left as quickly as he came. It was a mighty close call, perhaps our closest yet, and soon we were able to breathe normally again. We thought, this was not the first time in this world that boats carrying refugees had been bombed and machine-gunned. Our boat went on a few hundred yards and we anchored by the village for the night.

The Unending Journey!

This small village had an exciting day. It was the first time in more than five years of war that they had heard bombs or machine-gun fire, although they had seen planes pass by often. It was, too, the first time that many of them had seen foreigners, especially Sisters with their funny looking habits (dress) . . . the day was not yet ended. We had hardly gotten in bed about 10 p.m., when the villagers became panicky . . . it was the urgent alarm at such a late hour—surely these foreigners must be "Japs" or spies, after all this is the first time we ever had bombs here. Things did look bad for us all right. Soon, however, the all-clear sounded and we went back to our beds.

Early next morning, Fr. Reeves arrived on his bike, and so with him we continued the rest of our journey after a good breakfast prepared by the Sisters from the deck of their boat. Taking our time on that hot day and drinking freely from mountain streams, we reached Lungchuan about 5 p.m., just in time for a good Lungchuan supper. It was good to be at our destination. A few days later the Sisters arrived and the other Fathers that came with them. Then to the surprise of all, the Kinhwa priests came in after hiking across the mountains for some days; we thought they were already somewhere in central China, but at the last minute they could not get a train out as they hoped, so they came south to Sungyang by mountain path. It was a grand reunion, and every shack and building in the Lungchuan compound became a priest's bedroom.

In those early days of June, we little knew that the few hundred miles travelled was but a jaunt in comparison to the thousands of miles that we were yet to pass over. More than a month passed and the enemy came no nearer, but judging from all reports there was little hope of returning to our mission in a hurry. In the early days of July a new crisis arose. Because of the tens of thousands of people that had come into Lungchuan, it became impossible to buy food of any kind. The reserve stocks of rice, spuds, etc., in the mission decreased rapidly, and a decision of some kind had to be made. Coinciding with this danger of starvation was the bad news that the enemy was again moving south in our direction from Lishui. Once again the Canadian missioners were on their way, this time over a longer road, one that would take us through nine of China's provinces. The story of these next two months with its sad days and glad days, is one that all of us will long remember.

MAKE A SACRIFICE
AND GIVE
A LENTEN ALMS
TO THE MISSIONS

CHINA

ARBORO BLUFFS ONT. MARCH 1943

Subscription: 50c per year Circulation: 43,000

MARCH CHINA 1943

VOL. XXIV VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* No. 3

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Signposts

Chinese Leader Desires Church to Carry Out Her Great Work in China

NEW YORK, N.Y., Jan. 1943. —Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has received in audience a delegation of Catholics and discussed with them questions relating to the Church in China, according to a wireless message received from Chungking by the Maryknoll Fathers.

The Generalissimo made careful inquiries regarding the welfare of the 9,000 Catholic missioners in China. He showed particular interest in news of missioners who continue to labour in occupied areas and expressed a desire to lessen restrictions placed on the freedom of Italian and German missioners. He declared that he hopes the Germans and Italians will soon be able to resume their missionary activities.

The Rev. Leo Ferrary, O.F.M., representative in Chungking of China's Apostolic Delegate, presented Chiang Kai-shek, in the name of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, with a copy of *China Through Catholic Eyes*, a book whose preface was written by Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

Other members of the group received by the Generalissimo included Monsignor Thomas Megan, Prefect Apostolic of Sensiang, who was driven from his territory at the outbreak of war; the Rev. Mark Tennien, Maryknoll Procurator in Chungking; Rev. T. Baumann, S.V.D.; the Rev. John McGrath, O.F.M.; Lt. Grace, a former student of St. Louis University and now naval attache of the U.S. Embassy; and John Schwer, Catholic businessman.

The delegation was greatly impressed by the Generalissimo's friendliness. They remarked upon his sincerity and dignity and the Christian tone of his conversation. Chiang Kai-shek is a Methodist, and intimate friends say he has a daily schedule of spiritual exercises, with which no business is allowed to interfere. This schedule includes reading of the Scriptures, meditation and prayer. Two Catholic hymns, the "Magnificat" and the "Ave Maria", are the Generalissimo's favourites.

Some time ago Chiang Kai-shek told his army officers that they should model their lives after the Catholic missioners. "These priests," he declared, "are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles, unremitting at their work. They are the model for your lives as officers of the Republic."

Sincerest Sympathy

CHINA wishes to express to Rev. Father Basil Ellard and the other members of his family, the sincerest sympathy of the priests and students, in the loss of his dear mother. We assure him that she will not be forgotten in our prayers.

Condolences

May we express our deepest sorrow on the recent sudden death of Father Felix Coffey and extend to the members of his family our sincere sympathy. May he rest in peace.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the following deceased benefactors: Mrs. S. A. O'Donnell, Mrs. Mary Ellard, Father Felix Coffey, Father Leonard Hodgins, Mr. Bernard Doyle (father of Rev. Gerald Doyle our Procurator at Shanghai).

Sudbury Broadcast

The Religious Theatre of the Air will broadcast over Station CKSO, Sudbury, every Sunday afternoon from 2.00 to 2.30 p.m. (790 on your dial).

(*Continued on page* 15)

THE RELIGIOUS THEATRE OF THE AIR

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SCARBORO BLUFFS - - - - ONTARIO

DOCTOR LEE KUNG-LOO was in angry vein! (Being a doctor, of course that is the only way to describe him.) Business had been very slow of late. It was not that all the villages of Ching Dee were in good health, oh no; even now Pi Tu, the rickshaw boy, was burning like a fire. But no one suffering the "eating away disease" (T.B.) ever called Doctor Lee—he never gave care where he could not cure. Then there was Lung Te-Po, the local barber, who went about making peoples' parlours his barber shop. His leg was badly swollen: surely a few doses of "gin seng" and green lentils would cure him in short order. Oh, but Doctor Lee remembered very well the time Lung Te-Po cut his ear, and the hair-cut, and friendship ceased between them. But what of Tzu-Ka the rice merchant? He had more dollars than most others in Ching Dee, and now he suffered intense pain in the "east side of his stomach". This was a real case—but Tzu-Ka had already sent for the foreign doctor at Wenchow, and was awaiting him.

"Let Tzu suffer the torments of the foreign devil", growled Dr. Lee, as he huddled a little closer to the ill-fed fire-pot. Poor Doctor Lee had suffered during the rainy season; he had often gone hungry because of that foreign doctor, who dressed in white and carried powders, and glittering bottles and white wrapping bandages. This foreigner spoke of germs and dirt and quietness—"foolish every bit of it" muttered Dr. Lee to himself, "how can powders and knives drive away sickness, unless first the evil spirit, who causes the sickness gets chased away?"

There was the point! Doctor Lee Kung-Lo belonged to the old school. All evil and pain belonged to devils. No cure was good, unless first the devil was evicted from the patients. True, Doctor Lee used powdered horns and fish livers and shoved needles under peoples skins—but only after he drove the evil spirit out. Oh no, Doctor Lee would never change, he would starve first. These villagers were ignorant; they believed in the foreign devil because someone, Soo Lin the coffin maker, I think, had a pain in his lower jaw, a little white tablet cured it, he said. But they would learn to their sorrow, that Doctor Lee followed a time-honoured profession in a time-honoured way. The God of Sickness would visit that village with a plague of 10,000 injuries. Doctor Lee Kung-Loo's "number one" Boy Sung Ah made his honourable self very scarce the last few days. The teachings of the ancients advised solitude for any angry man, and the doctor was in an angry mood. This very morning Sung Ah came hurrying down the street with the food and newspaper. There was no paper visible, but Sung Ah had all the gossip from the local rice shop in his keen memory.

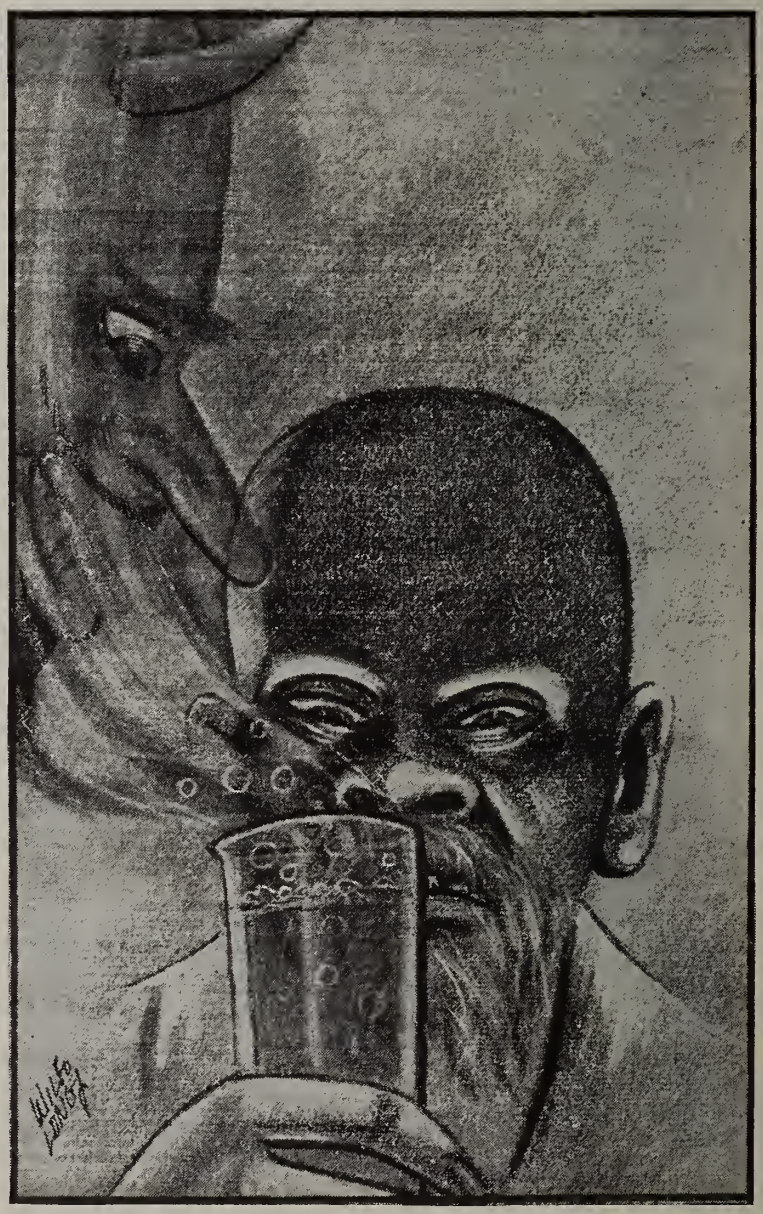
As Sung Ah cooked the morning rice he recited the local news. Old Doctor Lee, as usual, never pretended to hear a word—but when Sung Ah casually mentioned that the foreign Doctor was visiting Ching Dee next day, the honourable physician squirmed and kicked viciously at a centipede crawling down the table leg. Number One Boy pretended to stare at a group of villagers going towards the rice fields to work, noticed how the master's chop-sticks clicked, and how the hot rice was hastily gulped down the thin neck, without regard for heat. But usually keen Number One Boy could not know what Doctor Lee Kung-Lo was thinking about. "I will prove to these ignorant menders of shoes and reapers of rice of Ching Dee, that I, Doctor Lee Kung-Lo, am more powerful than this devil of a foreign land, who makes long cuts to prove he

can sew with a needle." No, Number One Boy was puzzled!

All that morning the long bony fingers of the "cure sickness man" powdered bones and mixed green leaves and roots. For fully two hours after midday rice the smoke of the incense rose before the statue of the Medicine God, whose leering smile promised all, but gave so little. Just after evening rice, when neighbours sit in front of their mud-walled homes for the last smoke, Dr. Lee gruffly summoned Number One Boy, "Unworthy son of a one-eyed father, go about proclaiming that I, Dr. Lee Kung-Lo, will this very night drive out the evil spirit from the east side of the stomach of Tzu Ka, the rice merchant. Order all the women to remain at home, lest they mar my occult powers; as for all the village men, let them stand silently about Tzu Ka's home, and I will prove my medicine is best." The sun was hovering at the horizon, and as its golden figure bowed off stage, the curtains of night were drawn. Poor Tzu Ka the Rice Merchant, he alone was unaware of the proceedings, for surprise is a great factor in attacking an evil spirit so deeply imbedded as in the stomach—and in the east side, too. The even cover of darkness was broken by heads and bodies of silent watchers, some tall, some short. A faint hum sounded as a small procession could be barely noticed coming tiptoe towards Tzu Ka's home. Dr. Lee Kung-Lo was silent leader, followed by five assistants all dressed in the weirdest of clothing. The doctor was in his most professional pose, all dressed for the occasion. Number One Boy had the medical kit, and flanking him were two men with bugles in their hands, behind them two men with big brass gongs. Old Dr. Lee paused, raising a warning finger for more intense silence, and they slowly crossed the clean-swept mud floor towards a little room just a few feet ahead. "Ching Ching Tu Dee," prayed the feverish Tzu, "Please, spirit, leave my unworthy stomach and I will burn incense before your statue for a long year." Poor Tzu lay rolling in agony on his bamboo couch, covered with rice straw, while Chu So, his wild-eyed "weigher of rice", fanned his burning face. Finally the moaning ceased and all was quiet except for the soft swish of the fan.

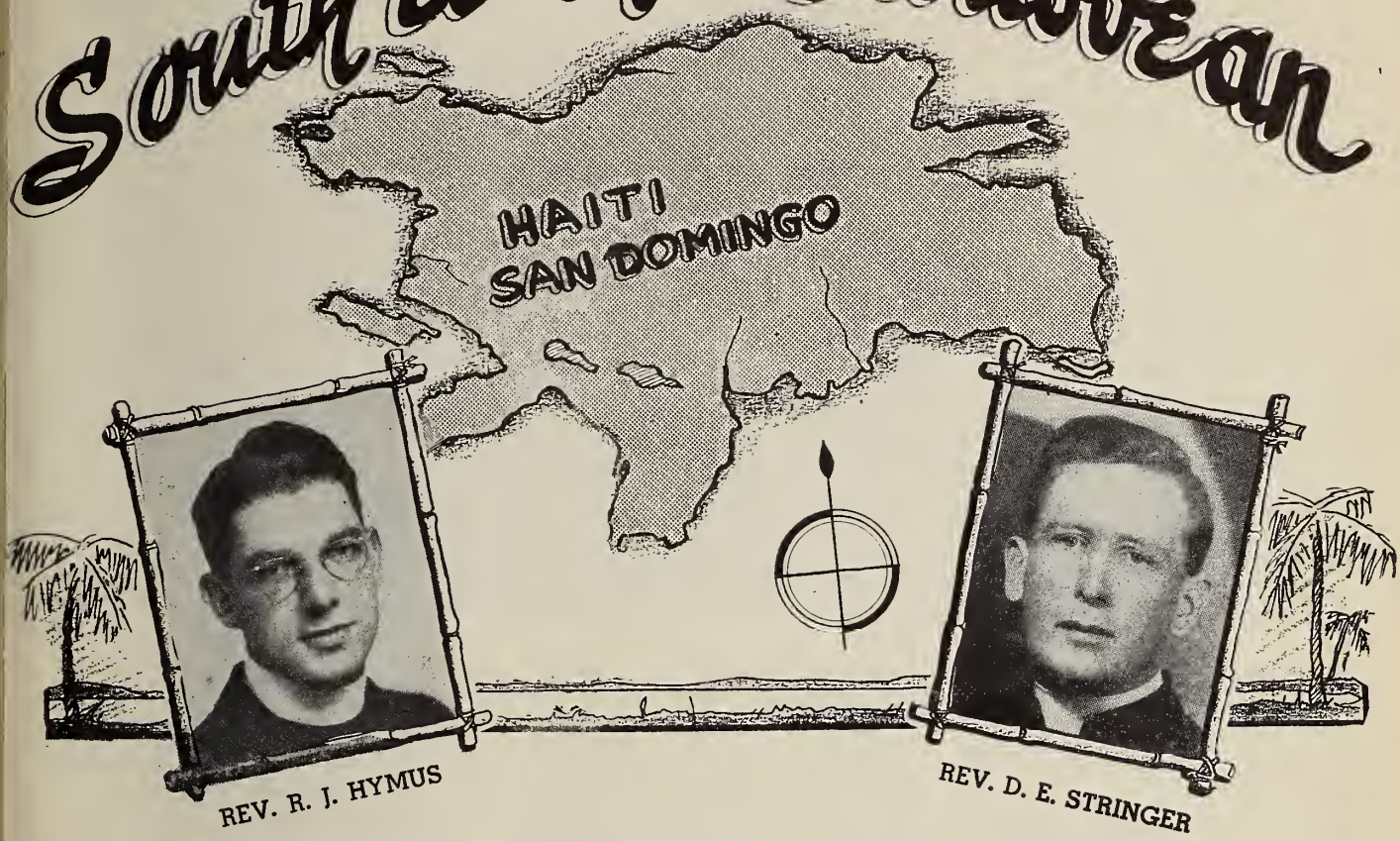
Suddenly there was bedlam! Dr. Lee was at work. The horns blew, the gongs resounded like rolling thunder, even the watchers chanted "wey lee—wey lee", and above the din the doctor was heard yelling insults at the "stomach-ache devil" to dare him to come outside Tzu's stomach. Little Chu So's legs waved once as they followed his headlong flight through the paper-covered window. Tzu Ka's body raised a foot off the bed in fright. The darkness was shattered by repeated blasts of firecrackers. Tzu uttered a piercing shriek of fright, then fainted. He thought sure "Mo-Kwey", the keeper of the courts of hell, had come to take him. With a triumphant shout, Doctor Lee yelled "gno yu gui"—"I got him". Immediately his helpers rushed to him, formed a circle about him and all went out to the street. There, in a little straw boat, fully rigged, held tightly in his hands, hid the "stomach-ache devil". He couldn't escape from the group surrounding Dr. Lee as long as they chanted, and chant they did in solemn procession right to the river edge, launching the little boat with its "sickness devil" in the current to sail away.

(*Continued on page* 15)



"The smoke of the incense rose before the statue of the Medicine God."

South to the Caribbean



THE Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has decided to take up missionary work in the Dominican Republic, in the West Indies. Two of our priests will leave shortly for Santo Domingo, accompanied by the Superior General, Right Rev. Monsignor J. E. McRae. Rev. Desmond Stringer and Rev. Robert Hymus, both of Toronto, will constitute our first mission band to the new territory. They will at first assist the Missioners of the Sacred Heart, a congregation of missionary priests now labouring on the island. Later on a district will be assigned to our Society, and year after year other priests from our seminary will go to the Republic to assist our two pioneers in the field.

The Dominican Republic occupies the eastern two-thirds of the island of Hispaniola, which is second only to Cuba in size among the islands of the West Indies. Lying in the Caribbean Sea between Cuba on the west and Peurto Rico on the east, and only a few hundred miles southeast of Florida, it is within easy reach of North, Central and South America, and is directly in the shipping and airlanes connecting the eastern coasts of these three divisions of the continent.

The capital of the Dominican Republic, Ciudad Trujillo (Trujillo City), is the oldest permanent European settlement in the Western Hemisphere and was founded by Bartholomew Columbus, brother of Christopher Columbus, in the year 1496, and was for many decades the seat of Spanish authority in the New World. Through its colonial streets walked such well-known historical figures as Cortes, conqueror of Mexico; Pizarro, who brought under Spanish rule the Inca empire of Peru; Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific; Ponce de Leon, who sought the fountain of youth in Florida; and De Soto, discoverer of the Mississippi. Its cathedral has the distinction of being the first constructed in America and of containing the remains of Christopher Columbus.

The war in China has, of course, made it impossible for us to send any missioners to that country for the past few years, nor will we be able to send any more until after the war is over. This being the case, the Society through its Superior General asked the Holy See for a new mission district and because of the really desperate need of missionaries in Santo Domingo, we were asked to send men to the island and we very gladly complied.

Just when our first band of missioners will leave for the Dominican Republic we do not as yet know, but it will probably be around the end of February or the beginning of March. They will

travel by train to Miami, Florida, and thence go by plane to the island, for travel by ship is most dangerous, since Axis submarines are constantly cruising in the Caribbean.

We feel sure that our many friends will follow with intense interest this new mission venture of our Society and will pray God for our pioneer missioners to Santo Domingo, asking Him to abundantly bless their labours for souls.

Through the pages of the CHINA we will bring you an account of their missionary adventures in word and picture. Daily remember them in your good prayers, and assist them in as much as you are able as they put forth on the Great Adventure.

Years ago other adventurers went south to the Caribbean, in quest for gold and silver and treasure, for this was the famous Spanish Main of days gone by. This was the land of Henry Morgan the pirate, of the skull and crossbones, and Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight.

Now other adventurers, lured on by treasure trove, go south to the Caribbean, but—

"The traders go for treasure,
That the world will take by stealth,
And death will come to cheat them of the whole.
But these win prize eternal,
Seeking out another wealth,
They have guessed the blinding value of a soul."

—*Benen.*

Pray for the Missions During Lent

READ 'EM AND GRIN

The pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence: "He was bent on seeing her."
He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."

"I sent my little boy for two pounds of peaches and you sent only a pound and a half."
"My scales are right, madam. Have you tried weighing your little boy?"

Officer: "Did you get the number of the car that knocked you down, madam?"
Lady victim: "No, I was too confused, but the hussy that was driving wore a three-piece grey tweed suit, lined with Canton crepe; she had on a periwinkle hat trimmed with cherries and wore white suede gloves."

"Did you say the drinking water here is unsafe?"
"Yes."
"What do you do when you want a drink?"
"First, we filter it."
"Yes."
"Then we boil it."
"Yes."
"Then we put some chlorine in it."
"Yes."
"And then we have a glass of beer."

The 'phone rang, the new secretary answered it, murmured something and hung up.
"Who called?" asked the boss.
"It wasn't anything important," replied the girl. "Just a man who said: 'It's a long distance from London.' I told him everybody knew that."

Stranger: "I've come out here to make an honest living."
Native: "Well, there's not much competition."

While doing a bit of shopping, Mrs. Jones thought she'd take hubby a little present. The assistant at the men's counter tried to be helpful.
"What about a tie, madam?" he said.
"No, he has a beard."
"A pullover, then?"
"No, it's a long beard."
"I see, madam," said the saleman, wearily. "Do you think a pair of spats would show?"

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57 VARIETIES

The English teacher asked for a sentence using the word "beans".
"We had beans for dinner," said one boy.
"My brother likes beans," added a second.
"We are all human beans," piped a third.

One day on the street Charles Lamb watched two women leaning out of windows on opposite sides of the thoroughfare, gesticulating wildly and hurling insults at each other.
"Ah, look," remarked Lamb, "these women will never get together, for they are arguing with each other from different premises."

One of the guests turned to a man by his side to criticize the singing of a woman who was trying to entertain them.
"What a terrible voice! Do you know who she is?"
"Yes," was the answer. "She's my wife."
"Oh, I beg your pardon. Of course, it isn't her voice, really. It's the stuff she has to sing. I wonder who wrote that awful song?"
"I did," was the answer.

When Mose was told that poor Rastus had been shot dead by Judge Hicks while he was stealing the judge's chickens, he merely replied: "Oh, well, it might have been worse."
"How could it have been worse?" indignantly asked the informant. "Poor Rastus is dead! De judge just nachually blow de head right off of him. What could be worse dan dat?"
"It might have been worse," repeated Mose. "If de jedge fire off de gun de night before he might have blow de head off me."

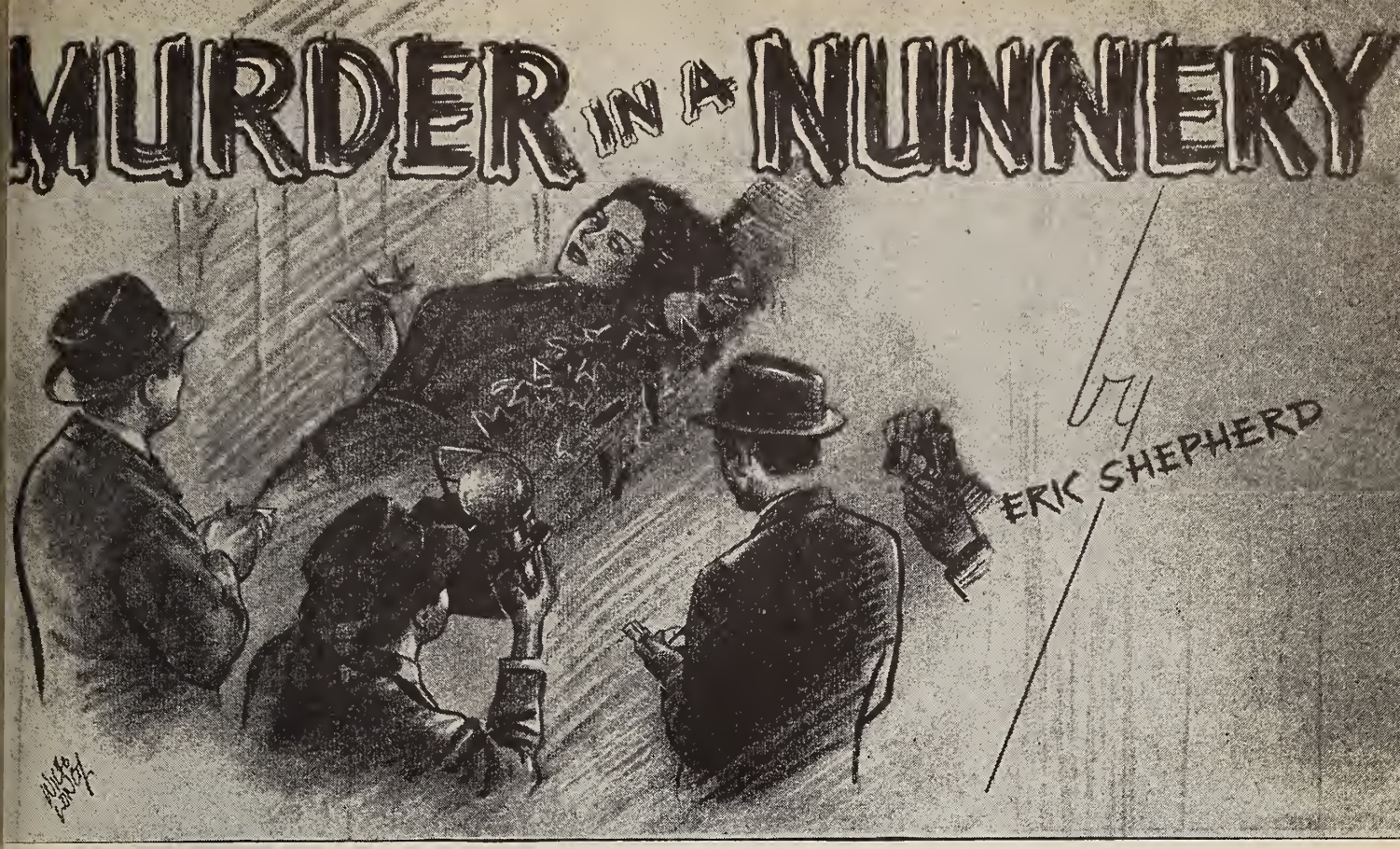
An Irishman had just signed his name in the hotel register, and was called back by the clerk, who pointed out that he had omitted to record his nationality. Taking up the pen he wrote: "Irish, and proud of it."
A Scots guest arrived a few minutes later and, seeing the Irishman's entry, wrote: "Scotch—and fond of it."

Judge—"What were you doing at that roadhouse when it was raided?"
Locksmith—"I was making a bolt for the door."

Customer—"Do you give a guarantee with this hair restorer?"
Barber—"Guarantee, sir? Why we give a comb?"

A small boy at the zoo asked why the giraffes had such a long neck.
"Well, you see," said the keeper, gravely, "the giraffe's head is so far from his body a long neck is absolutely necessary."

Gardener: "This, madam, is a tobacco plant."
Old lady: "How interesting! How long will it be before the cigars are ripe?"



THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School is found murdered in St. Joseph's Chapel. The police and Scotland Yard are investigating. Miss Verity Goodchild, who found the body, decides to do some sleuthing on her own.

CHAPTER VII

VERITY IS KIND TO WHAT, AFTER ALL, ARE HER FELLOW CREATURES, AND IS REWARDED WITH A CLUE

VERITY awoke to such a morning of sunshine and bird-song as tempted her to get up even earlier than necessary and go out into the grounds.

This was not against the rules of the school. Indeed, it was accounted an act of grace; and Mother Peagle had often said that whoever took a meditative stroll before mass invited a special blessing.

Verity hoped she would get the special blessing, but it is doubtful if her meditations were the right sort. Her active mind ran on the mysterious figure of the night before, and she had brought with her a large magnifying glass in the hope of being able to do a little private sleuthing. She believed in dressing for her parts.

Except for the birds, and more especially a charm of goldfinches twittering sociably on the wing, Verity had—or thought she had—the bright morning world all to herself, and she followed the track of the apparition as far as she could remember it, frequently stooping low down or even going on hands and knees to use her glass. But the earth was dry, and all she got was a close-up view of innumerable little beetles all in a state of great commotion about some totalitarian excitement in the beetle world. Verity was not interested, and was rising from what struck her too late as an inelegant pose when she found herself the cynosure of the eyes of several young men perched astride upon the high brick wall.

Young men are not encouraged at a Convent school, and these must have trespassed to get where they were. Though as a rule extremely partial to the species, just now Verity was annoyed with the young men for surprising her. She tipped up her nose in disdain, and was walking haughtily away when one of them spoke to her.

"Oh, please, Miss, if you're only half as nice as you look, I'm sure you'll give us poor fellows a help-out."

Much in this speech strongly appealed to Verity, and the voice was a pleasant one; a glance at the speaker showed him as a comely youth. But Verity was not going to relent too soon. With a further elevation of the nose she replied in freezing tones:

"I should think your best way out is the way you came in. And you had better be quick about it, for the gardener will be about soon, and he hates trespassers."

At this point, however, she dropped the tone of virtuous reproof and asked him with ardent interest:

"Who are you, anyhow?"

They all replied in chorus:

"Please, Miss, we're the Press. . . ."

"The *what?* . . ."

The first young man informed her.

"The newspapers, you know, Miss. I'm the *Daly Peephole.* You must know the *Peephole*, Miss? . . ."

Verity's eyes danced. Didn't she just know the *Peephole*—in the holidays, of course!

"And what are you all doing on that wall?" she asked.

It was the *Periscope* who answered this time. Though not so handsome as the *Peephole*, he had an arresting shock of coal-

black hair and looked delightfully wicked.

"Well, Miss, there's been a murder—of all places, in a nunnery. We want a story. We've been to the door and had a statement from one of the bobbies, but that's no earthly good to our readers. We want a *story*. . . . You know what I mean?"

Verity did indeed know! And so she assured the amiably diabolic *Periscope*.

She added with studied nonchalance:

"In that case it may interest you to know that I was the person who found the—the body. . . ."

"*The deuce!* . . ."

As one man the Press slipped from the wall to the ground and surrounded Verity, who stood like a princess in their midst. Unconsciously no doubt she plucked a fragrant sprig of syringa to hold against her cheek. Some of the Press had cameras!

"I shall have to be quick, or the bell will ring. . . ."

"Start right in, Miss," urged the *Peephole*.

Cameras were unslung to right and left. Note-books and fountain-pens appeared from every breast-pocket.

Verity assumed the drooping pose proper to one who tells a harrowing tale. She was wondering what on earth Reverend Mother would say, and this added a touch of real pathos to her pretty pose.

Cries of admiration greeted her.

"Hold that, Miss. . . ."

Verity held it tight, and a round of applause hailed the consummation to the Picture. The *Peephole* announced the wisecrack.

BEAUTIFUL CONVENT GIRL TELLS OF SHOCKING FIND IN CHAPEL SPECIAL INTERVIEW

He added, rubbing his hands with exultation:

"Gosh, but this *is* a scoop! Carry on, Miss, will you?"

Verity would—and did. How true it was what Mother Peagle had said, that a meditative stroll before Mass brought a special blessing!

Amid a worshipping silence, she began her story.

"I had gone down into the chapel to—to say a prayer (sympathetic murmur, and notes all round—I had knelt down—like this ("Hold that, please!"—and short pause). It was dark, but when my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I noticed with a dreadful sinking feeling that old Madame Sliema had fallen sideways off her prie-dieu—my heart almost stopped (sympathetic murmur, and notes all round)—I was incapable of the slightest movement—perspiration dabbled my brow. How I did it I do not know but I tottered to the marble rail (unanimous scratch of speeding pens)—in the dim red light of the sanctuary lamps I saw life-blood welling from the huddled form on the steps—I uttered a piercing cry, and fell postrate—like this ("Hold that, please!") . . . ."

"That's all," Verity said.

The *Peephole* had sat down on the ground, mopping his brow, exhausted with emotion.

"Gosh, and it's the goods all right! You couldn't give us just a word about the shindy among the nuns afterwards?"

But at this moment the bell for Mass began to chime.

"I must go," Verity said.

There was general protest. The handsome *Peephole* was imploring her.

"Just a second—one solitary second! . . ."

He indicated a tree.

"Could you just stand up against that . . . no, the blossoming one, please. . . . Gosh, but that's the ticket! You ought to go on the flicks! Could you look just a bit sad and pathetic? . . . oh, topping, topping! . . . as if the old lady were your dearly beloved grandmother or something and you wished you could see her coming up the old garden path? . . . Oh, lovely! . . ."

He addressed the photographer.

"Get that, Tommy.

BEAUTIFUL CONVENT GIRL DISCOVERER OF UGLY FACTS MOURNS DEPARTED FRIEND

How's that, boys?"

Many people cut out that picture next morning!

Verity had to tear herself away with syncopated adieux, and run. But even then the *Peephole* ran after her.

He caught up with her nimble heels, panting.

"By the way—were you—looking for anything when you—so to speak—dawned upon our sight? It wasn't this, by any chance?"

He was really amazed by the effect produced on the girl by the small object he offered her.

"Oh, *thank* you! Thank you a million times! *Where* did you find it? . . ."

"Stuck on a bush, as if it had got caught—in the kitchen-garden. Looks like a bit of nun. Is it a clue?"

"It may be. I shall find out. Good-bye. . . ."

"Must you really go? There isn't an earthly hope of ever seeing you again, I suppose? I do wish there was. My name is Johnny Guest, *Peephole* Office. Do tell me yours. Perhaps we might pick a bone and do a show in the holidays. . . ."

"Oh no, I mustn't. I'd love to, but I can't. Good-bye."

And Atalanta had flown.

The 'bit of nun' he had given her was a long, jaggedly torn strip from a nun's veil.

CHAPTER VIII

REVEREND MOTHER READS THE RIOT ACT

IMMEDIATELY after Mass that morning the entire Community and school, and even the little tribe of domestic servants, were assembled in the Great Hall to hear an announcement by Reverend Mother and the Inspector.

It really was a Great Hall; hardly even Prize-giving filled it to capacity. But this morning it was as nearly full as it was ever known to be.

In the front, facing the stage, sat the school, graded from junior to senior. Behind were the Novices in charge of their Mistress, Mother Bunting. Behind again were the Choir Nuns and Lay-sisters. Old Mrs. Moss, a picture of weak-minded tribulation, was escorted in by Mother Trevor. Scornful and aloof among the lay-teachers sat Miss Venetia Gozo.

Prominent among the ranks of the Junior School were the black hair, red lips and Gaugin complexions of Inez Escapado and Grazia Bombado, who exchanged glances of savage hate.

Just in front of the stage was a small dais and a number of chairs for the use of Reverend Mother and the notabilities. There was also a pianoforte, with Mother Frederica stationed at it, for very little is ever done at a Convent school without musical honours.

Crash, crash! went Mother Frederica on the pianoforte; and the march was so catching that portly Fr. Witherstick straightened up involuntarily and stepped out like a soldier on parade. Reverend Mother took no notice of the music. The Chief Inspector was the main attraction to the school.

"That's the head sleuth! That's the Big Boy!" So ran the general whisper. Mother Peagle had to be constantly raising an admonitory finger.

The music ceased as Reverend Mother mounted the dais. Beside her, on the chairs, were the Chief Inspector; the Very Reverend Mgr. Todhunter, representing the Archbishop; Fr. Aloysius Birchall, Rector of the Jesuit House; Fr. Witherstick, S.J., chaplain to the Convent; several police officers, and an anonymous gentleman who (had Verity but known it) attended on behalf of the Catholic Press Association charged with the censorship of news.

Reverend Mother was no speechifier, though her clear, unstressed voice carried perfectly. She spoke informally—almost, one might have said, casually.

"I have brought you all together to tell you certain things which Mr. Chief Inspector here thinks you ought to know. My words will be very few, so that it will not be necessary for the Junior School to *wriggle* or for the Senior School to *giggle*."

She let this sink in, and proceeded:

"We are not to shirk ugly facts, or the ugly words which describe them. We must calmly and bravely face ugly facts and the ugly words which belong to them. *Murder* has been done here among us—I regret to say, of all places, closely adjoining the sanctuary of our chapel. It is possible that the guilty person is here among us now."

There was a pause, during which the children exchanged accusatory glances with their worst enemies, while the older girls blushed and looked down into their laps. Fr. Birchall loudly and menacingly blew his nose. Mgr. Todhunter twiddled elegant fingers nervously. Fr. Witherstick sat exactly as in the Confessional, one hand to his ear, as if expecting a penitent to break from the serried ranks and cast herself at his feet. The Novices drooped their snowy heads. Mother Trevor, that obvious saint, looked troubled and guilty.

Reverend Mother resumed.

"If that is so, then the plain course for that person is to own up at once. Mr. Chief Inspector desires me to say that he will deal with such a person with the utmost possible leniency. I am quite sure he will be as good as his word. Often people are not so guilty as they appear on the face of things. Children act impulsively; women get distracted and overwrought. We are not to fear punishment, but our real guilt in the sight of God. The Chief Inspector and myself will be in my parlour all morning, and if anybody has anything to say to us, or can throw any light at all upon what has happened, they can come to us there. I shall now ask Fr. Birchall to say a word to you."

She stepped down from the dais, and Fr. Birchall heavily mounted it. He had a bleak, hard-boiled eye.

"I cannot add a word to what Reverend Mother has so excellently said . . ."

So he began, and proceeded to add many, many words in a loud, booming voice. His theme was sulphurous.

Mother Bunting was anxious for her Novices. The domestic servants were all practically sitting on Mother Trevor's knee. Even some of the children looked as if they might at any moment be sick.

Fr. Bichall sat down hard on the word 'Hell'.

Reverend Mother in an even calmer voice, if that were possible, immediately called upon the Chief Inspector.

The Inspector mounted the inadequate dais, caught his foot in

(*Continued on page* 15)

"It was a long, joggedly torn strip from a nun's veil."

WE have just received word from Father Harold Murphy of Kingston, Ont., who has been in residence in the battered remains of the Lishui Mission since September 3rd. Also working in the Lishui district are Rev. A. Venadam (Pomquet, N.S.) in Lungchuan; Rev. Craig Strang (St. Johns', Nfld.) in Piwu; Rev. Kenneth Turner (Montreal) in Dolu, and Rev. John Maurice (Ingersoll, Ont.) in Tsingtien. These missioners never left the district, even during the Japanese occupation, but went into hiding in the nearby hills, together with many of their flock. Fathers Boudreau, Reeves and MacIntosh, who temporarily fled the district, have since returned to Lishui, where no doubt they are now helping Father Harold Murphy.

The Japanese still occupy towns in the vicinity and, according to Father Murphy, are still in a position to threaten Lishui. At no time however did the Japanese occupy our Lungchuan Mission and both the church and priests' residence there are still standing and are unharmed.

"You may wonder," writes Father Murphy, "why we stayed when the rest of the priests and Sisters left the district. In fact, we had the feeling that we were doing something foolhardy. Personally, I simply hated to leave. I could not bring myself to do it. My heart was here in Lishui, where I have spent the last six years, and I clung to the hope that I might be able to do something for these poor people, whose sufferings were much greater than my own.

"You will be interested in my impressions on returning here from Lungchuan. I do not think I shall ever suffer more agony, more mental torture, more genuine sorrow than I did on that day. I found whole families of my Lishui people wiped out; some of my schoolboys shot to death; our schoolgirls maltreated; many of the old, faithful Catholics murdered. Our Mission, or what is left of it, looks like a stable. All the furniture of the five buildings is missing or destroyed. No doors, no windows, and in many cases, no walls. Everything that I own has been taken away and I now own nothing.

"To-day is the first cold day here (the letter was written on October 23rd) and it has made me realize that I must do something about clothes. I own only what I am wearing. But that is a minor affair. The real tragedy is the horror suffered by our poor people and the destruction of our mission buildings. We shall have to begin all over again in many ways, after the war.

"If Lishui is attacked again, I am ready to leave at a moment's notice, as I have nothing to take away with me. My bicycle is always ready and be assured that I shall make a getaway if necessary.

"Please do not think that I am now morose or unhappy. On the contrary, for the past few weeks I have been happier than at any time since coming to China. The poor people turn to you so confidently for the little help you can give. I am very busy and I love the work. Our other priests and Sisters scattered all over China must be having a hard time and they are deprived of the consolation of working with those they know and love. The spirit of the men in our other missions is wonderful, almost unbelievable, and the same goes for those who have made that ghastly trek across China. I myself very narrowly escaped death six times during the

last few months. What is left of the city has been bombed three times of late." Thus ends Father Murphy's letter.

We have not been able to ascertain accurately how many of our missions in the Lishui district have been destroyed. The church at Lishui is still standing, the church and house at Dolu built by Father Gerald Doyle have been burned to the ground. Of the other places, excepting Lungchuan, we know nothing.

Here is the location of our other priests and Sisters, according to the latest news available.

At Yuanling, Hunan:
Rev. Leonard Hudswell, Rev. Tom Morrissey, Rev. Allen McRae, Rev. D. McNeil and Sisters Julitta, Angela and Martin.

On way home (date of sailing from Bombay, India, uncertain because of conditions):
Rev. Hugh McGettigan.

At Changsha:
Rev. J. McGoey.

At Hengyang:
Very Rev. L. Curtin and Rev. L. McAuliffe.

At Hsiang T'an:
Rev. Gerald McKiernan.

At Kunming:
Rev. E. Lyons, temporarily chaplain to the American aviators stationed there.

At Pucheng, Fukien:
Rev. J. Kelly and Sisters Mary Catherine, Mary Genevieve and Mary Daniel.

At Wenchow, Chekiang:
Father Vincent Morrison.

At Shanghai:
Father Gerald Doyle.

At Chungking:
Father Harvey Steele.

At Bombay (en route home):
Rev. Lorne McFarland and Rev. Russel White. Date of arrival home uncertain because of travel conditions.

At Loretta House, Calcutta, India:
Sisters M. Vianney and St. Kenneth. They will remain there till travelling conditions are better and then proceed home.

MAKE A SACRIFICE
AND GIVE
A LENTEN ALMS
TO THE MISSIONS

It's Time to Laugh

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

The principal of the firm looked grimly at their newest traveller. "Look here, Jenkins," said he, "we have no wish to stint you in the way of cash for reasonable expenses, but we think you've gone over the line by treating yourself to a new hat and calling the item 'Overhead expenses'!"

"Did you read about that fellow who beat his wife with a golf club?"
"No, how many strokes?"

"He said he would lay the earth at my feet," said the sentimental girl.
"Yes," answered Miss Gadabout, "it sounds good, but it is not practical. You already have the earth at your feet. What you want is a house over your head!"

END OF THE TRAIL

Some men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn,
But the man worth while,
Is the man who can smile
When his two front teeth are gone.

An Englishman who knew no language but his own had lost his way in Rome. In his perplexity it occurred to him to write the name of his hotel in large letters on his card and hand it to the first benign-looking individual he met.

An Italian thus accosted turned, and with the charming manners of his race, accompanied the perturbed Englishman for about 20 minutes in silence until they reached the hotel designated. Then the tourist poured out voluble thanks in the only language at his command.

The Italian looked at him in amazement, then remarked in perfect English: "I thought you were deaf and dumb!"

A militiaman on sentry duty held up a car, saying: "You can't pass this way."
"I'm the sergeant," bellowed a voice from the back of the car.
The sentry stood aside. "Sorry, sir, I didn't realize it was you. I got orders to let no traffic pass here because the bridge ahead is rotten. But seeing it's you, sir, it's a pleasure."

Farmer Giles complained that he could find no old clothes to put on the scarecrow.
"Well," said his wife, "our Henry said I could give away his old plus four pants as he's got new ones. Why not use that?"
"Don't be ridiculous, woman," said the farmer. "I want to scare crows, not make them laugh."

The case was one of assault. The magistrate eyed the prisoner sternly.
"You maintain that you threw your wife out of the second-story window through forgetfulness?" he stated.
"That's right, Your Honour," returned the prisoner. "We used to live on the ground floor, and I forgot we'd moved up."

Moggs opened a "household service depot" in his suburb, hiring out vacuum cleaners, polishers and other useful requisites for Spring cleaning.
One day a friend approached him.
"I'm afraid, Moggs, that your notice in the window is frightening people away. Just look what it says: 'Don't kill your wife with hard work. Let me do it for you.'"

The hope of the family returned from his first day's work at a munitions factory with fingers bandaged.
"Ho, Bert," said his father, "how's this?"
"Well," said the bright one, "the foreman said the machine was fool-proof, but I soon showed him."

The "road hog" was lying semi-conscious in a hospital after the crash.
Doctor: "How is he this morning?"
Nurse: "Oh, he keeps putting out his hand."
Doctor: "Ah! He's turning the corner."

"Father, how far is it between your ears?" asked a schoolgirl of her father.
"I think it is 7½ inches," he answered.
"No, father, it is halfway around the block," she declared.

SKILL NEEDED

First Doctor: "I had an unusual case to-day."
Second Doctor: "What was it?"
First Doctor: "I attended a grass widow with hay fever."

"Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" asked the dust-stained tramp.
"I don't bite, myself," answered the lady of the house, "but I'll call the dog."

Fair Customer: "Has this car all the modern improvements?"
Salesman: "Everything, madam, but a beautiful owner."

"Do you mean to say your husband beat you when you arrived home after midnight?"
"Yes—but only by 20 minutes!"

"Father," said little Frank as he turned the pages of his history book, "how did the cliff dwellers keep warm in the winter time?"
"Why, I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now don't ask any more foolish questions."

"Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew?"
"The cook put everything he had into it."

Wife (reading from paper): "Here's an old hen they've found with two hearts."
Husband: "Yeah! Well, I played bridge with her the other night."

Top (left to right): Elizabeth Anne and Genevieve Hill of Orillia. Mae Hodsell, Betty and Patricia Henry of Fifth A, St. Patrick's, Montreal.

Lower (left to right): Pupils of Rustico Convent School, Rustico, P.E.I. Dorothy Dowd, Yolanda Tremblay and June Themens of Fifth A, St. Patrick's, Montreal.

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XVI—No. 3 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. March, 1943

WON'T YOU SEND US YOUR MITE?

"And Jesus sitting over against the treasury, beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she cast in two mites. And calling His disciples together, He saith to them: Amen I say to you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living." —(Mk. XII: 41-44)

Fr. Jim's Lenten Appeal for China

SERIAL STORY BEGINS THIS MONTH

It is important to impress upon the Young Missionaries of The Little Flower that our work cannot be carried on successfully without sufficient financial assistance. For example, our priests and Sisters in China must eat and have houses and clothing just as we all have and need these things here at home. Besides this we have to send them the money to build churches, chapels, schools and orphanages. Then there are the Catechists—men and women—who must be paid their salaries to assist in teaching our Holy Faith to all those who listen to the Word of God. In addition to these things young men must be educated for the Holy Priesthood and that necessitates long years of training. During these days of war thousands of refugees must be fed, wounded civilians cared for and homeless people housed. So you see, Young Missionaries, financial assistance from this side of the ocean is a strict necessity to carry out all or even just some of these plans and schemes.

For this reason we are sending MITE-BOXES to schools in Canada and Newfoundland with the hope that the children of Canada and Newfoundland will save their pennies during LENT for the Missions. When Easter comes we hope to have a generous donation to offer, on your behalf, to our Risen Lord to further His Kingdom on earth.

May I suggest that you leave it up to us to decide how this money should be spent for the Missions. Sometimes in Mission lands money is needed for some particular undertaking and if we have only donations "earmarked" for specific works then we can not use it for a "particular undertaking". Just save and give to the Missions; we will use it wisely.

* * *

In this issue of The Little Flower's Rose Garden we are beginning, in serial form, the wonderful story of "Our Lady of Guadalupe". I know you will enjoy reading it each month. If you save your copies of CHINA until the story ends you can cut out the various instalments and have the whole story to keep and read and read again. This story will, without doubt, increase your devotion to Our Blessed Lady and that is something very much to be desired in our spiritual life.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

By REV. LUIS VEGA, S.J.

INTRODUCTION

The land where the events we are about to narrate took place is Mexico. In the beginning of the sixteenth century at the time of our story, a person looking down from the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches between the two highest mountains of Mexico, namely, Popocateptl and Ixtacihuatl, commanded the most delightful view of that valley with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, cultivated plains, yellow fields of maize and towering "maguey", intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. He would see the border of the lakes studded with towns and hamlets, the city of Mexico with her white towers reposing in the midst of the waters, and three long white lines converging into the city across the lakes. These lines were the three principal thoroughfares of the city radiating from a large central square, where the site of the old great Indian temple Huitzilopochtli's, is now occupied by the no less imposing cathedral (426 feet by 203), with its twenty chapels. Canals, filled with barks freighted with provisions and other articles, intersected the city instead of streets. In the suburbs were to be seen floating gardens teeming with flowers and plants, and moving like rafts on the waters. Though the lake now has partly retired to the North-West, and partly filled up, yet some remnants of these little wandering islands may be seen nowadays in the "La Viga" canal. Such was the general aspect of the city at the beginning of our story. Three miles from the North-East part of the city rises the mountain Tepeyac, which plays a prominent part in our narrative; and on whose skirts lies the present town of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which owes its foundation to the events to be unfolded here.

☼

CHAPTER I

THE HISTORY

SOME of our readers may, perhaps, be aware that at Easter, 1911, the bishops from all the Nations of Latin America were invited to assemble in the city of Mexico to celebrate the Patronage of Our Lady of Guadalupe, whom His Holiness Pius X. declared, on the 24th of August, 1910, Patroness of the whole of Latin America. Is her image so miraculous and so famous as to deserve this title? The present article is an answer to this question.

First of all let us assure our readers that contemporary monuments and documents of incontestable authenticity bear witness to the truth of the following account. Hubert Howe Bancroft, a non-catholic historian, was so impressed by the documentary evidence that he gave the narrative in full in his *History of Mexico*. We give here a faithful translation from the Spanish history of Don Luis Becerra Tanco, LL.D., who translated it from the contemporary account written in the Mexican language by Don Antonio Valeriano.

In the year 1531, ten years after the city of Mexico had been taken by the Spaniards, the war having ceased, and the Catholic faith having begun to take deep root in the country, a poor, simple Indian who had lately received the name of Juan Diego (John James) in baptism, and who had married an Indian woman as poor as himself, was on his way at daybreak of Saturday, the 9th of December, to assist at the Mass of the Blessed Virgin at Tlaltelolco, then under the spiritual administration of the Franciscans. It was already light as he approached a hill called Tepeyac, from which he heard a song as of many birds singing together sweetly and harmoniously, alternating in perfect concert. When the song had died away the echo resounded among the hills. The Indian, perceiving that the beautiful sounds were growing fainter, raised his eyes to the place whence he thought they came, and saw there a brilliant white cloud, which was encircled by a beautiful rainbow formed by the rays of a dazzling light that appeared in the midst of the cloud. The Indian, in utter astonishment, stood as if rapt in ecstasy. He did not feel afraid in the least or disturbed in mind. On the contrary he was filled with such intense joy and gladness that he said to himself, "What is it I hear and see? Where am I? Can I be dreaming? or have I been carried to Paradise itself?" The singing had now ceased completely, and he heard a sweet gentle voice call him by name "Juan". It was like a woman's voice, and came from the cloud. It asked him to draw near. Without the least fear or hesitation, but rather with great joy and alacrity, he proceeded to ascend the hill, keeping his eyes fixed on the spot from which the voice had come.

On arriving at the summit he saw a Lady of marvellous beauty; she stood in the midst of the great light just as she is represented in the picture, of which we shall presently speak. But it may now be stated that the description given by the Indian, before the apparition of the marvellous picture, agreed perfectly with the painting. "Her garments," he said, "shone so much that the rough rocks which rose on the hill-top, struck by the rays, seemed to glitter like polished gems. The thorn-trees, the wild fig-trees, and, indeed, all the plants growing on the spot, appeared as though their leaves had been transformed into clusters of finest emeralds, and as if their prickly branches and stems were of burnished gold, and even a small level field on the top seemed variegated as though it were jasper."

Addressing him with a gentle and endearing expression, the Lady said to him in the Mexican language: "Juan, my child, whom I cherish as tenderly as a feeble infant, whither are you going?" "My noble Mistress and Lady," he answered, "I am on my way to the Tlaltelolco district of Mexico to hear the Mass to which God's ministers admit us." When she had heard the answer our Blessed Lady said to him: *"Know, my own beloved child, that I am Holy Mary, ever Virgin, the Mother of the True God, Who is the Author of life, the Creator of all things, the Omnipresent Lord of Heaven and Earth.* And know that I wish a church to be built here on this spot in my honour. From it I, as a merciful Mother to you and others like you, will show forth my affectionate clemency and also the pity I feel for the natives, and for all who love me and who seek my protection, invoking me in their difficulties and sufferings. In it I shall hear their sighs and prayers for help and relief. That my wish may be carried out, go to the Bishop's house in Mexico, and tell him you have been sent by me to inform him that I desire a church to be raised here in my honour. You will relate to him the wonderful things you have seen and heard, and be sure I shall be very grateful to you for fulfilling this work I have given you. Now, my dearest child, you have heard my words, go in peace, remembering that I shall reward your work and diligence, and, therefore, you will do your best in this matter."

Prostrating himself before her the Indian replied: "I will go at once, my most noble Mistress and Lady, and I will carry out the wish you have expressed, for I am your lowly servant. Good bye." Having taken leave of her with great reverence, the Indian descended the hill westwards, and took the road to the city. To fulfil his promise Juan Diego went straight to Mexico, which is distant about three miles from the mountain. He arrived at the Bishop's house. His Lordship, Fray Juan de Zumarraga, was the first Bishop of Mexico. As soon as the Indian entered the house he sent to beg leave for an interview, but the servants did not heed him, either because it was very early, or because of his poverty and humble condition. At last, however, impressed by his patience they allowed him to enter. Reaching the Bishop's presence he fell upon his knees and gave the message, saying he was sent by God's Mother, whom he had seen and with whom he had spoken at dawn. He then related the wonderful things he had witnessed, and in the order in which we have recounted them.

(To be continued next month)

The Mail Bag

28 Portland Street,
Mimico, Ont.

Dear Father:

My name is Betty Campbell. I am 14 years old. I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. . . . I am a deaf girl, Father. . . . I have been deaf for two years and the doctor said he does not think I will be able to hear again. So I wonder if you could ask the members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden to pray for me.

I will also pray for those who ask for prayers.

Sincerely,
BETTY CAMPBELL.

I feel quite sure, Betty, that many of the Young Missionaries of the Little Flower will pray for you. I am praying for you daily in Holy Mass.

* * *

St. Joseph's Convent,
East Windsor, Ont.

Rev. and Dear Father:

The pupils of St. Cecile School have raised money for various purposes. Besides ransoming pagan babies through the Holy Childhood Society, they wish to assist the noble Missionaries about whom they read in the CHINA. . . . Enclosed please find the small sum of five dollars to be used as you see fit.

Yours sincerely,
A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH.

Many thanks, Sister and zealous pupils of St. Cecile School.

* * *

St. Joseph's High School,
583 Adelaide Street West,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Reverend Father:

We are sending you a donation of ten dollars to use as an aid for the Missionaries who are doing their work so well in war-torn China. . . .

The money is the result of our MITE BOX savings during the Christmas holidays.

Remembering you and your Missions in our prayers.

Yours sincerely,
THE PUPILS OF
ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.

Your generous contribution is very much appreciated and will aid greatly our suffering Missionaries in far-off China.

* * *

Letters Received From the Following

Junior Study Club, Kensington, P.E.I. ($3.44); Our Lady of Lourdes Convent, Lourdes, N.S. ($5.00); Margaret Leyden, St. Andrews, Antigonish County, N.S. (stamps); St. Joseph's School, North Bay, Ont. ($6.75); Miss C. MacGillivray, Ardness School, Pictou County, N.S. (stamps from the pupils of Ardness School); Grade Six, St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ont.; Crusader Unit, Alder Point School, Alder Point, N.S., per Sister M. Alexandria ($2.00); Grades One to Eight, St. Andrew's School, St. Andrews, N.S. ($1.00); St. Mary's School, St. Catharines, Ont., per Neil O'Brien ($3.00); Senior Pupils, Holy Cross School, Toronto, per Frances Bartlett ($5.50); M. Teresa and Billy Sears, 23 Aldershot St., St. Johns, Nfld. ($1.00); Sadie Hennessey, St. Johns, Nfld. (stamps); Grades Four, Five and Six, Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S. (stamps); Crusaders of St. Patrick's High School (Girls), Halifax, N.S. ($10.00); Grades Six and Seven, St. Leo's School, Mimico, Ont. ($5.00).

97 Silverbirch Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

Reverend and Dear Father:

Regina Apostolorum Praesidium, Legion of Mary, St. John's Parish, is very glad to send you the enclosed used-stamps. . . . The members will continue to collect stamps to send to you. . . . We pray that God will bless your work in the coming year.

Yours truly,
MARY KELLY, President.

We hope this effort on the part of "Regina Apostolorum Praesidium" will be an incentive to other "Praesidia" to add Mission Work to their plan of Catholic Action. Long Live the Legion of Mary; may it prosper.

* * *

Immaculate Conception Convent,
Stratford, Ont.

Dear Reverend Father:

Father McIver visited our school last Fall and after his inspiring talk we decided we should take an interest in your glorious work. I am enclosing five dollars as an initial donation.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
MOTHER ANITA.

Father McIver will be very happy to read this letter. It is only one of the many fruits of his campaign in the Diocese of London. May God bless you all who have taken us to your hearts. Your co-operation will be an inspiration to many other schools throughout Canada and Newfoundland to come to our aid during the Holy Season of Lent.

* * *

St. Catherine's School,
St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Reverend Father:

Received your letter to-day and have put your poster in a conspicuous place where all the children may see it.

Will you kindly see that $2 of this cheque goes to CHINA and keep the remainder for your radio work.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
SISTER M. ST. LAWRENCE.

Here is real enthusiasm for the work of our Society. Publicity through poster, contribution for our magazine and a donation to The Religious Theatre of the Air. Many, many thanks.

* * *

Fort Erie High School,
Fort Erie, Ont.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find a Money Order for $10.00. This money has been raised by our High School students organized to support the Missions.

The work accomplished in China has received our foremost attention and so we hope this contribution may help those so deeply in need.

Respectfully yours,
NORMA RYAN, Secretary.

It is encouraging to know that our High School students are interested in our missionary work for soon they will be "out in the world" to carry this interest with them through life to influence others in the greatest work on earth: the saving of immortal souls for Christ. May God bless you all!

The Convent,
Ferryland, Nfld.

Dear Father:

I am enclosing an Order for $9.00. One dollar for two subscriptions . . . $8.00 as a donation from the children of Convent School as a little help towards those suffering Missionaries in the war zone. . . .

Sincerely yours,
SISTER M. EDWARDS.

Your interest and co-operation are greatly appreciated.

* * *

78 Victoria Street,
Brantford, Ont.

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find Five Dollars, a donation from the St. Aloysius Club (Sanctuary Boys) of St. Mary's Parish, Brantford.

This donation was made possible by the eagerness with which the members of the club accepted the idea of selling Christmas Cards and the Church Art Calendars .

This enterprise realized an appreciative profit and we want you to share it with us.

Please accept this small contribution with our prayers for the success of your great work.

Sincerely yours,
ST. ALOYSIUS CLUB,
Per Arthur Monahan, President.

May God bless you all for your zeal and love of the Missions.

* * *

Maryhill, Ont.

Dear Father:

We, the pupils of St. Boniface's School, would like to join your Missionary Club, but we don't know how to undertake this matter. . . . We would like to adopt a priest and as Father Joseph Diemert is our pastor, we have decided to adopt his brother, Father Francis Diemert. . . .

Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your OLD friends,
PUPILS OF
ST. BONIFACE SCHOOL.

We think your idea is a grand one and have written you on the subject, giving you all the details and answering the many other questions in your interesting letter.

New Members for The Little Flower's Rose Garden

ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY
Chatham, N.B.

GRADE NINE

Mona Jenkins, Vera Cook, Eva Doucett, Dorothy Ann O'Donnel, Mary Alice Druet, Audrey Kenny, Rosie Farrah, Viola Vontour, Dorine Landry, Margaret Scott, Catherine McEachern, Annie Nugent, Lillian Rigley, Shirley Fitzpatrick, Mary Harrigan, Frances Dinan, Frances Sproule, Lena Regan, Marie Dignam, Barbara Cook, Marian McCarthy, Marie Hilderbrand, Theresa Sauaie, Patricia Cripps, Catherine Johnson.

ST. WILLIBRORD HIGH SCHOOL
Verdun, Quebec

Norma Dolan, Veronica McCafferty, Doreen Reny, Margaret Gee, Madeleine Belanger, Myrtle Gannon, Gladys Walker, Joan Fiset, Edna Duffy, Anna Toal, Beverly Turcotte, Constance Brown, Phyllis Duffy, Evelyne Lowe, Lorraine Hooper, Mildred Brooks, Catherine Brooks, Patricia Mohan, Catherine Neill, Sheila Burns, Jean McFarlane, Kathryn Tanguay, Audrey Forsyth, Maureen Niblock, Doris Foote, Theresa Paquette.

The Doctor Meets the Devil

(*Continued from page* 4)

Meanwhile, kind neighbours carried the bedraggled Tzu to another room, in case the devil should return—if so, he would not find him. "Ai Yah," panted Dr. Lee Kung-Lo, "I have saved his life, for surely he would have gone to the abode of his ancestors." And so with a sense of dignity befitting his profession, Doctor Lee bowed gravely to the admiring townsfolk who bowed still lower in homage to a superior; and the old man turned toward a well-earned rest. The gods favour him well, said Ta-Seng the Postman, and all muttered agreement as they left the scene. Poor Tzu-Ka was cured—no one could deny it, for all had seen the cure. Tzu-Ka didn't look any better, he seemed whiter and more feverish, even the east side of his stomach burned with greater pain. He moaned and groaned; he tossed and rolled. He cast appealing eyes at the little household god up over the fireplace, but no sympathy could he get. Yes, he was cured! The people saw the cure; no, they did not actually see the "stomach-ache devil", but he must have left; he always did—or so Dr. Lee Kung-Lo said.

Next day Chu So, the little rice weigher, came puffing into Tzu Ka's room, jabbering and pointing to his master. A stranger dressed in white placed a cloth over Tzu's nose; Tzu gasped and fell asleep. He didn't know about chloroform. With silent haste the foreign doctor uncovered Tzu and deftly cut deep into the east side of the stomach; he cut again and removed something, then sewed up the cut. Tzu lay peaceful, he would get better soon; for this time the "stomach-ache devil" really left him. The people would give Doctor Lee Kung-Lo all the credit, they wouldn't know of appendicitis; they wouldn't know that modern doctors can cut out parts of the stomach and save a life. No, they'd blame him for leaving a big cut on the east side of Tzu Ka's stomach, just to prove that he could sew up a hole in the body like Lee Yung the cloth merchant could sew clothes. Nor did the foreign doctor care, for he had saved a life, as he always did when he came to visit Father Joe at Ching Dee. Father Joe knew the value of the Catholic doctor's visit; he knew that in a few weeks Tzu Ka would come to the Catholic house to give thanks to the "cure sickness man".

Then Tzu Ka would learn of another devil—Satan, who claimed his soul. This greater devil could never be chased out by Dr. Lee Kung-Lo; nor could the foreign doctor's knife cut him out; but Father Joe, "the spiritual doctor", could drive him out by Baptism. Yes, Tzu Ka would become a Catholic, and "The Doctor" *would* meet "the devil".

YOUR WILL

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE SUM OF $....."

Murder in a Nunnery

(*Continued from page* 9)

the carpet, and fell off again, thus creating a very good impression. The school laughed and was delighted, and took the Inspector to its heart when, on re-mounting the dais, he was seen to look far more frightened than frightening. He swept them all his quaint, old-fashioned bow before beginning to speak in a low, rather flat voice.

"Reverend Mother has put everything so well. The straight way *is* the best way. Even the law is not all harshness and severity. . . ."

Here he happened to encounter the full velvet glance of Inez Escapado, and added:

"It can temper the wind—to the shorn lamb."

He looked vaguely at the clergy present.

"I am not a theologian—very far from it—only an old policeman; but I am sure these Reverend gentlemen would agree that there is mercy for the repentant—mercy for the repentant. . . ."

He broke off, muttering some disjointed phrases which could not be heard.

"I only beg of you—if there is anyone here to whom these words apply—to come to your Reverend Mother and me. She—I—we—you. . . ."

He became entirely incoherent, and sat down murmuring the word 'mercy'.

Reverend Mother rose with a gesture of dismissal.

"That is all. Except that none may leave the premises until further notice, everything will now carry on exactly as usual."

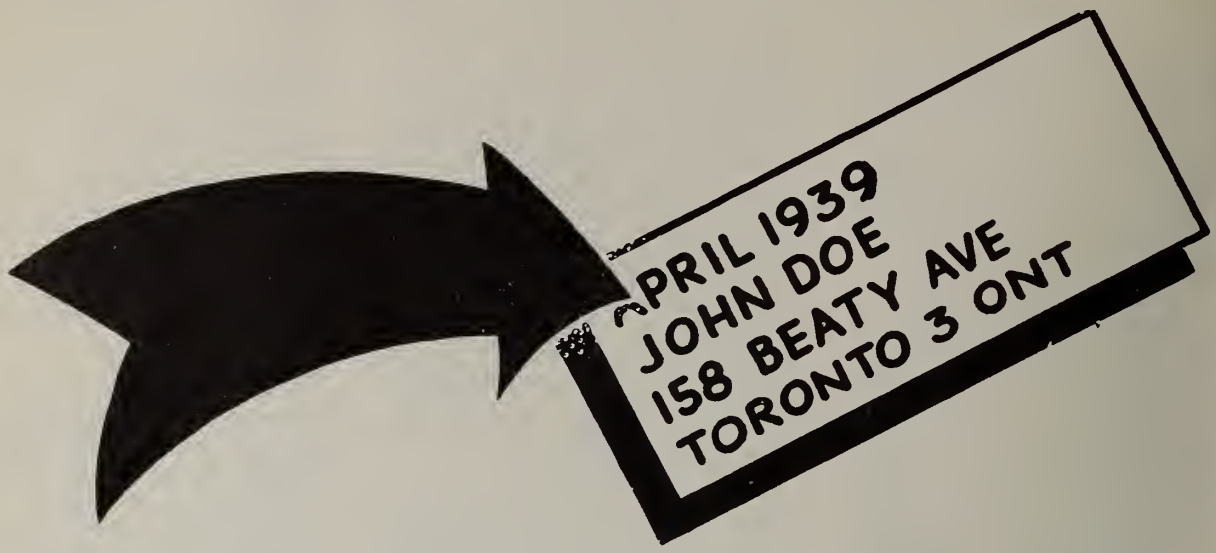
(*To be continued next month*)

Perpetual Adoration for Atonement and for Peace:

When the clouds around the horizon are growing darker and shaping into ominous forms, when rumblings of thunder and flashes of lightning are foreboding ruin and devastation, when the whole earth is quaking under the volcanic upheavals of a world made mad by a Satanic hatred for God and men, it behooves us, one and all, to stop our ways of thoughtlessness, frivolity and ungodly self-seeking and to hasten our steps to Jesus, the Prince of Peace, to Christ our Eucharistic King. Already many Holy Hours have been held in stadiums, auditoriums and church buildings, to beseech our Emmanuel, the great Lord of Hosts to bring down His avenging arm over this sinful world of ours and to raise it in love and mercy over a contrite and humbled humanity.

A group of devotees of Christ the King has been formed. It is the aim and wish of this group to be a nucleus of a Perpetual Adoration for Atonement and for Peace. May this nucleus grow rapidly and soon extend far and wide over our beloved country and abroad, to the greater honour and glory of the Sacred Heart in the Most Holy Sacrament.

Each member of this group makes the voluntary sacrifice of spending each day some time before the Blessed Sacrament if possible, or in the privacy of their homes, spiritually united with Jesus in the Tabernacle, and our united petition is: to atone for personal sins and the sins of the world and to beg the Prince of Peace to bring back to this afflicted world—Faith, Hope, Love, Justice, and Peace.



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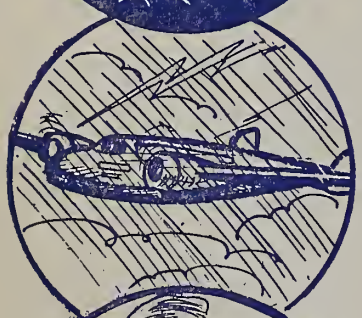
CHINA

PUDSY KELLY'S FUTURE



I was looking at the funnies, when Dad he says to me:
"Hey, Pudsy!" I says: "Hey Dad." He says: "What are you going to be?"
I says: "Gee, Dad!" He says: "Well, son?" I says: "Jimminy gosh, good night,
It's kinda hard to know, Dad." He says: "Hard to know is right."

Oh, there's lots of things I'd like to be—and when I'd gone to bed
I couldn't sleep, so many plans were racing through my head.

* * * * *

I could see myself a fireman—cling, clang! We'll run you down!
We're off to fight the worstest fire that ever came to town. . . .
And in next morning's paper, a headline loud proclaims
That Fireman Pudsy Kelly saved the poor kids from the flames.

And still I think I'd rather have a heavenly extry tell
How Father Kelly helped to save men's souls from flames of hell!

* * * * *

I could see myself a cowboy, with spurs and chaps and guns.
Hi! Ride 'em, Cowboy Kelly! And my bronco bucks and runs:
We're rounding up the cattle—I'm riding past the rest
And they're cheering Pudsy Kelly; I'm the Wonder of the West.

But a priest is always rounding up lost souls that wander far,
And souls are well worth riding for . . . more than the cattle are.

* * * * *

Or, see me in the movies—I'm the idol of the fans.
The sort of guy whose close-up makes the kids all clap their hands:
Wouldn't our gang keel over when they'd read: "THE CHIEF AT BAY—
WITH PUDSY KELLY STARRING. SEE THIS SUPER-FILM TO-DAY"?

But a priest is always starring in life's most thrilling play,
And he plays the very grandest part—may it be mine some day!

* * * * *

Or, it's midnight in Wyoming and the storm is howling hoarse;
"Oh, who will take the air-mail through?" Why, Kelly will, of course!
And Kelly does (that's me, you know), and the papers tell the tale
How Pilot Pudsy Kelly flew through blizzards with the mail:

But all the glory fizzles out when a fellow flops and dies—
As a different kind of pilot I could win a deathless prize.

* * * * *

"Aw, what's the use," say I at last. "I've known it long enough,
I'm only trying to kid myself with all this crazy stuff.
The other things are fairly nice—but they're not the life for me;
Yes, Pudsy Kelly, Missioner, is what I want to be!

And I said some prayers, and fell asleep, and dreamt the whole night through
Of Father Pudsy Kelly, and the work he hopes to do!

—Nanky Poo, in *The Far East.*

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Signposts

Sincere Sympathy:

CHINA offers its sincere sympathy to the Venini family of Oshawa, Ontario, in their recent sad bereavement.

Mr. Eugene Venini, father of Rev. Joseph Venini of our Society, at present in Ningpo, China, passed away early last month, after a lengthy illness. Sister Margaret Mary of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, is a daughter.

We assure Sister and the other members of the family that Mr. Venini will be remembered in our Masses and prayers. May his soul rest in peace.

Attending the funeral services at Oshawa were Rev. Hugh Sharkey, Rector of China Mission Seminary, and Rev. William K. Amyot, the Vice-Rector, who acted as subdeacon at the Solemn Requiem High Mass.

Father Chafe Ill:

We recommend to the prayers of our readers Rev. Father Chafe, former editor of CHINA and now pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Vancouver, who is seriously sick in St. Paul's Hospital at Vancouver.

Please Pray for Our Deceased Benefactors:

Mr. and Mrs. Michael McManus; Mrs. Mary Ann Hennessey; Sister Mary of Victory of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ont.; Sister Mary Bernardine Lynch of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

Favours Received:

Thanks to the Precious Blood and the Souls in Purgatory for a favour received—Mrs. R. G., of Thorold, Ont.

Thanks to the Souls in Purgatory, the Sacred Heart, St. Jude and Catherine Tekakwitha for favours obtained—Mrs. Dan Kennedy, Wilton, Ont.

Thanks to Our Blessed Lady for a favour I have received—a subscriber.

The Sign Seminar to South America:

To be really GOOD NEIGHBOURS people must understand each other. The movement in the United States called the Sign Seminar to South America is organized for that very purpose. South America is Catholic in its religion, culture and general background. If North America, of which Canada is a part, wishes to meet South America on grounds of mutual understanding and trust it can only be accomplished by the mingling of representatives from both continents who "speak the same language" in a cultural and religious way. We hope the day is not too far distant when our Canadian Catholic Colleges will join the SIGN SEMINAR by sending students to study the civilization of present-day South Americans; we hope, too, that in turn students from our "Good Neighbour Countries" will journey northwards to see for themselves that the Church of Christ is still a mighty oak in the forest of materialism and neo-paganism of our North American civilization.

A Holy and Happy Easter to all our readers

LITTLE WISTFUL FACE

LITTLE Lu Ju Ling became very excited when he heard his father say that they must go to Han Yang. Han Yang! Why, that was ever so many "li" from Da Ho. It was far beyond the next village — far beyond all the villages. It must be near Pekin, thought Lu Ju

A journey to Han Yang would be the wonderfulest thing Lu Ju had ever known. It would mean the glorious confusion of packing up; it would mean ponies, and meals in inns, and sampans and junks, and sailing on the river-steamer. And, at the end of it all they would see the big walled city that Wang the Storyteller used to describe. Little Lu Ju nearly lost his breath when he thought of it. Never before in his twelve years had he been so excited. He felt that he had to tell somebody all about it or he would burst.

So, when his father's back was turned, he shot out of the house, leaving his bowl of rice unfinished, and raced down the street in search of someone who would listen to the great news.

He had not far to go. A noisy little mob of his young friends had gathered outside the door of old Mr. Chau the Cobbler. A rumour had spread to the effect that Mr. Chau was to kill a hog that day. No boy in the village of Da Ho was going to miss that. Nothing more entertaining could happen than the killing of a hog by Mr. Chau. There was tragedy in the squeals and struggles of the luckless animal; there was comedy in the behaviour of the rather irascible old cobbler. What more did the juvenile population of Da Ho require! The only thing that could beat this for interest was, perhaps, the coming of Wang the Storyteller, or, maybe, a real big fire.

But to-day the old cobbler was slow in getting to work on his hog and the youthful crowd outside was losing patience. Lu Ju's appearance, therefore, was welcomed. Maybe he had something to tell that would relieve the tedium of waiting.

And he had. He blurted it out straightway. "Going to Han Yang —Going to-morrow—My father's bringing me!"

This was a bombshell. Han Yang! Was he joking? No? Why, that was hundreds of li distant. "That's where my grandfather saw the acrobats when he was small!" said one.

"You'll see the Iron-works! My brother's wife's uncle used to work there," cried another.

"There are foreign - kingdom people there. Big eyes and white faces!" added a third in a shriek. The street rang with the din.

Lu Ju was the hero of the hour. Even when Mr. Chau at last began to kill his hog, the youthful spectators could not take their minds wholly off Han Y ıng. How they envied Lu Ju.

Meanwhile, Lu Ju's father was uttering imprecations against all the gods of China. He heartily disliked having to undertake this journey. There was money at stake, however, and since the bad floods a few years ago, money meant a great deal to him. Taking Lu Ju with him was additional bother but it couldn't be avoided. His wife was dead and none of his friends would take the little fellow even for a few weeks. They were so poor that they could scarcely give their own families food and shelter. Hence Lu Ju must make the journey with him. But if he got the money, it would be worth it all.

His brother, who had left Da Ho years ago, had died in a big city in some far-away country, leaving him a small fortune as legacy. There had been endless letters and messages about it—old Chau the Cobbler did the reading and writing for him—but no money had arrived. Yesterday, however, a letter had come from the postmaster in Han Yang, saying that he should appear there in person. If he did, he would get the first installment from the estate of Quang Ling, the Chicago laundryman. Chi-ca-go! That was the name of the far-away city where his brother had died. So to Han Yang he would go, bringing little Lu Ju with him. Maybe he would return as the wealthiest man in Da Ho. Quang Ling, the Chicago laundryman, might have amassed great riches. . . .

A week later they were in Han

Yang. Lu Ju had made the journey in alternating intensities of admiration and weariness. Morning hours might see him hysterical with excitement over the weighing of the river-steamer's anchor; afternoon would find him exhausted and asleep, half-buried in someone else's baggage. He was a drowsy bundle in his father's arms on the night of their arrival at Han Yang river-side. He had no interest in anything and just blinked at the swinging lanterns as his father carried him through the crowded, narrow streets.

In the morning, however, he felt better. His father soon went off to see about that all-important legacy and Lu Ju slipped away to do some delightful exploring.

Through the narrow streets he wandered, feeling more and more dissatisfied. Once he got a hearty curse from an irritable coolie just because he hit his head against the long bamboo pole on which the man was carrying his big bales. Lu Ju thought it unfair to be abused so vociferously, as his head had got a bump in the accident.

He was almost wishing he was back in Da Ho when suddenly he saw an interesting-looking house. It wasn't a pagan temple and it wasn't a dwelling house. And why were the people entering in such numbers? And what were they chanting inside? And why were so many lights gleaming within? Every time the door was opened he caught a glimpse of them.

Lu Ju sat down on an old packing case to watch. Suddenly he gasped and nearly fell off the box with excitement. Here were two foreign-kingdom men coming towards him. It was the first time he had seen any of these folk. They had white faces and big eyes but were dressed in Chinese fashion and looked delightfully good humoured. They were walking swiftly—they were going into that house where all the Chinese were chanting and where the lights were gleaming!

Open mouthed, Lu Ju watched them approach the door. Suddenly, the taller of the two turned round and looked across the narrow street at the boy from Da Ho.

Poor little Lu Ju! He looked so forlorn there sitting on the packing-case.

The tall foreign-kingdom man said something to his companion, and then he crossed the street.

Toward Lu Ju he came, his kindly eyes twinkling.

"Hello, Little Wistful-Face," he said. "What's up?" This was in a language that Lu Ju did not understand. So he just shook his head and tried to smile.

Big Brother Dalton laughed as he realized that he had spoken in English.

"*Yo sheh mo?*" he said. Then, "*Ni iou men!*" The sound of his native Chinese spoken by the tall stranger reassured Lu Ju. He looked up and smiled—this time a wide, frank smile.

In two minutes they were fast friends. They presented a comical picture, little wistful Lu Ju and the big dark-haired Brother seated side by side on the shaky old packing-case.

Lu Ju began by asking questions. What was that house across the street? What were the people doing? What were they chanting? Why were there so many lights?

Brother Dalton answered every question. That house was a *Tien Chu Tang*—a Catholic Church. It was the Sacred Heart Church, opened a few years ago. To-day was the First Friday. They had Exposition to-day. The people had just heard Mass; throngs had received Holy Communion and now they were singing the praises of the Blessed Sacrament.

But he was quick to see that Lu Ju did not understand a hundredth part of it. He isn't even a catechumen, thought Brother Dalton.

"What does that mean—'Blessed Sacrament'?" asked Lu Ju in a bewildered little voice.

Then Brother Dalton started to tell him, in the simplest way, what it all meant.

Lu Ju listened, fascinated. Sometimes he interrupted with a question or a little gurgle of admiration. Never had he heard anything so wonderful.

"Why don't you come to our school?" asked Brother Dalton in the end.

Lu Ju did not understand what he meant.

"Don't you live in Han Yang?" asked the Brother quickly. Lu Ju shook his head and pointed away northwards. "Da Ho," he said.

Da Ho? Brother Dalton thought a moment. No, the missionaries hadn't been able to go there yet. Priests were so scarce! Not until the next band came would one be spared for Da Ho.

So Lu Ju was a pagan without a shred of instruction.

"How long will you be here?" asked the Brother, slowly.

"Till my father goes back," was Lu Ju's answer.

Brother Dalton rose. "Come 'round here," he said. "Now, do you see that door?"

He pointed to the door of a little building at the rear of the church. "Come here to-morrow afternoon," he said, "and knock at that door. I'll be there and I'll tell you more. Will you come?"

"I will," said Lu Ju gratefully.

"Good-bye, then, Little Wistful-Face," said Brother Dalton, once more in that language that his listener didn't understand.

And Lu Ju went home, marveling.

On the following afternoon, a little boy knocked timidly at the door of the sacristy of the Sacred Heart Church.

The door swung open and Brother Dalton stood confronting his young friend of the previous morning.

"Come along, Little Wistful-Face," he said smiling, "I'm glad you came. You're in earnest." Lu Ju didn't understand but he felt that he was invited to enter.

They sat down in a room where an old Chinese was cleaning brass candlesticks. There was a lovely fragrance of incense in the place.

And then Brother Dalton continued the wonderful story that he had begun at their first meeting on the street.

When Lu Ju went back to the house where he and his father lodged, bad news awaited him. They were to return next day. They were to leave early. He would not have time even to see *Dow Hsien Sheng*—as Brother Dalton was known in Chinese—before departing. And he had looked forward to visiting the school and getting little pictures and hearing that wonderful story again!

But nothing could be done. Ling, senior, had at last received the first installment of his broth-

er's bequest and was determined to return to Da Ho at once.

So next morning a red-eyed Lu Ju stood on the deck of the outgoing river-steamer and looked hungrily back at the disappearing roofs of Han Yang. Never was he more wistful than now. He wondered if he would ever again hear about **Tien Chu Ie Sou* and the Tabernacle.

The two travellers reached Da Ho at last, the story of their travels was told and re-told and gradually they settled down to the old humdrum life again. But Lu Ju could never quite forget the delightful things he had heard. He longed to hear that wonderful story again.

But no one could tell him. He asked his father once, timidly, but got only an irritable answer. He asked old Chau the Cobbler, who was supposed to be learned, and, instead of getting what he wanted, had to listen for an hour and a half to a story about a dragon and a rabbit.

At last, Wang the Storyteller appeared in the village. Every juvenile in Da Ho turned out to meet him. Two visits a year were the most that he could give, as he covered quite a large circuit. Owing to the long intervals between his appearances, he was always warmly greeted by his young clients.

He had scarcely set up his little table when the din started. Every one wanted his own favourite story. Wang listened unperturbed. It flattered his professional pride to hear them wrangling like this. At last, he hit the table with his hammer.

"I will tell the story of Su Wei the Barber," he said in a tone of authority. And he began.

Of course, Lu Ju was one of the audience. But somehow he didn't find as much pleasure in listening to Wang the Storyteller as he used to find. Su Wei the Barber seemed a positively dull narrative.

When the little tin cup was passed round (as it always is, right at the climax of the story) he dropped in his ten "cash" like the others. He didn't want to offend the storyteller.

At the end of the session, however, he slipped round to the back of the table for a private talk with Wang.

"Do you know the story of Tien Chu Ie Sou?" he asked wistfully.

"Do you mean the story of the Great Wall and the White Horse?" asked Wang.

"No, no," said Lu Ju pathetically, "It's about Tien Chu Ie Sou and about an altar."

"Maybe you mean the story of the second Emperor of the Ming dynasty?" said Wang in a puzzled voice.

"Ah, no," said Lu Ju in despair, "That's not it at all."

And then he tried to tell as much as he could remember of it. But Wang the Storyteller shook his head. He knew nothing about it, he said.

Wang the Storyteller went his way in a few days and Da Ho was once more a tame place. In fact the juveniles were beginning to feel distinctly bored, when one evening an unexpected sensation was provided.

Towards sundown a little procession rode slowly into the village. In front were two Chinese boys with big bundles strapped on to their ponies. Next came two tall riders, with white faces and big eyes. "Foreign-kingdom people!" shrieked the little fellows of Da Ho in wild glee, as they raced up the street to get the closest possible view of the newcomers.

Through the village the four strangers rode. The "Foreign-kingdom" men looked tired but they nodded laughingly to the grimy youngsters who lined the street. Once or twice an old Chinese man or woman would come to the door of a house to scan the travellers. To them the two tall riders gave a courteous and kindly bow.

Lu Ju's heart nearly stopped beating when he saw them. They must be from that beloved house in Han Yang where he had heard the wonderful story. He longed to rush out into the street and talk to them.

They halted outside young Mr. Foh's dwelling at the end of the street, dismounted and went in. The curious little crowd of youngsters immediately surrounded the house and began to peek through the windows. The foreign-kingdom men were taking tea and talking Chinese in the friendliest manner possible to Mr. Foh. They seemed to be making inquiries. After a while they left the house and rode on, Mr. Foh accompanying them on his pony.

The youngsters went after them to the end of the village and then, wonderingly, watched them ride into the dusk. One alone followed farther—little Lu Ju. He trotted slowly behind the ponies, keeping at a discreet distance and hoping that the strangers would not go too far away from Da Ho.

Soon they halted once more—this time about half a li from the village and in front of a lonely vacant house. Mr. Foh took out a rusty key, opened the rotting old door and led the way in. Apparently they intended to spend the night there.

One of them, before entering the house, turned to tie his pony to the gate-post. As he did so, he caught sight of Lu Ju, who stood in the dim evening light, silently watching.

"What a wistful little face," said the missionary to himself.

When Mr. Foh came back to the village, a crowd of neighbours awaited him. "Who were the strangers?" "What were they going to do?" "Were they going to stay out in that old house?"

Mr. Foh, feeling very important, pretended that it was a strict secret. But in the end he was cajoled into telling it.

They were Holy Fathers of the Christians, coming to work in Da Ho. They were not going to make the old house outside the village their permanent dwelling. They intended to build a church and a school. Big things would happen, said Mr. Foh knowingly.

And little Lu Ju on the outskirts of the crowd heard all this and was glad.

One evening in June, Wang the Storyteller came once more to Da Ho. He was amazed to find the main street almost silent. No shrieks from young throats—no excited rush of little clients. The only living creatures in sight were some wizened old men who sat at their doors solemnly smoking their long pipes.

"Where are the little ones?" Wang asked a bearded patriarch.

*Our Lord.

The old man blew a cloud of smoke and silently pointed with his pipe down the street towards a new building that Wang had not yet noticed.

Then the Storyteller remembered. He had heard rumors 'way back in Anlu about the missionaries coming to Da Ho.

His curiosity was aroused and he walked down to the new house. Yes, that was the missionaries' sign over the door—a Cross and "Tien Chu Tang" in Chinese characters.

The door was ajar. Wang tiptoed up, pushed the door and found himself in a narrow porch. He listened.

A man was speaking inside. He was talking in Chinese but rather slowly.

Wang peeped in through a chink and gasped. Inside sat nearly every child in Da Ho. They were listening intently to a tall missionary who was standing in front of a little altar opposite the door. In mid-air over the altar, Wang saw a red light burning steadily.

He stood there in the porch for twenty minutes, catching every word that the rich, slow voice of the missionary uttered.

The "Sen Fu" was explaining to the children how the Lord of Heaven had come down as Man, how He had died and how He had given Himself under the appearance of bread so that He might be with men forever.

Something flashed into Wang's memory. Hadn't he heard about that before?

Why, that was the wonderful story that had haunted little Lu Ju!

The missionary ceased speaking, the children began to chant prayers and Wang cautiously crept out of the porch. When the boys came out a little later, they found him placidly smoking at his table on the street-corner.

They greeted him enthusiastically and crowded around the table, this time not to listen but to narrate. They told him all the great events that had happened and were to happen—the coming of the "Sen Fu", the building of the school-chapel, the instructions and then, to-morrow, the baptisms and First Communions.

Six were to be baptized next day, Lu Ju Ling being one of the number. They would also receive the Tien Chu Ie Sou in Holy Communion. It was to be a great day. It was the Feast of *Shang T'i*, the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament.

Suddenly a hush fell on the group of youngsters. The door of the school-chapel opened and the six who were to be baptized and make their First Communion on the morrow, came out, the "Sen Fu" in their midst. Among them, Wang the Storyteller recognized Lu Ju, and the little fellow, looking across the street, recognized him and smiled.

Then, still standing on the steps of the church, Lu Ju called one of the others from beside the table, whispered something to him and sent him back to Wang.

"Lu Ju told me to tell you," said the messenger, with a puzzled look, "that he knows the whole of that Wonderful Story now. What does he mean?"

Wang made no answer. He just looked back at Lu Ju who, with his five comrades, stood listening to the missionary's final words. The gladness of the morrow's Baptism and First Communion was already apparent in the boy's radiant features.

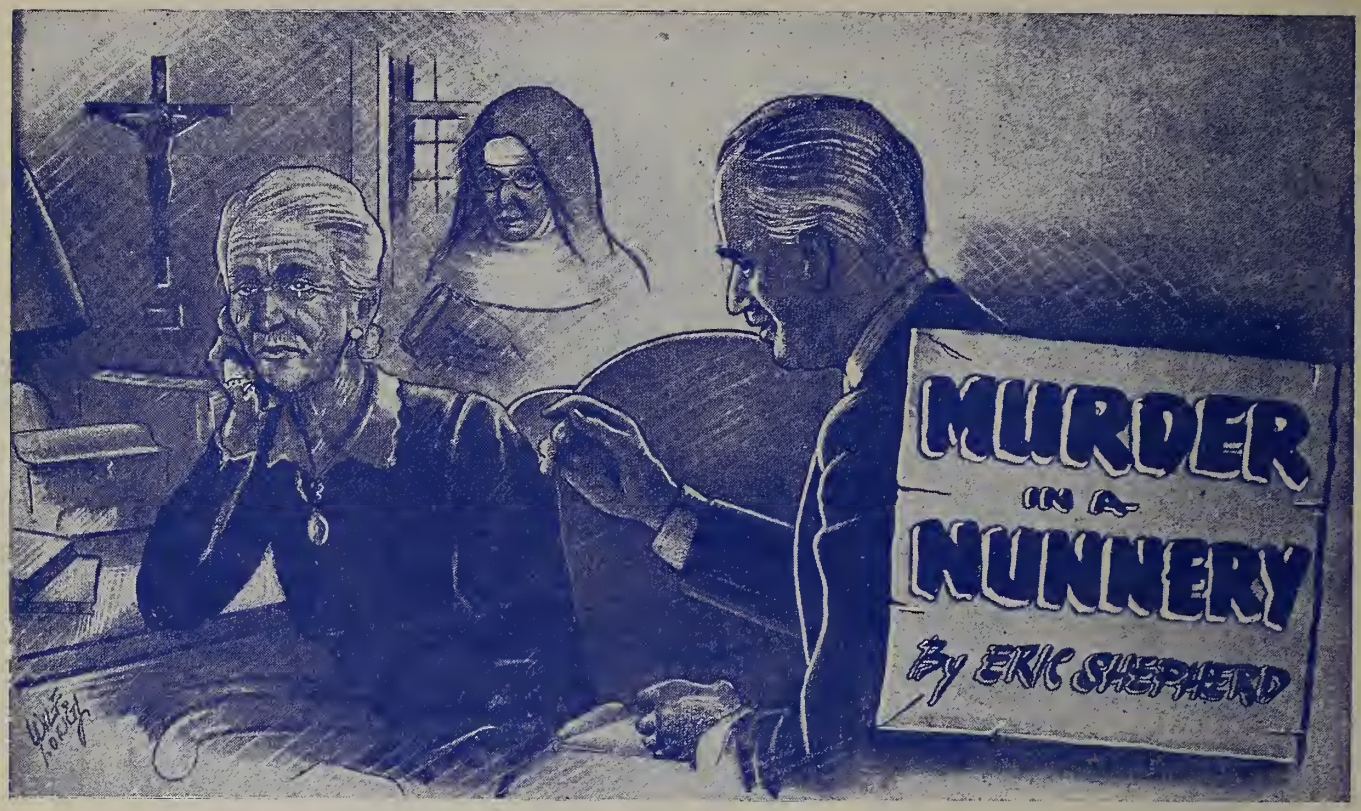
"What a happy little face!" said Wang the Storyteller to himself, marvelling.

—Wilfred O'Malley, in *The Far East.*

Your Will...

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE SUM OF $ ....."



THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School, is found murdered in St. Joseph's Chapel. The police and Scotland Yard are investigating. Miss Verity Goodchild, who found the body, decides to do some sleuthing on her own.

She finds part of a nun's veil in the garden.

The whole school and community are called together and told of the murder.

Later, the Chief Inspector interviews Mrs. Moss.

CHAPTER IX

DONKEY-WORK OF A SLEUTH

QUARTER or an hour later the Chief Inspector sat in the parlour, with Reverend Mother upright beside him, and opposite him, quite collapsed in her chair, old Mrs. Moss.

No amount of gentleness and reassurance on the Inspector's part could persuade her to leave off crying and apply such intelligence as she had to the questions put to her, and finally Reverend Mother had to exert her authority.

"Come now, Mrs. Moss dear; pull yourself together. There is nothing to be in the least afraid of; you are only being asked to try and remember exactly what happened yesterday."

The old woman mopped her red eyes weakly, but did appear to rally her faculties a little.

The Inspector was leaning far back in his chair with that same puzzled look on his face which Reverend Mother had noticed before—as if he were trying to remember something. He seemed to be inhaling something. There was a bowl of pot-pourri on a table beside him, and it might of course be that.

He sat forward and produced his note-book, again begging Mrs. Moss not to be at all alarmed.

"I just want to check up, as we put it, Madam, on your movements after you left the chapel yesterday."

Mrs. Moss moaned.

"It is all so dreadful—dreadful. . . ."

"Now, you have not been hurt yet, dear," said Reverend Mother. "Try to pay attention to the questions."

The Inspector was reading from his notes.

"Benediction at 5 p.m. prompt. You think you and Madame Sliema entered the chapel some few minutes before that time. You had come in from the garden. You were veary tired and unwell. . . ."

"Indeed I was, sir. Indeed it's the truth. . . ."

"That is just what he is saying," admonished Reverend Mother.

The Inspector resumed.

"Perhaps the incense set you going, but you felt very giddy and faint. You were obliged to leave the chapel at about 5.05. You staggered in the cloister, and Mother Peck saw you and came to your assistance. She took you out into the garden for a breath of air. She stayed a few minutes, and then went back to her duties. You were feeling better, but not well enough to return into the chapel. Instead you re-entered the Guest House at about 5.20 and went up to your bedroom. Benediction was just over, because you remember hearing the children singing their hymn. You are not sure if anybody saw you go upstairs, but you think Sister Carmela did. Sister Carmela also thinks she saw you come upstairs at about 5.20."

He closed his note-book.

"Now, Madam; that has not been too trying, has it?"

He left the old woman some

time for recovery after the strain of nodding her head to each of his statements, and then resumed.

"We have it from you that the late Madame Sliema had on various occasions expressed some fear of being stabbed?"

Mrs. Moss broke down again.

"It's true, sir—as God sees me. . . ."

"That is exactly what he is saying," said Reverend Mother.

"She had even," suggested the Inspector, "gone the length of taking precautions in her—ah—dress?"

Mrs. Moss looked horrified at this remote allusion to such a subject as stays, but inclined her head.

She was asked if she could throw any light on the reasons for this fear of Madame Sliema's, but it was mainly Reverend Mother who explained that old Madame had lived long in the hot-blooded south and engaged in politics.

"It was mostly vanity, however," Reverend Mother told the Inspector aside. "She loved to dramatize herself."

There were several more questions dealing with old Madame's phobias, and then the Inspector said:

"Now, Mrs. Moss, I believe you were a witness of the Will deposited with Madame Sliema's solicitors? We shall have the terms of that Will to-day. Now I want to ask you this, had you any reason lately for supposing that Madame Sliema was going to alter that Will—that she had in fact actually done so?"

The old woman's face seemed almost to light up.

"Never! Oh indeed, never. I am sure she did not. Oh, Reverend Mother. . . ."

Reverend Mother soothed her.

"Well, well; that is all the Inspector wants to know."

But Mrs. Moss was still protesting.

"Never, never, never. . . ."

The Inspector produced his note-book again.

"I think," he said to Reverend Mother, "that is all I need trouble her with just now. Could I have a word with Miss Gozo?"

Reverend Mother nodded. Mrs. Moss was led away by one of the infirmary sisters; and a minute later Miss Venetia Gozo made her appearance, looking sullen.

Reverend Mother noticed the look.

"Now, Venetia," she admonished.

With an air of considerable impertinence the girl ignored Reverend Mother, and addressed herself to the Inspector.

"Am I entitled to be questioned in private?"

The Inspector looked troubled.

"Er—if you wish; certainly. . . ."

"Then I do wish," said Venetia; and with mocking politeness she threw open the door for Reverend Mother to go out.

When Reverend Mother had gone without seeming aware of the discourtesy so deliberately shown her, the girl sat down opposite the Inspector and gave him what he could only uneasily describe to himself as a look of real malevolence.

"You are Miss Gozo, I believe? You were the ward of the deceased lady?"

"I was."

"May I put it? You were on good terms?"

"Yes."

"You have acted as her secretary, I believe?"

"I have."

"She conducted a considerable amount of correspondence, I believe?"

"She did."

"She had lived long abroad, and had many friends and interests on the Continent?"

"Yes."

"Now, Miss Gozo, about your late guardian's business—financial—affairs? . . ."

"I know nothing of them."

"She was reticent about them?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Are you acquainted with the dispositions of her Will?"

"I am not."

"You are left provided for, I assume?"

Venetia made no answer; her great dark eyes darkened and shone with no very pleasant light.

"Now, Miss Gozo, I have one very important question to ask you. Have you, recently, had any reason to suppose that your guardian was intending to alter her Will?"

Miss Venetia Gozo

"I had none."

"Think carefully. Are you sure?"

There was a very slight pause, and then the girl said:

"I know nothing about it."

The Inspector stooped down and fumbled in a small case he had beside him. From it he produced a number of Post Office Will Forms, many of them scribbled over in the handwriting of Madame Sliema. He offered them to the girl.

"Do not these look," he suggested, "as if Madame Sliema sometimes—ah—exercised her wit in the composition of imaginary Wills? May I ask you to look at them?"

Venetia did so, flushing as she read. The compositions were ribald in character, full of malice and personal allusions, and some passages were definitely disgusting.

Without a word she handed them back to the Inspector.

"You did not know of this—ah—hobby of your guardian's?" he suggested.

"I knew nothing of it."

"So far as you know, then, the Will to be opened and read to-day is the last and only valid testament of your guardian?"

"So far as I know."

"Thank you, Miss Gozo."

The Inspector rose from his chair and offered the girl his hand. She did not take it, or seem even to see it; with the sketch of a curtsy, and no relaxa-

tion of the dark brows, she turned on her heel and left the room.

CHAPTER X

CUT TO RIBBONS

ON rejoining the Inspector in her parlour, Reverend Mother's faultless breeding had passed a complete Act of Oblivion over the disagreeable incident of Venetia Gozo. The Inspector's respect and admiration was enhanced by her total lack of curiosity; she never asked, or even hinted a question, though she was always ready to make a constructive reply to his.

True to their promise, both remained in the parlour: Reverend Mother seated at her desk writing, the Inspector studying his notebook. All round them the great establishment, with all its many and various activities, functioned without a sound.

But this state of perfect peace was disturbed before long by what sounded like the nervous approach of tiptoes in the corridor outside. This was followed by some whispering, scuffling and giggling at the door. There was a timid tap.

"*Entrez*," said Reverend Mother, turning round from her writing.

And into the room there filed the whole erring company of last night's bedroom party, led by Torquilla in full regalia of Blue Ribbon and Child of Mary medal. Prudence and Alauda came next in similar investiture, and after them Verity and Jamette, the extreme rear being brought up by Philomene even whiter of face than usual.

All six curtseyed low to Reverend Mother and the Inspector, and afterwards stood in a row before Reverend Mother's table, blushing, wriggling their long legs, exchanging covert glances and presenting, to the Inspector at any rate, a charming picture of deep guilt combined with the most perfect innocence. His expression became fond and fatherly.

"Well, children?"

Reverend Mother looked them all six well over from top to toe with an eye which took in every detail of their dress and deportment, before she added:

"You have something to tell us? Torquilla, you are the eldest and the Senior Ribbon; you had better be spokesman. Are you quite sure Mother Peagle knows where you are?"

"Yes, Reverend Mother."

Torquilla's peony complexion, which extended down her neck, made a fine contrast to her Blue Ribbon. It is but seldom that a sleuth sees such a blush, his way of life lying not where the sensibilities are still so strong.

"Very well, Torquilla; tell us what you have to say. Philomene, if you shudder so you will upset the ink; you had better sit down."

The Inspector placed a chair under the trembling Philomene in the nick of time.

The five others continued to stand erect like British Grenadiers, trying not to fidget while one frightful delinquency after another fell from the lips of Torquilla in her best Elocution style.

"I see," said Reverend Mother, when the full story was told; and it was dreadfully plain to the suffering Inspector that she did.

Torquilla kept her head, though she had little hope of keeping her Ribbon,—and added the story of the Creeping Figure seen among the evergreens, and concluded by producing from inside her handkerchief the piece of veil discovered by Verity in the garden only this morning. Concerning Verity's other exploits that morning Torquilla preserved silence.

Reverend Mother made no immediate comment; she took the piece of veil, examined it, and handed it to the Inspector.

The Inspector also examined it, contriving unseen to pass it closely under his nose in that curious way of his. The question he gently asked of Torquilla rather astonished his audience, even including Reverend Mother, though not a flicker of any such emotion showed on her face.

"I see you had this in your handkerchief, Miss—ah. . . . Do you use any special scent?"

A certain relaxation of tension might have been noted. The girls exchanged glances, and ever so faintly tittered. Even Philomene gave a little sputter of forlorn amusement. Did they use special scent? Did they use lipstick? Did they wear backless gowns in chapel?

"No, sir. . . ."

The Inspector folded the jagged piece of veil and laid it carefully on the table. He then further examined the girls, who made a hopeless set of witnesses, contradicting one another flatly on almost every point, and only restrained from recrimination by the presence of Reverend Mother.

The Inspector took many notes, however, and thanked them warmly when the examination was over, having a suspicion that there was something hot rather than warm awaiting them!

And there was!

Reverend Mother spoke:

"You are to be commended for bringing your evidence, but that was only your duty. In every other respect your conduct has been childish, irresponsible and, in the circumstances, heartless. You Ribbons will go straight from here to Mother Peagle, and resign your ribbons to her. Verity, you will forfeit the privilege of your bedroom and go back to the dormitories. Jamette—Philomene. . . ."

Her severe voice ran from deprived half-holidays to impositions. There was something for everybody, and more than enough for all. The inspector, slumped miserably in his chair, inwardly groaned at the sentences.

"Yes, Reverend Mother."

All six curtseyed deeply with perfect rhythm (except Philomene, who fell over a back leg), and were going to the door, the Ribbons taking off their ribbons, when a muffled sound of anguish burst from the Inspector.

"Excuse me; but if I might ask a favour. I realize it is gross—ah—impertinence. Might the—er—penalties be slightly revised in view of . . . ? I am sure these young ladies. . . . In a general way . . . if I might beg as a favour. . . ."

He blinked, and looked at Reverend Mother, murmuring:

"One is—ah—only young once. Even policemen break out at times. . . ."

Reverend Mother gave him a reproving shake of the head.

"And I wonder if this is how you treat them when they do, Mr. Chief Inspector! However, children, Mr. Chief Inspector has asked me to be lenient, and he well deserves to be obliged. If there are no marks against you for the next fortnight, I shall—on

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XVI—No. 4 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. April, 1943

New Members

Clare and Gerald Brazil, Spaniard's Bay, C.B., Newfoundland.

ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY, CHATHAM, N.B.

Edward Barry, Frank Burchill, Robert Cornell, Bernice Cook, Eileen Cook, Joseph Cripps, Jackie Daley, De Redin, Rena Doucette, Leo McCormick, Charlie Farrah, William Flynn, Mary Hanna, Jean Harriman, Veronica Hill, Mary Isiah, Arthur Keoughan, Mae Keoughan, Bert Lousier, Yvonne Maher, Grace Mann, Charlie Martin, Margaret McDougall, Gerald McGrath, Charlie Mills, Frank Moore, Gilmore Moore, Kathleen Preston, Arthur Quinn, Gloria Ramsay, Catherine Sullivan, Theresa Scott, Tommy Young.

Romona Peters, Rollo Bay East, P.E.I.

FROM MOOSE CREEK, ONTARIO

André Bergevin, Raymond Talonde, Gerard Ouimet, Henri Sabourin, Leonard Godard, Gerald Herbert, Hubert Provost, Jacques Leroux, Vincent Sabourin, Edouard Sabourin, Charles Eugene Perrier, Ernest Brisson, Emile Theoret, Dolorese Gibeault, Francoise Bergevin, Carmen Wilbert, Jeanne Godard, Atala Gibeault, Monique Lalonde, Irene Seguin, Murielle Villeneuve.

Marcella Mullins, South Side Carbonear, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

ST. MARGARET MARY'S SCHOOL, BELLWOOD AVENUE, OTTAWA

Patricia McDonell, Jeannine Lambert, Joan Coll, Margaret Dancey, Geraldine Lowrey, Eleanor Kearns, Rita Oakley, Ann Coffin, Elaine Sarazin, Doris Ferguson, Carol Smith, Hazel LeBreton, Kathleen Willsher, Frances O'Connor, Grace Conlin, Mary Anne Quigley, Mary Genevieve McDonald, Irene Brown, Gerald Wood, Jack Casey, Brian Harris, John Amyot, Declan Oakley, Francis Potvin, Donald Bertrand, Keith Knight, Bernard Fraser.

Bernard Brazil, Spaniard's Bay, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

Melvyn and Russell Fraser, Edwardsville, C.B., Nova Scotia.

Jack Hawkshaw, 226 First Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Mary Joyce, 33 Darling Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Marie Halloran, 16 Shorncliffe Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Lillian McIntyre, New Victoria, Cape Breton, N.S.; Helen Cadeau, 195 Markland St., Hamilton, Ont.; Betty Campbell, 128 Portland St., Mimico, Ont.; Rose Livingstone, Victoria Mines, Cape Breton, N.S.; Teresa Arac, P.O. Box 301, North Sydney, N.S.; M. Teresa and Billy Sears, St. Johns, Nfld.

Missionary Activity in New Guinea Proved Difficult Task

THE SECOND SPRING

Bishop Vesters, former Vicar Apostolic of Rabaul, New Guinea, informs us that because "of the uninterrupted series of butcherings in the South Sea Islands and the indomitable ferocity of the inhabitants, Rome, as it has rarely acted in the history of the Missions, suspended for fully 25 years Mission activity in those islands, leaving time and God's grace to fertilize the blood-drenched soil".

Then in 1881 a fantastic adventure again called the attention of the Holy Father to those distant shores. A French nobleman conceived the wild idea of founding a great empire in New Britain, one of the New Guinea group. "Four ships were equipped and about 600 colonists were transported," Bishop Vesters states. "But the whole undertaking was a dismal failure—hundreds died of malaria and the others were brought to Australia."

However, Divine Providence used these circumstances to call into being another undertaking of a spiritual nature. Pope Leo XIII's attention had been directed toward those remote shores and he resolved that Mission work should be resumed. He proposed to another Frenchman, Very Rev. Jules Chevalier, founder of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, to send apostles to New Guinea, and blessed, Himself, the banner of the Sacred Heart which they were to plant on the islands. Thus began the second spring of Mission activity in the islands of the South Seas.—*Boston Pilot.*

Dear Young Missionaries:

As you will see from the long list of letters received since the last issue of CHINA *our members are becoming increasingly interested in the work of the Rose Garden of the Little Flower. Then there are a good many new members this month which shows that our young people are willing to join the army of Christ for the Foreign Missions.*

There has been a delay in sending out certificates of membership owing to the pressure of work, so I hope you will all forgive me for the delay. Your certificates will be in the mail shortly.

Now that the Holy Season of Lent has begun I hope you will all make it a time of spiritual and financial sacrifice for your Canadian and Newfoundland Missionaries in China. There are still some MITE BOXES available at China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

May God bless you one and all!

FATHER JIM.

Letters from Following:

Pupils of St. Mark's School, Prescott, Ont., per Sister M. Adelaide ($20.00).

Glen Kong, 793 E. Georgia St., Vancouver, B.C.

Gordon Gee, 367 E. Cordova St., Vancouver, B.C.

Douglas Jang, 527 Union St., Vancouver, B.C.

Fifth A, St. Patrick's Academy, Montreal ($1.00).

St. Mary's High School, Kitchener, Ont. (Stamps).

Dorothy Boyer, Blind River, Ont. (Stamps).

Pupils of Grade 6, St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William, Ont. ($4.00).

Agnes Malloy, 43 Brookland St., Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

E. F. M., Summerfield, P.E.I. (Stamps).

Bernice Doiron, Hunter River, R.R. No. 3, P.E.I. (Stamps).

Pupils of Rooms 2 and 4, St. Mary's School, Owen Sound, Ont. ($5.00).

Graduating Class of St. Anne's High School, Glace Bay, N.S. ($15.00).

Grades 1 and 2, St. John's School, Weston, Ont. (Ransom $5.00).

Grades 7 and 8, St. John's School, Weston, Ont. ($5.00).

Pupils of Room 2, St. James' School, Toronto, Ont., per Mrs. K. Roche ($1.00).

St. Joseph's High School, Cliff St., St. John, N.B. ($4.00), *Sodality of St. Vincent.*

Grade 4, Our Lady of Mercy School, Sarnia, Ont. ($5.00).

The Harmony Nine, St. Joseph's Convent, Reserve Mines, C.B., Nova Scotia ($5.00).

Immaculata High School, 211 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, Ont. ($12.00).

Pupils of Lower South River School, N.S., per Miss MacEachern ($2.00).

Grade 11, Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont. (Ransom $5.00).

St. James' School, Toronto, Ont., Grades 4 ($1.00); 7 and 8 ($5.00).

Vera, Mary, and Leo Fitzpatrick, Carbonear, Newfoundland ($1.00).

High School Pupils, O.L.A., Convent Arichat, Nova Scotia ($2.00).

Students of Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown, P.E.I., per Sister St. John of Meda ($5.00).

Pupils of Iona Academy, St. Raphael's W., Ont. ($5.00).

Grade 8B, St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William, Ont. ($4.00).

Grade 7, St. Edmond School, Windsor, Ont. ($5.00).

Pupils of St. James' School, Seaforth, Ont. ($2.00).

Pupils of Grades 7 and 8, St Peter's School, Trenton, Ont. ($10.00) per Sister Mary Carmella.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

By REV. LUIS VEGA, S.J.

The story of the apparitions of Our Lady to an Indian peasant.

Last month we watched him as he related the story of the wonderful vision, with little visible success.

Now he returns to plead again.

IN utter astonishment the Bishop listened to the Indian's words. But he neither regarded the message, nor gave it full credence, supposing it to have been a dream or an Indian's fancy, or an illusion of the devil, for the Indians had been but recently converted to the Catholic faith. Although after many questions he found the man's narrative quite consistent, yet he dismissed him with an injunction to return a few days later, as he himself would examine the affair thoroughly before hearing further. This the Bishop did that he might have an opportunity of inquiring into the character of the Indian, and of deliberating upon the matter. The other withdrew, sad at heart because his statements were unheeded and the Blessed Virgin's wish unrealized.

THE SECOND APPARITION

Returning that very day at sunset, Juan ascended the hill again, and found the Queen of Heaven waiting for him where he had seen her in the morning. Humbly falling on the ground before her, he said: "Most beloved Maiden, my Queen and most noble Lady, I saw the Bishop, though I was not allowed to enter at once, but after long waiting, and as you directed me I told him what you wanted. He listened to me very kindly, and was very pleasant to me, but as far as I could judge from the questions asked me, he did not believe me, and, indeed, he told me to return some other time that he might hear me further, and consider the affair thoroughly. He thought the request for the building of the church to be fiction or fancy, and not your will at all. Therefore, I entreat you to choose some distinguished and honourable man who will be believed, for you know, my noble Lady, that I am a poor, worthless fellow, a man of the people, and that the message with which you sent me is not in keeping with my station. My Queen, pardon my boldness, if I have failed in the respect due to your Majesty, provoking your indignation, or answering contrary to your will."

With much tenderness our Blessed Lady listened to the Indian's words, and said: "Listen to me, my dearest child. There are servants of mine whom I might send and to whom I could entrust my orders, so as to ensure their being carried out without delay. But it is very fitting that you should go and perform the matter by yourself. My will shall be fulfilled by your intervention. So I earnestly pray and command you, return to the Bishop to-morrow and inform him of my desire that he may effect it and build my church. Tell him that I, Holy Mary, ever Virgin, the Mother of God, have sent you to him."

"Do not be angry, my Queen and Lady," answered Juan Diego, "on account of my words, for I shall obey your command and carry out your commission with all my will and all my heart. I do not seek to evade it; nor do I deem the road a painful one, but I may give offence, and, perhaps, be far from well received. And even if he does listen to me he will not believe me. However, I will gladly perform your task. I will wait for you at sunset to-morrow evening and bring you an answer from the Bishop. Now, most gracious Virgin, I leave you, and farewell."

Humbly taking leave of her, Juan Diego went home. It was Saturday. Very early the next morning he left his dwelling and went to Tlaltelolco to assist at Mass. He remained in the church till Mass was over, and he was counted among the Indians present. Then he proceeded to the Bishop's residence, and though he had the greatest difficulty in obtaining an audience, yet, once inside he fell on his knees before the Bishop, and bursting into tears, said that he had again seen the Mother of God in the same place as on the former occasion; that she was waiting for him to bring the Bishop's answer to her message, and that she had again ordered him to bid his Lordship build a church in the very place in which she had appeared and spoken, and to make it quite clear it was the Mother of Jesus Christ who had sent him.

The Bishop now listened to him with greater attention, and felt more inclined to trust him. But with a view to making sure as to the fact, he questioned and cross-examined Juan Diego regarding his statements, requiring him to be very careful both as to his words and as to the appearance of the Lady who had sent him. Though the Bishop perceived from the result of his inquiries that there could not be question of a dream or of a mere fiction on the part of the Indian, still, to ascertain the real truth of the matter, and lest it might seem rash to believe on the mere word of a simple native, he told his visitor that the message was not a sufficient reason for granting the demand at once. Further, he wished the Lady who persisted in sending Juan Diego to be informed of this, and to be asked for some signs from which it could be inferred that she was indeed the Mother of God, and that she really desired such a temple to be built. Observing that Juan Diego neither evaded the request for a sign by any excuse, nor expressed any doubt as to its being given, but on the contrary, without any perturbation of mind, desired some sign to be chosen and named, his Lordship called those members of his household on whom he could most surely rely, and speaking to them in the Spanish tongue, which the native did not understand, ordered them to note him well, and to be ready to follow him as soon as he had been dismissed. Without arousing the man's suspicions they should follow him carefully and not to lose sight of him until they had reached the place indicated, and at which he claimed to have seen the Virgin Mary. They should observe to whom he spoke, and bring back an account of all they might see and hear.

The order was fully performed. As soon as the Indian had been dismissed by the Bishop the servants proceeded to follow him, without attracting his attention, but keeping him continually within view. Scarcely had Juan Diego reached a bridge spanning the river, which there almost at the foot of the hill flows into the lake on the east side of the city, when he suddenly disappeared from the sight of the servants following him. Though they searched for him most carefully, examining every spot of the hill, they could not find him. So they assumed him to be an impostor and a liar or a sorcerer; and full of anger against him, they returned home. Having informed the Bishop of everything, they urged that the man should not be trusted, but should be punished for fraud in case he appeared again.

(To be continued next month)

To all who wrote to me during the past month and whose letters appear in this issue of The Little Flower's Rose Garden, I say: THANK YOU, ONE AND ALL. SINCERELY. Your letters, promises of prayers, financial assistance and interest in Foreign Mission work make all of us here at CHINA MISSION SEMINARY very happy. We thank you best of all by our prayers. Daily in my Holy Mass each one of you is recommended to our Blessed Mother who, in turn, prays to her divine Son for your welfare. Again, many, many thanks and a most fervent MAY GOD BLESS YOU!

FATHER JIM.

Father Jim's Mail Bag

ST. MARGARET MARY'S SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ontario.

Rev. Father Jim,
Scarboro Bluffs,
Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

Our teacher read to us about the "Little Flower's Rose Garden", and we all agreed that we would like to join it. We will be very faithful members.

I read what you wrote in the January "China" about forming an army, but we already have one. It is the Army of Christ the King. There are Privates, Corporals, Sergeants, and so on, right up to the Generals. Each officer has certain duties to perform. A Private goes to Mass and Holy Communion once a week, says ten Ejaculations, and makes one visit a week. A Corporal goes to Mass and Communion twice, says twenty Ejaculations, and makes two visits. The higher the office, the more prayers we say. A General goes to Mass and Communion every day, and makes one hour visit each week. We have been praying for the soldiers, the Souls in Purgatory, and that we will all be good boys and girls. But we will, as I said before, be very faithful to our duties as members of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden".

Our teacher has been reading us the life of the Little Flower, and we think she is a very fine model for any child. The many prayers and sacrifices she offered to God for the Missionaries were very wonderful. I am sure any child would be very, very proud to do half of what she did, so we will try to be like her.

In closing I would like to ask you to pray for us, and we will certainly pray for you.

Yours sincerely,
ANN COFFIN.

Dorothy Gibrault writes that "The new Buds are going to be little apostles in Moose Creek (Ont.) and gather up loads of prayers and sacrifices and pennies for China". . . . A donation of FIFTEEN DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-NINE CENTS from St. Martin's School, Fort William (Ont.), was very much appreciated. This sum was raised by the pupils of *both* Fifth Grades by making a woollen rug and raffling it off among the pupils. . . . "At a recent meeting of the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Michael's Academy, Chatham (N.B.), the sum of five dollars was voted for the relief of the war victims of China. This is our first donation to your great work but we hope to send more later on. . . . We enjoy reading letters from the various centres as it encourages us to keep on working for the Missions and it gives us new ideas." . . . "In this letter I am enclosing a four dollar War Savings Certificate from Grade VIIIA, St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William, Ont. . . . We are combining our patriotic and missionary effort. Since your letter asking for aid many of the classes are asking for Mite Boxes. Please send a dozen or more, as some individual pupils may take them also." . . . Bernard Brazil asks me to publish his letter in CHINA. He writes: "I am enclosing the sum of one dollar and I want to join the Rose Garden. I go to school and my age is eleven years and I am in Grade VIII. Will you please send me a Mite Box to save money for the Missions? I promise to say the little prayer requested in the CHINA daily and to receive Holy Communion once a month." Bernard lives at Spaniards' Bay, Conception Bay, Newfoundland. . . . From St. Mary's School, North Bay (Ont.), comes this encouraging information: "Enclosed is a Money Order for ten dollars. This includes our subscription to CHINA and a donation for your work in China. . . . Your letter of January 18th has been read to the children and we hope to have funds for your work ere long." Signed: *Sister Moira*. . . . "One day a priest from the Mission Seminary came to our school to tell about the work the Missionaries were doing in the East. The Missionary told us many interesting things about China, her people and strange customs. We wish he would come back again, because we enjoyed his talk so much. . . . Enclosed is a Certificate. . . . With this Certificate you may do as you please. . . . A prayer is being said every afternoon for the boys and girls in China." That is what is being done by Grade V of St. Stanislaus' School, Fort William (Ont.). . . . "Sister St. Elizabeth, C.N.D., Superior of St. Willibrord High School, Verdun (Que.), writes as follows: "In answer to your kind letter, I would be glad to receive about twenty boxes, which we shall be pleased to put in our classrooms. . . . I am certain we can collect some little amount to help you in your noble work." From our Indian Friend, Box 85, Blind River (Ont.): "I am going to Communion to-morrow morning for the intentions of the Missions." Signed: *Your Indian Friend, Dorothy Boyer*. . . . Sister Maria Concepta, of St. Joseph's Convent, Halifax (N.S.), sends along a donation of eleven dollars on behalf of her pupils, and writes: "The children like to take them home (*i.e.*, MITE BOXES) over the week-end to collect spare coppers. Therefore, I need a number of them. Twenty-five would be enough, I think. Hoping that brighter days will come soon for the poor Missionaries in China." . . . "Besides saying the prayer, 'O ETERNAL GOD', we offer up a decade of our beads each night for the protection of all Missionaries. . . . Enclosed please find the small sum of one dollar." That is part of a letter from Cecile Doiron, who lives at Rustico (P.E.I.). . . . "This year they managed to save nine whole dollars—a real triumph, you would admit if you could see the little lads themselves. No adult gift is given with more pleasure. . . . The teacher is often reminded, 'Where's the box, Miss Hawes? *I want to drop them in meself.* The children's prayers and mine are with you in your great work." The Little Lads are the children of Grade 1B, St. Mary's Boys' School, Grafton Street, Halifax (N.S.). . . . From away down east at Rollo Bay East (P.E.I.), I have been asked these two questions: "Is it all right to write other Rose Buds? And I want to know if you answer the Rose Buds' letters? Romona Peters is the young lady who is seeking this information. Well, Romona, I am afraid I cannot say that I answer all the letters that come in Father Jim's Mail Bag, but at least I do acknowledge them through the CHINA. And with reference to your first question: Certainly you are allowed to write to other Rose Buds, as you will probably find out when some of The Little Flower's Young Missionaries read your questions. . . . Mary Miluch, who lives at Edson (Alta.), asks: "I would like to know if you could please send me some addresses of children in China or other lands to correspond with? I am a girl of twelve and in Grade VII." Well, Mary, China is out for the duration. In the meantime, I am NOW asking some young ladies of about your own age from NEW-NEWFOUNDLAND to write to you.... Henri Sabourini, of Moose Creek (Ont.), asks for old issues of CHINA to use for Mission Scrap Books. . . . Gerard Ouimet, also from Moose Creek, asks: *We would like to write to the Missionaries. Do you think they would receive our letters?* Well, Gerard, it is possible to get letters safely to some of our Missionaries by airmail but that costs a lot of money. I suggest that you visit Our Lord in the Tabernacle every time you feel like writing to China and tell Our Lord all the things you would write to the Missionaries, ask Him to bless and console them in their little Missions in war-torn China. . . . Twenty-six new *Young Missionaries* from St. Michael's Academy, Chatham (N.B.) have asked for ten Mite Boxes. . . . Eva Theis, from St. Mary's High School, Kitchener (Ont.), wants to know how the used stamps sent in for Mission Work are used to raise money. Well, here is the answer, Eva. They must be sorted in price classes and then sold to dealers. The money received from them is considered donations for the Missions. Thank you, Eva, for the stamps you sent along on behalf of your class.

Murder In A Nunnery

(*Continued from page* 10)

this one and entirely exceptional occasion—overlook your misconduct. Now, say thank you to Mr. Chief Inspector, and then get back to your classes as soon as ever you can."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, Reverend Mother."

That beautiful rhythmic curtsy, seen hardly anywhere but in a Convent nowadays, set the Inspector thinking of flowers blowing in the breeze. He was relieved to see that this time Philomene kept her equilibrium. But his sentimental mood was called to order by Reverend Mother, as soon as the door was shut.

"Little wretches! Now they will fancy themselves detectives! And it *would* be a nun they saw, of course! We shall have a new Maria Monk story getting about next. I suppose you detectives think nothing of this sort of thing, but it would get me down. . . ."

"I don't believe anything would get you down," mumbled the Inspector; and went as pink as a curate at a tea-party.

The hazel eye regarded him with amusement.

"If you mean by that, that I'm tough, I certainly am."

She picked up the piece of veil from the table and looked it over again critically.

"What do you make of this? I suppose it *is* a clue?"

The Inspector had no sooner paid his little compliment, which was wrung from him involuntarily, than he became acutely sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, and dared not meet Reverend Mother's eye. He was silent, and Reverend Mother spoke for him.

"It is a matter easily cleared up. I will go and make inquiries. Clothes cannot get torn here without note being taken, any more than in the Army. . . ."

The Inspector found his voice again.

"By all means let us identify it," he said slowly. "But I am already pretty clear in my—mind—that, as relating to any member of the Community, it is without value."

On her way to the door Reverend Mother paused, and regarded the Inspector with that luminously intelligent expression which was perhaps her most attractive possession.

"You can say as much already? That is really very clever, and relieves my mind."

She added, with a cordial smile:

"It is mid-morning, and I am sure you must be fainting. I shall send Sister Carmela with madeira and biscuits."

The Inspector longed to say that Reverend Mother required a 'small spot' quite as much as he did, but he remembered in time that Reverend Mothers do not hobnob with police officers over 'small spots' in their parlours. He had to content himself with throwing his whole soul into the way he swept open the door for Reverend Mother and bowed almost double as she passed through.

"I should like, if possible," he murmured, "to see the *whole* veil, of which this piece formed a part."

(*To be continued*)

Chinese Letter Writing

I HAVE lately devoted some of my leisure to the study of Chinese letter writing; and I must confess that, in point of terseness, smoothness, pleasant rhythm, and wealth of metaphors, the Chinese have carried the epistolary art to a height of perfection.

From our own point of view, however, Chinese letters lack the charm which characterizes foreign ones, namely, naturalness and freedom from affectation. When a Chinese writes a letter, his tendency seems to be, indeed, to make a pompous display of high-flown language and a copious use of stiff, formal, and hackneyed phrases. He takes also a special care to employ the most euphemistic expressions possible, when referring to the person addressed; and the most deprecatory ones, when alluding to himself or to his belongings.

Here are a few specimens of Chinese epistolary compositions. Of course, the quasi literal translation given of them will convey but a poor idea of the elements which make for their beauty in the eyes of the Chinese. Notice especially their difference to ours, in the salutation, contents, and subscription.

Venerable Sir:

Forlorn and impoverished, isolated and recluse, I raise up my eyes, but no flowers greet them. I seek the flowers of the sleek and onion; I think of the elegant and variegated blossoms, of their fragrant clusters; I dream of flowers and herbs. But all this dreaming is most wearisome when awakening, I heard that your precious garden is resplendent with new shoots and fresh herbs, and filled with sweet fragrance. This induces me to send my miserable servant to borrow a few of your beautiful pots, to give a green appearance to my wretched hut. After a few days, I shall return them by my poor servant, so that they may not be dishonoured by too long a contact with my miserable cottage.

May autumnal peace attend you!

Great and honourable Sir:

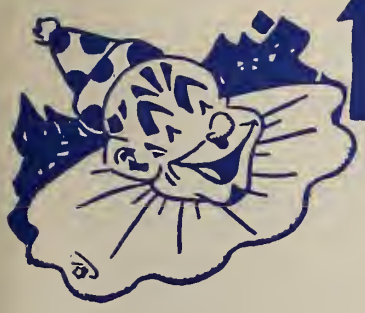
I hear that X is most clever of mind, skilful of hand, and fertile in expedients. I, your humble servant, want to try his wonderful talents; but fearing, owing to my being busy from morn to night, to be unable to invite him myself, I hope you will inform him of my valueless intention. If he accepts to come to my humble cottage, please fix the day and let me know it.

Penned by the unworthy
hand of . . . .

Honourable Chariot:

I your miserable friend, empty as a suspended calabash, possessing but the most ordinary talents, resembling the tree with glossy bark and fetid leaves, fit only to be burnt, most deficient in parts, have received, likely by mistake, your great and overflowing favours, which like a gentle breeze, have spread over and touched my face. Thus, I have been procured a means of living and of independence; henceforth, my home will not be visited by affliction. Your favour is indeed thick as the earth and high as the sky. A word from you, and I have been as firmly established as the famous tripod. Of a truth, you excel in making people be grateful to and unforgetful of you!

May the gentle breeze of Spring bring you peace!



READ 'EM AND GRIN

Chinese Patient (on telepbone): "Doctor, what time you fixee teetb for me?"
Doctor: "Two-thirty—all rigbt?"
Cbinese: "Yes, tootb burty all rigbt, but wha' time you fixee?"

Typographical error: "As Mr. Smith mounted the platform to open the flower sbow, all eyes were fixed upon the large red nose he displayed. Only years of careful cultivation could bave produced such a brilliant exbibit."

"I understand that you are looking for a new maid?"
"Yes, our last one handled China like Japan."

Oswald: "Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school."
Pop: "Notbing doing; you can walk to school like I did."

Jobnny (buying ticket in railroad station)—I want a ticket to New York.
Clerk—Would you care to go by Buffalo?
Johnny—I don't know. I've never ridden one.

"Tbere's no use in trying to sell me that cheap cur for a watch-dog."
"Why not?"
"Because a bargain dog never hites."

She: "My sin is vanity—I spend hours admiring my good looks."
He: "That's not vanity, that's just imagination."

The doctor was discovered with easel and brushes.
"Wby doctor, I never knew you painted!" exclaimed his friend.
"Oh, I just do it to kill time," replied the doctor.
"What! Haven't you got any patients?"

BIOGRAPHY OF A FOUR-TIME WIDOW

Sbe first married a *millionaire*, then an *actor*, then a *preacher*, then an *undertaker*. One for the *money*, two for the *show*, three to *make ready* and four to go.

Mr. Davis: "Have you ever bad any stage experience?"
Jimmy: "Well, sir, I had my leg in a cast once!"

Imminent Bridegroom (nervously gay): "Will it take much to feather our little nest?"

Furniture Dealer: "Only a little down!"

Teacber: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"
Jobnny: "The nigbt before exams."

A man walked into a post office. Two girls were talking behind the counter.
"She wore a divine cloak; it was a redingote design in gorgeous brocade, trimmed with fox fur and had wide pagoda sleeves. It must bave cost fifty dollars, if it cost a nickel."
At this point the impatient gentleman interrupted:
"Excuse me, I wonder if you could provide me with a dinky little stamp witb a perforated hem, treated on the reverse with a light coating of gum arabic? Something for ahout two cents."

"What does it mean if the palm of my hand itches?"
"It means you're going to bave company."
"And if my head itches, too?"
"The company's already arrived."

Two women were discussing a mutual acquaintance.
"She has very magnetic personality," said one.
"She ought to have," said the other, "everything she has on is charged."

"Eyes right!" thundered the Negro lieutenant.
"You's wrong!" came from the ranks of the black troops.

"I just heard him say he was in close touch with the heads of several big organizations!"
"Yes, he's a harber."

"Now children, can anyone give me a definition of a niche such as a niche in a church?"
Little Jackie: "Well, it's just like an itch in any other place, hut you can't scratch it there."

Speaker: "I have lived in this town all my life. By actual count there are 25 tap-rooms and liquor stores in this town. I am proud to say I have never heen in one of them."
Voice: "Which one is that?"

"A burglar entered our house early tbis morning."
"Did be get anything?"

"Well, I'll say he did; my wife thought I was sneaking in late."

In a London club, a member was complaining to a friend of the inexperience of bis new man servant.
"Ab?" murmured the film fan friend. "A clear case of how green is my valet."

In tbe year of grace 1700, Parliament enacted tbe following tasty bit of legislation: "That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree; whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from and after such act impose upon and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects, by means of scent, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanisb wool, iron stays, hoops or high-heeled shoes shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

Foreman: "I'm sorry you're leaving the works, young man. Aren't you getting enougb pay?"
Y. Man: "Tbe wages are all right. But I have a guilty feeling all tbe time."
Foreman: "What ahout?"
Y. Man: "I keep thinking I'm doing a poor horse out of a job."

A negro in an American regiment was running for the back areas as fast as he could go, when he was stopped hy a white officer. "Don't delay me, suh," said the Negro. "I'se gotta he on my way."
"Boy, replied the officer, "do you know who I am? I'm a general."
"Lordy!" exclaimed the Negro, taking a second look. "You sure is! I musta been travellin' some, 'cause I didn't think I'd got hack tbat far yit."

Assessor: "This goat will cost you another four dollars."
Taxpayer: "How come?"
Assessor: "The law says that all property ahutting on the street shall he taxed two dollars per front foot."

Defense Attorney—"But if a man is on bis hands and knees in the middle of the road, does that prove he is drunk?"
Arresting Officer — "No, sir, it does not."
Defense Attorney—"Then why arrest him?"
Arresting Officer—"He was trying to roll up the white line."

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May, 1943

HERO OF GUADALCANAL

聖瑪利亞

天主聖母救人在苦患之中

厄娃子孫號爾於涕泣之谷

為我等祈

Our Lady, Queen of May

Subscription: 50c per year | Circulation: 47,000

MAY | CHINA | 1943

VOL. XXIV | VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* | No. 5

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Signposts

Intercession of St. Jude:

Mrs. J. C. M. of Toronto has sent us an offering for our mission work in honour of St. Jude Thaddeus, asking the Saint to obtain for her a very special favour and promising publication.

Thanks for a Favour Received:

A friend in Pictou, Nova Scotia, has sent us a Lenten offering in honour of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Anthony, in thanksgiving for a favour received.

Acknowledgment:

We wish to acknowledge with sincerest gratitude the generous donation of fifty dollars sent us through Rev. Basil Kirby, by "a sincere friend of Father John McCarthy". May God bless the kind donor.

Attention, Friends of Father Joseph Venini:

The Seminary has received indirect but reliable information that Rev. Joseph Venini of our Society is at present in Ningpo, Chekiang, with the French Vincentian Fathers and that he is in excellent health and perfect safety.

We are sure this good news will be received with great satisfaction by Father Venini's loved ones and numerous friends.

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Father Chafe Much Improved:

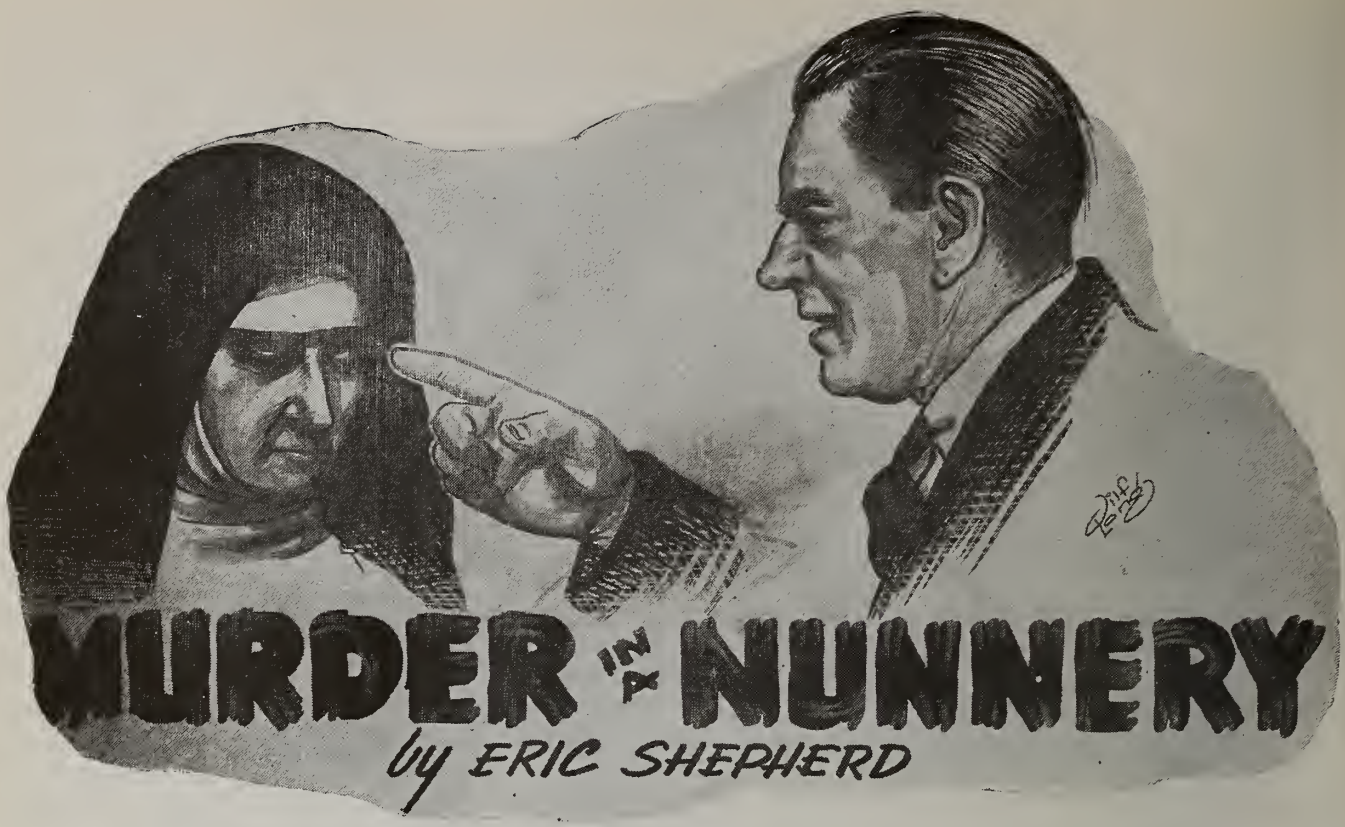
We are indeed happy to hear from Vancouver that Father Chafe has recovered from his recent, serious illness and is rapidly regaining his health.

Chinese Catholic Mission Opens New Auditorium:

On Sunday afternoon, April 4th, St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto opened its lovely, new auditorium. Rt. Rev. Monsignor McGrath, Vicar General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, presided at the ceremony, and spoke of the work being done by our Society among the Chinese in Canada. Also present on the platform were Rev. Edward Moriarty, pastor of the Mission, and the Chinese Consul.

We hope to give you a much fuller account of the opening in the June issue of CHINA.

Captain, the Rev. P. J. Burke, of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, stationed at Camp Borden, Ont.



THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School, is found murdered in St. Joseph's Chapel. The police and Scotland Yard are investigating. Miss Verity Goodchild, who found the body, decides to do some sleuthing on her own.

She finds part of a nun's veil in the garden, near the scene of the crime.

The whole school and community are called together and told of the murder.

Later, the Chief Inspector interviews Mrs. Moss, Miss Gozo and others.

Verity Goodchild and the other girls hand over the piece of veil to the police and are reprimanded for their escapade of the night before.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHIEF INSPECTOR SHOWS HIS (PROBABLY FALSE) TEETH

PROBABLY by that same magic which had wrought upon the doctors the night before, the advent of Sister Carmela, smiling, with the decanter, at once summoned up Detective-Sergeant Osbert, looking very sleek and pleased with himself. Osbert was a capable officer but not a man of delicate perception; auras and *nuances* were lost upon him: he strode the highly polished floor of Reverend Mother's parlour with a jaunty air of proprietorship, and he bestowed the broadest of broad winks on Sister Carmela. He had a breezy manner towards his superiors, which some said would obstruct his career.

"Well, Chief; how are stunts at your end? Any depositions, informations or confessions? . . ."

Osbert's manner was offensive to the Inspector, who answered crabbily.

"Must you speak at the top of your voice? And keep your confounded boots off that rug. . . ."

It is doubtful if the confident young detective even heard the rebuke; he had produced a mass of foolscap sheets covered with handwriting, which he shied down on Reverend Mother's table on top of the letter she had left there.

"Well, sir," he informed his superior, "the grass hasn't been growing under my feet, I can tell you. Combed the whole bally place with a bally comb, I have. Here's plans of St. What's-his-name's chapel with reference to all the main exits and entrances. Here's depositions, and more depositions. Not one of the ladies missing, sir. And here's the best we could make of the kids—did 'em at their lessons, taking a half dozen at a time. There's some salty little sprats among 'em, I can tell you!"

He guffawed to himself as he profusely wetted his thumb and turned over the sheets.

"I don't know how it appears to you, sir," he added, "but to my way of thinking there's something remarkably fishy about this Benediction they were all at. It isn't natural, like, if you ask me."

The Inspector answered coldly.

"I see nothing—ah—fishy in it. This is a religious house, and Benediction is one of the principal devotions of the day."

The Detective-Sergeant looked shrewd.

"All the same, Chief, it don't accord with my ideas of what's natural—all this going to church at odd times on a weekday. For everybody to be in church on a weekday looks to me uncommonly like hanky-panky. I've an idea we could shake some of 'em out of that alibi if we put it across 'em, sir."

"What did I say about your boots and that rug?" said the Inspector testily, and he removed the police-reports from Reverend Mother's table. But he pushed the decanter in Osbert's direction, and

rather grumpily told him the story of the bedroom party, the creeping figure and the piece of veil.

Osbert smacked his lips over the wine and over the recital.

"Why, Chief, that about clinches the matter. Find out who that veil belongs to, and, Benediction or no Benediction, there's your man—I mean, woman—that is, nun. You'll probably find that the old girl had some dibs—one of these nuns gets wind of it—bumps off the old girl and collars the dibs. What about that?"

"A trifle obvious," drawled the Inspector, directing a glance of intense dislike at his subordinate's boots.

They were interrupted by the reappearance of Reverend Mother. The Inspector immediately rose, but Osbert continued to lounge at his ease with one large boot on a dainty figured settee.

"Well, Mr. Chief Inspector, I have traced the veil. You were certainly right. It is part of one of Mother Trevor's veils!"

Reverend Mother almost laughed aloud.

Mother Trevor! Both policemen had experienced the gentle charm of this lady. But the Detective-Sergeant, after a gasp of disappointment, had recourse to his adequate supply of police stupidity.

"I don't see," he argued, "as its belonging to one lady or another makes any difference."

Reverend Mother's hazel eye rested momentarily on the boot which rested on her settee.

"Don't you, sir? Then I am sure no one can enlighten you."

She added, annihilating Osbert and addressing the Inspector:

"Mother Trevor is much distressed. She has tried her best but cannot remember how the veil could have got torn. If you can help her to clear the matter up, it will be a great relief to her."

She declined the Inspector's urgent offer to wait upon Mother Trevor wherever it might be convenient, and went off herself upon the errand.

The Detective-Sergeant took the opportunity of filling up his glass again.

"It's all very well, Chief," said he, "but if you're going to let holiness and what not count in a shop like this, you might as well chuck in the sponge and go home. These heavenly alibis don't fit in with my idea of a case. As I was putting it to you, about this here Benediction . . ."

He was still talking when Reverend Mother came back, ushering Mother Trevor.

"Please don't let us interrupt you, sir," said Reverend Mother. The two ladies sat down closely side by side on their upright chairs, and it was observed by the Chief Inspector that Mother Trevor's thin hands were working upon her lap. Her face was a little pinched, and she seemed to have a cold.

The Inspector's voice as he put his interrogatory was as gentle as a Father Confessor's. It annoyed the Detective-Sergeant, who thought all the signs favourable for a little brow-beating.

It was soon clear that Mother Trevor was utterly at sea. She clasped and unclasped her hands, sometimes glancing at Reverend Mother for reassurance.

"I am sadly careless—but somehow I cannot remember. . . . And how *could* I be out at such an hour? It is against our Rule. . . ."

The Detective-Sergeant, unable any longer to resist his instinct and training, rose to his feet and pointed a large, blunt forefinger at the shrinking Mother Trevor.

"All very well, Madam, all very well. But how do you account for this torn piece of your clothing? . . ."

Mother Trevor whispered her reply in a tone of despair.

"I am—afraid I—cannot, sir. . . ."

The Detective-Sergeant enjoyed all the dominant sensations which a lusty young snake must feel when it really does succeed in fascinating and bewildering a bird with its eye. He proceeded with thickened and coarsened voice, keeping the blunt finger in line with Mother Trevor's bowed head:

"You say you *cannot?* Are you sure, Madam, that you do not mean—you *will* not? Are you sure you do not mean—I have reasons for wishing *not to?* Come, come, Madam; this is no *nunnery* affair. This is a police investigation into *murder.*"

In another minute, the Detective-Sergeant told himself, they would be at the point of a 'statement under warning'; this woman was obviously on the run.

Detective-Sergeant Osbert

But then a rare phenomenon occurred: Chief Inspector Andrew William Pearson suddenly and violently lost his temper.

"Oh *shut* up, Osbert, you clumsy fool! This isn't a children's party. Reverend Mother will find some other time for you to try your comic policeman stunt on the younger children."

He went on without a pause, addressing Reverend Mother and Mother Trevor.

"I beg your pardon. I have not the slightest doubt that *someone else* was wearing Mother Trevor's veil when it got damaged."

His words seemed still further to confuse Mother Trevor, but Reverend Mother was on to their full import in a second.

"You mean—the veil was stolen? . . ."

"It would be possible, I suppose?" said the Inspector. "It must be possible, for I am sure it was done. The figure the children saw last night—the creeping figure—was wearing a stolen veil. . . ."

He added, after a pause:

"And the veil may be stolen again—or some other. I think myself it will be."

The Detective-Sergeant mopped his brow, and gaped. All the 'comic policeman' was gone out of

him; and he remembered with misgiving some professional gossip to the effect that, sheep as old Pearson looked, he could turn on short notice into a ravening beast of prey. The vision of a constable's uniform swam before his eyes.

Reverend Mother had risen, and raised Mother Trevor with her.

"Now, dear Mother," she said, "you see the *Inspector* perfectly understands."

She accompanied her words with a radiantly hazel glance at the Inspector, who appreciated it from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.

He mumbled his reply, as usual when wrought.

"I again apologize to Mother Trevor. I am so sorry she has been exposed to this strain."

He broke off, and added in the voice of a Regimental Sergeant-Major on parade:

"*Osbert, have you legs?*"

The discomfited Detective sprang to attention.

"I have been under that impression, sir."

"*Then use them to open the door for these ladies.*"

Mild and clerical-looking as the Inspector was, there was the ring of steel in his voice. Reverend Mother rejoiced to hear it.

The Detective-Sergeant obeyed but with poor grace; at no time much in the habit of opening doors for ladies, he thought it the extreme of humiliation when on a case. Only Mother Trevor acknowledged his clumsy salute. Reverend Mother's acknowledgment was directed back to the Inspector, who stood simmering in a window-way.

"Thank you, Mr. Chief Inspector. Please remember, I am always at your command. . . ."

The ladies passed out on their dignified way; and the Detective-Sergeant, after a glance backwards, made a bolt of it after them. He desired no more conversation with the minatory frown of the Chief Inspector.

CHAPTER XII

TURTLE SOUP

SITTING after an excellent luncheon in the Priests' Parlour the Inspector considered things.

On a careful balance of all the evidence the time of the murder narrowed down to about three minutes—between 5.20 when the children left the chapel, and 5.23 as near as possible when Verity returned to it. All was well with Madame Sliema at 5.20, and all was over with her by 5.25. In the Inspector's belief the murderer had seized an opportunity, entered St. Joseph's by the cloister door, done the deed, and, as the Lancashire expression has it, 'made himself scarce' with all possible speed so as to set up an alibi. The crime had the look of a thing resolved upon beforehand and executed as luck served.

Apart from the general dislike in which Madame Sliema was held, nobody seemed to have any special motive for killing her. The Inspector, in his own mind, set down the motive as certainly revenge. But revenge for what injury? Well, the terms of her Will might throw light on this point, and the Will was to be brought to the Convent that afternoon.

The girl Venetia interested the Inspector. There was certainly some as yet unknown factor there, but her rude manner under examination did not suggest guilt to the Inspector, it looked much more like complicity. It looked as if she were determined at all costs not to give something away. Well, of course she would have to give it away; whatever it was she wished to defend and protect (and that was how the Inspector described her manner to himself) time would pretty certainly show.

If Mrs. Moss had done it, then she must have got new life for the purpose, for there could be no doubt as to her feebleness and utter incapacity for decision and action. It was unlikely, to say the least of it, that after thirty years of submissive servitude she would suddenly develop resentment to the point of murder. However, in these days of psychology, nothing could be ruled out as absolutely impossible. Again there was some unknown factor; the old woman was certainly very uneasy about something. The vehemence with which she had disclaimed any knowledge or suspicion of a new Will had but served to convince the Inspector that here was a very sore spot indeed.

Beguiled by the lovely weather, the Inspector got up and strolled out into the beautiful grounds. A cricket match between pick-up sides was in progress on the field, and the Inspector stood absently watching it for some time. The game seemed to involve more hilarity than is usual with cricket. The players laughed at every stroke, and went off into fits when Torquilla, at the wicket, stepped out and swiped a boundary.

"*Oh, well played the Sleuths!*" ran the general acclamation; and, from this and other cries which came to his ears, the Inspector gathered that the match had taken the form of *Sleuths v. Nuns*, and that *Sleuths*, the popular side, was distinguishing itself.

His own appearance was greeted with loud applause, and he had to acknowledge the salute of many waved hands. The whole thing cheered him up, and he walked on wondering why he had never married and had a tribe of children.

As he strolled down towards the kitchen-garden and orchards he was mildly surprised to encounter a bandit. At any rate he encountered an elderly male person of gnarled and weather-beaten appearance who had closely studied the general get-up of banditry; he was wearing a slouch hat at a rakish angle, a khaki shirt wide open at the neck, a pair of ancient green corduroy pants, stout leather leggings and even stouter boots. A clay pipe was stuck in his mouth, and he was armed with a hoe.

Mildly surprised at the picturesque nature of all this, the Inspector was not otherwise surprised, for he guessed the bandit to be that very Mr. Turtle, the Convent's gardener, whom in fact he had come out to interview.

He was about to introduce himself when the bandit saved him the trouble.

"Excuge me freedom, sir; but be you the gent as is inquirin' into the compatibilities of the 'orrible crime perpetuated up at the 'ouse yonder?"

The Inspector smiled and bowed.

"I am Inspector Pearson," he said; and shook the immense hand which was thrust at him.

(*To be continued*)

CHINA

READ 'EM AND GRIN

Bride: "I made this pudding all by myself."
Groom: "Splendid. But who helped you lift it out of the oven?"

Man: "Is New York the next stop?"
Porter: "Yes, sah. Brush you off, sah?"
Man: "No, thanks. I'll get off myself."

Two men worked side by side in a War Production Board office in Washington. They never spoke, but each watched the other. One man quit work daily at 4 o'clock. The other toiled on 'till 6 or later.

Some months passed. Then the harder working of the two approached the other.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Do you mind telling me how you clean up your work every day at 4 o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it 'Refer to Officer Smith'. I figure that, in an outfit as large as this, there is sure to be an officer named Smith. And I must be right; none of those papers come back to me."

The harder worker started to remove his coat.

"Brother," he said, "prepare for action. I'm Officer Smith."

Visitor (in defence plant): "Look at that youngster, the one with the cropped hair, the cigarette and trousers on. It's hard to tell whether it's a boy or a girl."
War Worker: "She's a girl and she's my daughter."
Visitor: "My dear sir, do forgive me. I would never have been so outspoken if I had known you were her father."
War Worker: "I'm not her father, I'm her mother."

"Pardon me, may I cut in?" asked the young surgeon as the operation began.

Little Marvin found a button in his salad. He remarked: "I suppose it fell off while the salad was being dressed."

He: "Well, dearest, what did your father say when you told him I wanted to marry you?"
She: "He hesitated at first because he didn't want to lose me, but I told him that he would still have me, and that he would have you to boot."
He: "That sounds all right, except for the 'to boot' part."

Big Sister: "I'm continually breaking into song this morning."
Little Brother (rather sarcastically): "If you had the right key you wouldn't have to break in."

"I've been jeeped," said the pedestrian as the Army car hit him.

Jones: "I dreamed last night that I was being kicked by a horse."
Brown: "It must have been a nightmare."

He: "What's the difference between the son of a millionaire, an organ and a pot of glue?"
She: "I give up."
He: "Well, the first is an heir to millions and the second has millions of airs."
She: "But what about the pot of glue?"
He: "That's where you're stuck!"

Wife: "These eggs aren't fresh."
Grocer: "Why, lady, they came in from the country this morning."
Wife: "Yes, but what country?"

Prisoner: "But, Your Honour, she keeps irritating me all the time."
Judge: "How does she irritate you?"
Prisoner: "Why, she keeps saying: 'Hit me! Beat me! Just hit me one, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a judge, and see what he'll do with you'."
Judge: "Discharged."

Tourist: "White man very glad to meet red man. White man hopes big chief is feeling very good."
Indian: "Hey, fellows, come and listen to this guy. He's great!"

"Frequent water drinking," said the advising sergeant, "prevents becoming stiff in the joints."
"Yeah," replied the rookie, "but some joints don't serve water."

Corporal: "Where did you get that black eye?"
Private: "I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."

When Jones' little girl was born,
She set their hearts a-flutter;
They named her Oleomargarine,
For they haven't any but her.

Mistress to maid: "I don't know why you want to leave. Haven't we always treated you as one of the family?"
Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any longer."

Mother: "Isabel, where have you been until 3 a.m.?"
Isabel: "Walking, mother."
Mother: "For goodness sake!"
Isabel: "Yes, mother."

"I've decided what I'm going to do," said Edgar. "I'm going to find a nice little wife. I'll have a cosy home, well cooked meals, my slippers will be ready for me when I get home at night, my pipe will be handy, and peace and contentment will reign for the rest of my days. Don't you think it a great idea?"
"You never ought to marry, old chap," said his married friend.
"Why not?"
"Well, when a man has a beautiful dream like that he shouldn't run the risk of waking up."

Willie (meeting his schoolmate):
"Hullo, Pat! What are you crying for?"
Pat: "My mother sent me to the shop for an egg and on my way back I threw it up in the air and forgot to catch it."
Willie: "Never mind, Pat, you'll catch it when you get home."

As the secretary of the golf club was crossing the course he saw a player driving off about a foot in front of the tee-mark.
"Here," he exclaimed indignantly, "you can't do that! You're disqualified."
"Why?" demanded the player.
"You're driving off in front of the mark."
"Don't be an ass!" was the terse reply; "I'm playing my third shot."

Second (to boxer): "It's tough, old man, it looks like you're licked."
Boxer (gazing dizzily across to the opposite corner): "Yeah, I should'a got dat guy in da foist roun' when he was alone."

"I've a notion to give you a piece of my mind."
"Okay, but first you'd better let me call a certain scientist I know to help you."
"A scientist?"
"Yeah, a guy who knows how to split atoms."

"Pa, what does it mean here by diplomatic phraseology?"
"My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes, that's diplomacy, but if you tell her that her face would stop a clock you're in for it."

A certain small restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear a young salesman criticize a pie one day.
"Pie, young fellow? Why, I made pies before you were born."
"Okay. But why sell them now?"

My Unforgettable

YOU know how it is about unforgettable characters. They are encountered for the most part by celebrities, especially authors and famous explorers. And usually in the most outlandish of places. If you find one on Main Street, he is probably a faker. Exotic birds, found in jungles and distant climes, they rarely hover round the prosaic precincts of home, sweet home, unless it be now and then by the seashore, during vacation time. *There*, you *may* find your rugged and strong-minded philosopher type, who will be mending nets near an old fishing shack or smoking his pipe in the sun.

There are other types, of course. But don't waste any time on those who hew to every line of social convention. They're *out*. They can never be unforgettable because there's nothing about them to remember. They are utterly indistinguishable from the rest of the social herd. An overdose of convention is plumb poison to rugged individuality, since "Society is in conspiracy against the manhood of its members". And as you are in search of an unspoiled specimen, whose manhood has not succumbed, keep an eye out for the social non-conformist, for the man who entertains a healthy and undisguised contempt for the *trivia* of the social code. This above all—your man must dare to be himself. His ego must be neither cribbed, cabined nor confined by fear of what the Joneses may have to say. And, of course, he must have something on the ball.

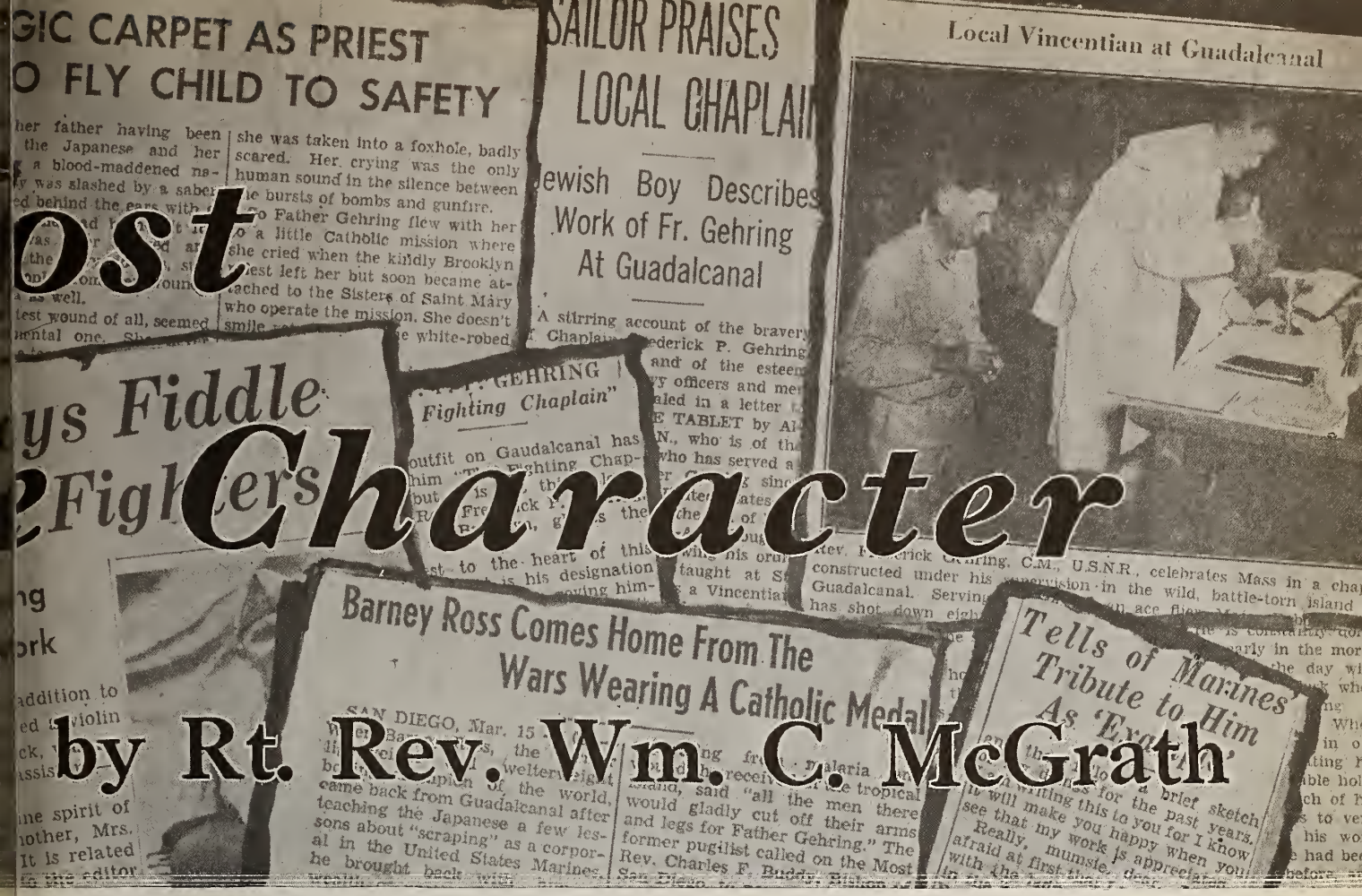
Well, I have found my character. And I want to tell the world. The *locale* of our meeting is right out of the books. It would satisfy even the most exacting of those character hunters who spurn all contenders from the drab and tawdry environs of home surroundings. For it was in Shanghai that our paths first crossed and to Shanghai we now take you, as we re-enact the story.

* * *

We're on our way to a party. That's unconventional enough for you, since you are with a missionary from China. We are stepping out of our rickshaws at the Rue Lafayette home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bell, very dear friends of many missionaries in China. They are celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and we are assured of a pleasant evening because there are no finer hosts East of Suez. That personable gentleman taking our hats and coats is the Number One Boy. As he ushers us in, we notice that there are upwards of fifty guests, Chinese and foreign, with even a sprinkling of missionaries, just down from the interior of China. We stand at the back of the crowd, as we seem to have arrived in the middle of a number. A young priest has taken his place beside a microphone and he's going to introduce somebody.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, in honour of this very special occasion, we have a most unusual treat for you. May I present Father Charlie Murphy and his Royal Canadians."

There is an enthusiastic round of applause. Father Charlie steps up to the Concert Grand and his Royal Canadians proceed to do a job of tonsorial harmony on "Oh, Canada". Meanwhile, the youthful *maestro* is alternately swinging a mean *baton* and accompanying them with his violin. He is to the



Lost Character

by Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

manner born. From the Kiangsi bush, he could step on to the concert platform and take over at Carnegie Hall. As the applause dies down, we make our way into the room. There are introductions all round.

"I want you to meet Father Gehring, a missionary friend of ours from Kanchow, Kiangsi Province."

Yes, I know what you are thinking. I can see it smeared all over your face. How long, you want to know, has *this* been going on? You have visualized missionaries in all sorts of settings: sampans, mud huts, sedan chairs and little chapels. But not exactly in surroundings such as this. But don't let it throw you, pal. This is the first home evening many of those boys have known in years. They've been through it, too. That young man over there, the one so worn and prematurely gray, is the sole survivor of his entire mission *personnel*. His Bishop and seven *confreres* were stabbed almost to death one evening and then thrown, still alive, into the fire. For that matter, we could all regale you with a horror story or two. But let's not go tragic this evening. It's always fair weather when good fellows get together and nobody has any illusions as to what the future may have in store. *The future*, did I say? That's an idea.

(Take a look at two of the principal performers to-night. See that young fellow at the piano, smiling, happy, carefree? That's Murphy of Hongkong. The scene changes and we see him driving a battered old rice truck through the Japanese line of fire. There is a throng of Chinese people, cheering, as he reaches camp. Hongkong hero! That's what they call him. Refused a trip back on the Gripsholm and stayed with the interned foreign community.

(And the maestro. Haven't you heard? Gehring of Guadalcanal. Stories and pictures in the U.S. papers from coast to coast. "Today was told the story of a brave young Brooklyn priest, who played a violin to tense marines amid the fury of a Japanese attack." Citation for gallantry. Navy and Marine Corps Medal. Hear the words of Admiral Halsey, Commander, South Pacific: "For distinguishing himself, Guadalcanal. . . . Numerous trips to the front. . . . Gave the maximum in energy, zeal, cool and courageous example under shellfire. . . . Was a rallying point for all hands. . . .)

Lights, action. Music, *maestro*. Play, Father Charlie, for time is marching on and *your* "Home on the Range" will soon be a fire-swept range of death. "Hark, I hear the foe advancing. . . . Men of Harlech, *on to glory*", prophetic the words you sing.

"And, in honour of Father Gehring, we close with 'The Star Spangled Banner'."

Yes, Freddie, boy. *Old Glory, battered, bullet-ridden, but still flying high from that jungle masthead on Guadalcanal. Your buddies huddled round it. You are close to them as they breathe their last, triumphant even in death.*

Listen, pal, you're looking at heroes to-night. Heroes as brave as they come. Those boys will be remembered when the lights go on again all over the world.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bell. . . . Had a wonderful time . . ."

Oh, my unforgettable character? As if you didn't know. Why, of

course. It's *Gehring of Guadalcanal.*

* * *

The scene is changed. We are on our way back home. Crowds are milling about the decks and public rooms of the liner President Taft, as she prepares to slip her moorings and slide full tide down the muddy old Whangpoo. "All passengers ashore." The big brass gong is sounding its warning farewell. Quietly, in the gathering night, the Shanghai panorama and the waving crowds recede into the troubled sunset that silhouettes the towering skyline of the Bund. Watchman, what of the night? And the dawn, coming up like thunder, out of China 'cross the Bay?

Well—we may as well take a turn along the deck and meet some of our fellow voyagers. I bet everybody is wondering what sort of people are on board and how the trip is going to turn out. Look . . . Those two men leaning over the rail.

"Well, Jack. What do you know? A happy trip, or seventeen days of polite boredom, from here to Frisco? Oh, Oh. . . . Don't look *now*, but there's a *sky pilot* coming our way. Two of them with us, I hear, and that should be enough to cramp anybody's style."

Brother, I'm laughing. *You* don't know it yet, but one of those sky pilots is my most unforgettable character. Take it from me, you'll be eating out of his hand before we've passed the Inland Sea. Are *you* ever going to be surprised?

* * *

S.S. President Taft.
Three days at sea.

"Well, Jack, is *my* face red? Never had such a trip. Already we're just one big happy family and it's largely due to the personality of one man. Don't know how he does it, but it's a pity Dale Carnegie isn't along, just to take a few lessons. 'Where's Father Gehring? Hey, have you seen Father Gehring?' That's what I've been hearing all day. Deck games, bridge tournaments, amateur nights that they've asked him to take over. He's certainly brought the folks out of themselves and discovered more home talent on board this ship than an impresario on Broadway. A regular guy, too. Did I say this trip was going to be messed up because we had two sky pilots on board? You know, Jack, he's set me *thinking.* One of these days, when he can tear himself away from his public, I want to have an honest-to-goodness talk with that man. Never knew such an unselfish extrovert. Interested in everybody. I haven't worked very hard at the business of late, but give me *his* kind of old time religion."

That was the trouble. There just wasn't enough of Father Gehring to go round. Some of the overflow were content to tell their troubles to the other sky pilot and I was amazed at the number of problems. Beneath all this make-believe of hardness and sophistication, there were troubled souls, suddenly aware of something in life bigger than amateur evenings and games of bridge. On the voyage to San Francisco, Father Freddie did as good a job of missionary work as he ever accomplished in war-torn Kiangsi. By the time we docked, all felt that they were saying good-bye to a lifelong friend.

* * *

For nearly two years, Father Gehring and I toured the U.S. together, barnstorming, lecturing on the least provocation, trying to raise funds for our men on the firing line. He seemed to know so many people. In San Francisco, Washington, New York, Boston, Detroit—all over—it was the same story. Friends he had met on the President Coolidge on their first trip to China. Friendships kept up throughout the years. Never did I know a man with his capacity for making and keeping friends. In several cities we stayed at the hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity. *There*, he was in his element, always discovering some-

WOUNDED, ORPHANED BY JAPS, PATSY LEE'S SAFE

Found by natives in a ditch on Guadalcanal where Japs had left her to die, this five-year-old child was turned over to the U.S. Marines, and then Navy Chaplain F. P. Gehring (left), of Brooklyn, N.Y., took the child to Pere Jean (right), head of a French mission on a South Pacific island. The Japs killed the father and mother of the child whom Father Gehring named "Patsy Lee," slashed her arms with a bayonet—and clubbed her on the head with a rifle butt.

body for whom he could make life worth living.

"Look, there's a very dear old lady in 317 . . . that young man in the room down the hall . . . that little crippled boy in the ward. Let's go see them", and we would. "I bought a little something to cheer him up." Good old Freddie. Always giving lifts. Always going about doing good. So like Somebody who lived two thousand years ago.

Came Pearl Harbor. And with it vanished his chances of getting back to his beloved China. By that time I was in Canada and a letter from him informed me that he wanted to get into this little fight; that maybe, if he joined up as a naval chaplain, he might even be sent to the Orient. The rest of his story speaks for itself in the floods of newspaper stories about him and from his letters to his mother in Brooklyn.

"Dearest Mother:

"Just wish you could see this beautiful tent-church which the boys have built for me. . . . One of the lads brought me some magnificently plumed parrots, red and green. So tame they will sit on my shoulder. . . . Had the biggest crowd ever to-day at Mass. A General of the Marines comes each Sunday and he is an inspiration to the men. . . . I have a number of converts already and this week am starting more classes. Life can be serene and beautiful like this at times (God gave peace and the parrots to these beautiful islands now rent asunder by war). At other times, well, it is a little different.

"The missionaries are being evacuated, as some have already been killed. One of them stayed with me last Sunday and I had him preach. Then took up a collection for his poor missions. Do you know that my boys gave him the fine sum of $367.00? That meant so much to the poor man. He was almost in tears with gratitude. Now there are no more missionaries on this island and I have been given charge of the natives. Wait until you see my picture with the native Christians. Just like missionary work in China all over again."

The Magic Violin

We quote from the *Brooklyn Eagle*. As you hark back to Shanghai and Mrs. Bell's little party you can the more easily visualize the scene.

THE "ROYAL CANADIANS" IN SHANGHAI

By a curious coincidence, three heroes of the war in the Orient stand together in this souvenir picture, while Father Cuthbert, C.M., tells about the one that got away. Back row, left to right, Rev. Charles Murphy (See China, *Dec. 1942, Hongkong Hero), Rev. Harold Murphy (*China, *Mar. 1943, Aftermath of War) and Rev. Frederic Gehring, C.M. (Guadalcanal).*

Rev. J. King, Rev. W. Matte, Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath and Rev. G. Doyle form the remainder of the audience.

"The story of a brave Brooklyn priest who, in addition to conducting Masses in war-torn Guadalcanal, played a violin to tense Marines amid the fury of a Japanese attack, was related to-day by one who has been serving as his assistant—a Jew. It is told by Alfred Landes, U.S.N., in a letter addressed to the *Tablet* and which will be published in that paper tomorrow. In his letter young Landes says: 'When we arrived here Father Gehring set up a library, formed a Happy Hour, leading our orchestra with his fiddle. He is quite a player at that. Father held Mass every morning, conducted additional general services for men of all denominations on Sundays. He heard confessions, gave ear to all their troubles and helped them to forget their homesickness. His years spent far from home as a missionary priest in China help him to understand how we felt on leaving those dear to us.

'I have seen marines limping in from the front to fall on their knees in his tent while Father gave them his blessing. I've seen commanders and officers of every rank going to him for confession. Time after time I have seen a Catholic major or colonel call for Father to take him to the front line of battle, where he would hear confessions and give Holy Communion.

'It was indeed an inspiring sight each evening to see Father Gehring, after a hard day's work, bring out his violin and entertain the boys until the smoking lamp went out. His own playing and encouragement caused the more talented of the boys to get up and entertain their buddies. Is it any wonder that all the officers and men were captivated by his personality?

'When bombs and shells dropped in our area almost daily, perforating his chapel tent with innumerable holes, ruining much of his belongings, all he did was venture forth and continue his work in the same spirit as if he had been through such bombing before, and from what he told us, he had weathered the war in China. From this wonderful courage the men found the faith and strength to carry on.

'I, a Jew, am but one of the many men of all religions, races and creeds who have found in Father Gehring a man fully capable of taking care of our spiritual needs. We, every one of us, shall in some small measure, forever reflect the courage and faith he has always shown. And his beloved mother, of whom he speaks frequently, must indeed be proud of him. God knows we are'."

Rescue of Missionaries

His letter to his mother, written after Christmas, gives further details of the rescue of missionaries and the removal of relics of those who had been slain. It is in itself an unforgettable story.

"It was my privilege to help in the evacuation of some thirty or more missionaries scattered throughout the Solomon Islands. It was an experience not soon to be forgotten. The captain placed a small Australian inter-island schooner at my disposal. We would go to the various islands with a handful of faithful natives. Japanese were landing everywhere and the missionaries' lives were endangered. As you already know, four of the missionaries had been killed, two priests and two Sisters. Another Sister managed to escape and hid up in the mountains until we were able to send marines to her rescue. We went down later and brought her safely to our lines and evacuated her by plane. Two weeks ago some natives came to my chapel with a basket containing the bones of the two Marist missionaries who had been murdered by the Japanese. One such relic was the arm and hand of Father Henri Oude-Engberink. The flesh was still on the arm and the hand, in *rigor mortis*, was stiffened as if giving a final blessing to his *confrere*. The other bones belong to Father Du Hamil. The natives had given the Sisters proper burial. The priests had been bayonetted in the throat and the Sisters in the side. I have had the remains of the Fathers encased and have received permission to bury them directly behind my altar with a beautiful concrete monument made by our men."

Patsy Lee

The story of Patsy has appeared, with the picture as reproduced here, in papers all over America. "The greatest wound of all," Father Gehring writes of the child who was left in a ditch to die, "seemed to be a mental one. She never smiled. The terror of what she had seen seemed to stay with her. When raids came she was taken to a foxhole, badly scared. Her crying was the only human sound in the silence between bursts of gunfire." Father Freddie flew with her to a little Catholic Mission where she is now being taken care of by the Sisters. "She doesn't smile yet, although the Sisters have given her toys."

Tribute from Barney Ross

(As told in a despatch from San Diego)

When Barney Ross, the former lightweight and welterweight champion of the world came back from Guadalcanal after teaching the Japanese a few lessons about "scrapping" as a corporal in the United States Marines, he brought back with him a wealth of unstinted praise for a Catholic Navy Chaplain, and wore about his neck a Catholic medal. "Father blessed it for me and I wear it on the same chain as my own Jewish medal. I believe in it, too. I was pretty well shocked, moody and blue when Father Gehring gave it to me and I give him all the credit for my recovery. . . . All the men out there would gladly cut off their arms and legs for Father Gehring."

Citation for Bravery

There remains to be told only the final chapter of this story of the most unforgettable character I have ever met. It comes in the form of a citation, from the Headquarters of the Commander of the United States Pacific Fleet.

"In the name of the President of the United States, the Commander, South Pacific Area and South Pacific Force, takes pleasure in presenting the NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL to:

FREDERICK P. GEHRING
CHC, USNR

"For service set forth in the following *CITATION*.

"For distinguishing himself during the early months of the occupation of Guadalcanal. He, by his courage, cheerfulness and willingness, passed through the enemy lines and took a leading part in the evacuation of missionaries on the island.

"Outside the scope of his routine duties, made numerous voluntary trips to the front lines and was a remarkable source of encouragement which greatly lifted the morale of front line units. In the execution of his office at the Advanced Naval Base, Guadalcanal, he gave the maximum in energy and zeal and, by his cool and encouraging and courageous example under enemy bombings, strafings and shelling, was a rallying point for all hands. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the highest degree and traditions of the naval service.

"*Signed:* W. F. HALSEY,
"Admiral, U.S. Navy.

"Temporary Citation."

The latest word of Father Freddie is in a letter from a mutual friend in Forest Hills, N.Y. "His health is not so good now. Barney Ross spoke of him over the radio from New York the other day. He has had malaria six times so methinks he will never be so well. I have had some beautiful letters from him but, between the lines, you can read a sort of sadness and he tells me not to be surprised if we find him a bit changed when he gets back."

A bit changed! Yes, it could hardly be otherwise. Look death in the face for nine months and see your buddies die in the swamps and foxholes of Guadalcanal and "a sort of sadness" will be with you down the years.

"CHINA"
St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find $.....as a subscription to "China" for..... years.

Name .....

New Address .....

.....

Name .....

Old Address .....

.....

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one.)

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XV—No. 5 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. May, 1943

Letters from the Following Young Missionaries

Mt. Carmel School, Dahwood, Ont., per Teresa Sullivan ($2.00).

Grades I and II, St. John's School, Weston, Ont., per Tom Healey ($5.00).

St. John's School, Weston, Ont., per Evelyn Cribbett, Secretary ($5.00).

Girls of Grade Six, St. Mary's School, Toronto, Ont. ($5.00).

Grade Seven, Sacred Heart School, Windsor, Ont. ($5.00).

Pupils of Merici High School, Wallaceburg, Ont. ($2.00).

Senior Crusade Unit, Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S., per Margaret Pettier, Secretary ($5.00).

Form IV-B, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ont. ($7.25), per Carmilla Lesperance, Secretary.

Pupils of Sacred Heart School, Marmora, Ont., per Miss Florence Auger ($10.00).

Pupils of St. Joseph's School, St. Catharines, Ont., per Anne Clopardi, Secretary ($15.00).

Grade Four, St. Peter's Girls' School, St. John, N.B., per Nora Kennedy ($2.00).

"Little Friends of Fifth A", St. Patrick's Academy, Montreal, Magda Jevcak.

Angela Hoskins, Carbonear, Nfld. ($1.00).

Pupils of Room Seven, Holy Family School, Timmins, Ont. ($10.00).

"Our Grateful Little Missionaries" of Fifth A, St. Patrick's, Montreal, Que.

Vera, Mary and Leo, Carbonear, Nfld.

Pupils of Grades Three and Four, Immaculate Conception School, Stratford, Ont., per Bobby Twambey (Ransom, $5.00).

Pupils of Grade Six, St. James' School, Toronto, Ont. ($7.75).

Grade Six, Boys' School, St. Thomas Aquinas School, Toronto, Ont. ($6.00).

The Little Flower Missionary Club, Grade 1X, St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, N.B., Dorina Landry, Secretary.

Brother Luke for Grade VI, St. Mary's School, Toronto, Ont.

Betty Campbell, 86 Cavell Avenue, Mimico, Ont.

Faustina McMullen, Paschendale, C.B., Nova Scotia (stamps).

James and Kenneth Kanmacher, Preston, Ont. (Ransom, $5.00).

Margaret Boisclair, Lac Guindon, P.Q.

Imelda Kane, Morell, P.E.I. (stamps).

Rosena Buote, Secretary of C.C.S.M.C., Stella Maris School, North Rustico, P.E.I. ($10.00).

Sister Superior, Convent Cheticamp, N.S. ($5.00).

Mother Superior, Inst. N.D. des Missions, Fort Frances, Ont. ($1.00).

Joyce Servais, President of Literary Society, St. Joseph's College, North Bay, Ont. ($11.00).

(*Continued on page* 15)

RIGHT: *Grades V and VI, St. George's School, Ottawa, Ontario.* LOWER LEFT: *Elsie Bottos, St. Martin's School, Fort William, Ontario.* UPPER LEFT: *Veronica Busick, St. Martin's School, Fort William, Ontario.* CENTRE LEFT: *The Junior Executive of C.C.S.M.C., St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, New Brunswick.*

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE

By REV. LUIS VEGA, S.J.

The Story of Our Lady of Guadalupe is the history of the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother to a Mexican peasant. So far we have witnessed the first two appearances of Our Lady and the two visits of Juan Diego to the Bishop. Juan has not yet succeeded in convincing the Bishop of the truth of his astounding story. In this month's instalment we relate the third apparition of Mary the Mother of God to Juan Diego, the Mexican peasant.

THE THIRD APPARITION

As soon as Juan Diego had reached the hill-top he found there Holy Mary, for the second time awaiting his answer to her message. The Indian, bowing before her, told her how he had in response to her request gone to the Bishop's residence and delivered her words. And having related how his Lordship had examined and cross-examined him, he explained that the statement was not deemed of sufficient weight to determine a matter of such importance. "The Bishop insisted," said Juan Diego, "that I should beg of you, my Lady, some sign by which he might know it was you who had sent me, and your wish that a temple should be built on this spot." The most Holy Virgin thanked him affectionately for his care and diligence, and directed him to return to the same place on the following day, as she would, there and then, give him an unmistakable sign, on account of which the Bishop would put faith in him. The Indian promised obedience, and reverently withdrew.

The following day, Monday, the 11th of December, passed without Juan Diego being able to return and fulfil the command; for, entering his village, he found his uncle, Juan Bernardino, whom he loved very tenderly and regarded as a father, attacked by a dangerous illness and a malignant fever, which the natives call *cocoliztli*. Feeling great compassion for his relative, he spent the greater part of the day in fetching a native medical man, hoping to obtain some remedy. But the sufferer grew worse in spite of the doctor and his medicine, and that night, feeling very weak, he begged his nephew to rise as early as possible in the morning, and before daybreak to set out for the monastery of St. Diego, at Tlaltelolco, and bring one of the Religious to give him the holy sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction.

The next day, Tuesday, the 12th of December, Juan Diego rose before dawn and went in all haste to call one of the priests, and to return as guide in his company. But when it had begun to grow light and he had reached the spot from which he had to climb the hill on its eastern side, he remembered that he had not returned on the day before in obedience to the Virgin Mary's command, as he had promised to do. It now seemed to him that if he went to the place where he had seen her, she would reproach him for not returning as she had directed him. Then in his simplicity he supposed that if he took a lower path running along the foot of the hill, she would neither see nor detain him. And as the business on which he was bent was urgent, and he could, having accomplished his task, return to ask for the sign, he decided to adopt that course. When he had passed the spot where there is a small spring of aluminous water, and he was already rounding the foot of the hill, the Holy Virgin came to meet him.

(To be continued next month)

My dear Young Missionaries:

As we approach again the "beautiful month of May" our thoughts turn to Mary, Mother of God and our own sweet Mother. Throughout the world during this month voices will be raised to heaven praising God for having "regarded the humility of His handmaid" as these same voices bear out her prophecy that "henceforth all generations shall call me blessed".

We are Missionaries of Christ the King; His soldiers who are ready to wage a battle all over the world to snatch from the Power of Evil the souls for Whom our King died on the Cross. Let us not forget Mary, the King's Mother, as we wage this unrelenting war. She has ever been the most zealous of creatures for the cause of God when, throughout history, foes threatened the Kingdom of God upon earth. She, "Our tainted nature's solitary boast", is best fitted to storm the Throne of God with prayer. Our battle is a spiritual contest; a battle waged not with shot and shell but with the much more powerful weapon of prayer; if we join our prayers to those of Mary we know God will hear us and crush the head of the Serpent "who roams through the world seeking the ruin of souls".

During this beautiful month of May take the Rosary as your special devotion to Mary and ask her to accept each *Pater Ave* and *Gloria* to God's Heavenly Throne, there to plead the cause of Christ's Ambassadors in far-off China. They are in the midst of this terribly cruel war waging their fight for souls. They stand side by side with fighting men from many nations; their cause is without stain, they are warriors of Christ and they seek only the reign of Christ the King.

FATHER JIM.

New Members

PUPILS OF ST. CECILIA'S CONVENT, TORONTO, ONT.

Barbara Barass, Marie Crothall, Bernice Innes, Rosemary Kennedy, Patsy Loghrin, Adeline Lavery, Shirley McGonigle, Theresa Smith, Margaret Smith.

HOLY FAMILY SCHOOL, TIMMINS, ONT.

Anita Adams, Gladys Bazinet, Lauraine Beaulieu, Anita Bernier, Marie Bussier, Eileen Demers, Gloria Desormeau, Lola Fox, Gisele Floreault, Ramonde Floreault, Carmelle Giroux, Doreen Guindon, June Higson, Florence Hogan, Mary Hogan, Jean Jolicoeur, Gloria Lafrenier, Isobel Landers, Annette Leclair, Diane Lloyd, Margaret McLain, Mary Mate, Margaret McKay, Margaret Monk, Kathleen Murry, Teresa O'Dacre, June O'Neil, Elain Oravkin, Marion McDonald, Margaret O'Sullivan, Leonie Perenteau, Yolande Philion, Helena Pepin, Margaret Ruddy, Helen Ryan, Mary Sullivan, Francis Tallon, Madeline Tokar, Joyce Tanney, Jacqueline Ward, Anne Wolfe, Edna Blais, Leonie Blais.

ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY, CHATHAM, N.B.

GRADE SEVEN PUPILS

Mary Beek, Shirley Barry, Christine Carvell, Florence Doucette, Mary Delaney, Helen Hildebrand, Carmel Fraser, Margaret Guyader, Carmel Harriman, Theresa Hannah, Bernetta Jenkins, Betty Keoughan, Eleanor Keoughan, Josie Kane, Lillian Keating, Sadie Kirby, Betty Mills, Gertrude McDougall, Margaret MacDonald, Mary McEachern, Joyce Melanson, Patricia Neal, Elaine O'Donnell, Gertrude O'Reilly, Beryl Preston, Marie Phee, Lillian Richard, Marie Richard, Marie Regan, Theresa Ronan, Kathleen Skidd, Mary Sullivan, Mary Carmel Sproule, Carmel Thompson, Kathleen White, Mary Wrigley, Nina Whalen, Theresa Whalen.

Mary O'Hearn, Pauline Desmond, Betty Dolan, Lorna Doone, Agnes Driscoll, Dorothy Eaton, Carmel Guimond, Anna Hildebrand, Mary Keoughan, Elsie King, Dolores McEachren, Bertha Moran, Eunice Preston, Margaret Vickers, Carolyn Hyatt.

CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE, PEMBROKE, ONT.

GRADE IX GIRLS

Shirley Cotnam, Jane Mulvihill, Beula Daley, Lillian Mulligan, Marie Fortin, Frances O'Brien, Teresa Gagnon, Mary Plante, Jean Gorge, Rose Raymond, Rhoda Lance, Doris Ryan, Doreen Lesnick, Frances Sarsfield, Kathleen Lyons, Sheila Skelly, Elaine Maloney, Dorothy Toner, Catherine McGuire, Grace Wickware, Jeanine McLaughlin, Bernice Yantha.

Father Jim's Mail Bag

Our Lady of Mercy School, Sarnia, Ont., sends a donation of $6.35. . . . From the Separate School, Point Court, Ont., an offering: $6.81. . . . St. Joseph's Separate School, Chatham, Ont., "The Pines", Chatham, and St. Joseph's Separate School, Stratford, Ont., all join in the drive for assistance. They have sent in the following sums, respectively: $13.30, $5.00, $5.00. . . . A letter from Frank Hallarn on behalf of the Pupils of St. James' School, Toronto, concludes with these lines: "We hope you have a safe, pleasant trip to Haiti. With best wishes and prayers for the success of the new Mission in the West Indies." Enclosed was a donation of $5.00. . . . From St. Anthony's, Toronto: "Enclosed please find thirty-six dollars from the C.C.S.M.C. Unit. . . . This donation is the result of our Mite Box drive made on your behalf." . . . From our "Little Nearby Friends" at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, Ont., the following: "We have been successful in saving five dollars and it is our wish that you use this small offering to help the Missions in China. We pray often that your efforts in saving souls will be very successful and fruitful."—Mary Sheridan, Secretary. . . . Two letters from St. Joseph's Convent. Halifax, N.S. . . . "The Principal of our school has asked me to tell you that she and the other teachers will be pleased to help in your great work. . . . One hundred Mite Boxes may be enough. I am anxious to spread CHINA among as many children as possible. . . . For the month of April send seventy-five copies. I enclose a Money Order for $10.00." . . . And from Grade Five at St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, N.B.: "Your little Missionaries are at work already. We had a programme to raise money for the Missions and we are sending you three dollars. . . . Would it be possible to send thirty-three more Mite Boxes?" . . . St. Peter's School, Trenton, Ont.: "Please find inclosed a Postal Note for ten dollars for our dear Missionaries in China. . . . The pupils had been dropping in the pennies to ransom a baby, but now they choose to send this to help the Priests and Sisters in war-torn China." . . . "We started our Mite Box drive for your Missions and are very glad to be able to send you our contribution towards the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. The children were zealous little workers and showed a generous spirit in the good work. . . . We hope and pray that God will bless your great work for the salvation of souls." That letter was from St. Patrick's Girls' School, Halifax, and contained the sum of $56.00. . . . Miss Helen MacDougall, Secretary of the Girls' Club in Christmas Island Parish, writes: "Enclosed find a Money Order for ten dollars. It is a contribution which, if possible, is to be used to send food or other comforts to the priests in China, especially those in war-torn districts." . . . Again, from St. Patrick's Girls' School, Halifax—from Grade Three Classes: "The children are zealous little Missionaries and we are eager to 'supply Spiritual and Material Aid to the Foreign Legion of Christ in China'. I am enclosing a Money Order for $23.00." . . . Again, St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, N.B.: "We, the pupils of Grade Seven, are anxious to become members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. WE HAVE HAD A DEVOTION TO THE LITTLE FLOWER FOR A LONG TIME, AND ARE VERY GLAD TO BE DRAWN NEARER TO HER BY YOUR CLUB. This small donation ($5.00) . . . is to help you in your splendid Mission Work and to ransom Patrick Joseph." . . . The Girls of St. Mary's High School, Kitchener, Ont., are in the ranks of St. Therese's Young Missionaries: "Since Monsignor McGrath visited us last year we have become greatly interested in the Chinese Missions. We now sing the official Crusade Hymn, collect stamps, say daily class prayers for the priests, as well as offering private spiritual gifts for them and, when possible intend to make small contributions, such as this ten dollars. We hope that it will help you a wee bit in your splendid work." *Per* Jacqueline Cardy. . . . From our 'Old, Faithful Friends' at St. Boniface School, Maryhill, Ont.: "We were more than delighted to see our letter in the CHINA magazine. There certainly was a scramble when one of the pupils said, 'Oh, here's our letter'. . . . We are enclosing fifteen dollars. — Madeline Brohman, Secretary." . . . St. Clare's Praesidium of the Legion of Mary, Toronto, writes: "Enclosed find the sum of ten dollars as a little token of our appreciation.—Rev. M. R. Lynett." . . . Kathleen Lyons, Secretary of her class at Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont., writes: "As Secretary, I have been asked to write to you on behalf of the girls. We are enclosing five dollars, which is part of the proceeds of a play staged by our class last month. We all enjoy the CHINA and find it very interesting, especially the thrilling story of *Murder in a Nunnery*, but of course we are also interested in the Mission news." . . . "Enclosed you will find a Money Order for eighty-six dollars . . . partly contributed by classes in Oxford Street as follows: 5 Boys, $10.00; 7 Boys, $7.75; 2 Girls, $7.00; 6 Boys, $5.00; 3 Girls, $4.00; 6 Girls, $3.25; 3 Mixed, $3.00. . . . I am allowing an extra dollar to defray postage on the 200 Mite Boxes which I would like you to send for distribution in our various classes. . . . Asking God to bless you and your brave Missionaries in China. —Sister Rita Ursula." That, my friends, comes from Oxford Street School, Halifax, N.S. . . . And now a paragraph from an interesting letter sent by Gordena Murphy, Secretary, C.C.S.M.C., at Kinkora, Ont.: "At our last Crusade meeting we decided that we would make the Way of the Cross for the success of your Mission (in San Domingo) during the first half of Lent, and for the rest of the Missions in general during the last half. I will be waiting to hear more about your new Mission either by letter or through the CHINA." . . . "The children of St. Patrick's School (Girls), Grades One and Eight A —the lowest and the highest—found they could co-operate in: A Mission Sale. . . . They are happy to be able to make their small (!) contribution of $15.00 to your Missionary Fund." That final quotation is from those big and little, zealous Young Missionaries at St. Patrick's School, Halifax, N.S.

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY AND FATHER JIM SAY: SINCERE THANKS AND MAY GOD BLESS YOU ONE AND ALL.

THANK YOU!! THANK YOU!! THANK YOU!!

Letters from the Following:

(*Continued from page* 13)

High School Students of Form III-C, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ont. (Ransom, $5.00).

Sisters of St. Joseph, Separate School, Langton, Ont. ($2.00).

Sister M. Estelle, St. Ann's School, Toronto, Ont. ($10.00).

Pupils of Grades Seven and Eight, Our Lady of Mercy School, Coniston, Ont.

Pupils of St. Cecilia's School, Toronto, Ont. ($2.60).

Charlie James, Grade VI, St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, N.S. ($5.04).

Miss Mary Kenifick, R. R. No. 2, Priceville, Ont.

Little Missionaries of St. Mary's Academy, Newcastle, N.B.

Mrs. Joseph Cannon (for Frances Catherine), 471 Strathmore Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

Pupils of St. Aloysius' School, Sudbury, Ont. ($10.50).

ALSO NEW MEMBERS

Margaret Boisclair, Lac Guindon, P.Q.; David Dodd, 34 Willingdon Blvd., Toronto, Ont.; Murray O'Neill, R.R. 2, Priceville, Ont.; Pat O'Neill, R.R. 2, Priceville, Ont.; Carl O'Neill, R.R. 2, Priceville, Ont.; Anna Marie McCormick, R.R. 2, Priceville, Ont.; Donald McCormick, R.R. 2, Priceville, Ont.; John S. Black, R.R. 1, Markdale, Ont.

Aftermath of War

Missions in ruins, our missionaries homeless, havoc and desolation throughout a one-time peaceful countryside, where countless thousands mourn.

We must face the Challenge

And prepare—NOW—for better days to come.

It is urgent that we lay our plans now for the great work of reconstruction at the end of the war. It will be for the Church an era unparalleled in China's history. The missionaries, at the risk of their lives, are standing by China in her dark night of suffering and despair. The little mission stations that dot the land are a veritable oasis in this desert of chaos and destruction, one place to which a stricken people may turn with the assurance of sympathy and assistance in their hour of need.

China will not forget

The priests and Sisters have won their way into the hearts of a grateful Chinese people.

LISHUI RECONSTRUCTION FUND

We appeal urgently to readers of "CHINA" for assistance in establishing a fund for reconstruction.

Help the war effort and help the missions by sending us some of your War Bonds or a cash donation. The missionaries, who have given their all, look to you for help.

★

To The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Enclosed is my offering of $..... towards the rebuilding of our Lishui and Kinhwa missions, and my tribute to the gallant people of China.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Help Us Win China to the True Faith

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.
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Signposts

We Gratefully Acknowledge:

The sum of $11.20, a Lenten offering from Miss Susie Perry and her friends and fellow-workers at Summerside, P.E.I. May God bless them all for their kind thoughtfulness.

We wish to express our thanks also to our Western friends—J. and C. S., for their generous Easter donation.

Your Prayers are Requested for our Deceased Friends:

Mr. Thomas B. Lithgow, father of one of our seminarians, Thomas Lithgow.

Mr. Paul Laporte, brother of Rev. Paul Marie Leporte, O.P.

Rev. Father M. Staley, the late pastor of Thorold and devoted friend of our Society.

Sister M. Domitilla Lahiff of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto.

Mr. Murdock McSween, brother of Rev. Michael McSween of our Society.

The Maryknoll Fathers ask your prayers for the repose of the soul of Very Rev. James M. Drought, M.M., Vicar-General of Maryknoll, who died suddenly on May 1, 1943.

As a Maryknoller for twenty-three years, Father Drought laboured in the first years of his priestly life in the Far East, and from 1929 until his death his devotion to the cause of Maryknoll in the Central Administration grew ever more keen and zealous in the realization of the Maryknoll ideal.

May God give him the rest that he scarcely took for one hour while there was work to be done for Maryknoll.

Please remember all these, our friends, in your prayers. May their souls rest in peace.

A Message from the Vatican:

Through the kindness of the Apostolic Delegate we have received word from the Vatican assuring us of the safety and good health of all our missioners in China. The missioners through the Vatican sent best wishes to all their families and friends and are anxious for news from home.

The Society wishes to express to His Holiness Pope Pius XII and to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate sincere gratitude for their kindness and paternal solicitude.

Congratulations:

To Rev. Neil McCormick of the Diocese of Alexandria on the occasion of the silver jubilee of his priesthood.

Ontario Bishops' Anniversaries:

Thursday, May 6th, His Excellency Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of London, observed the 18th anniversary of his Episcopal Consecration, having been consecrated Bishop of Calgary May 6, 1925.

On Wednesday, May 12th, His Excellency Most Rev. R. Brodeur, D.D., Bishop of Alexandria, observed the second anniversary of his Consecration.

Saturday, May 15, was the 13th anniversary of the Consecration of

(*Continued on page* 5)

The Land Columbus Loved

BY-RIGHT REV. J. E. McRAE, SUPERIOR GENERAL.

"IT is a mystifying thing that to the American tourist, so well acquainted with even the less frequented countries of Europe, to whom the Far East and the remoter corners of the world are often familiar haunts, the oldest city of the New World and the outpost of European civilization on the American continent should be completely unknown.

"It is particularly astonishing, when one stops to think that the Dominican Republic lies but a few hundred miles off the southeastern coast of the United States. Few Americans, in fact, seem to be aware that there lies almost at their door the city founded by Columbus himself; the city where the great discoverer lies buried; where there still stand the walls of the palace built for his son, Diego, who was governor of the colony of Santo Domingo; where there exists, in perfect preservation, the oldest cathedral of the American hemisphere, a singularly beautiful example of sixteenth century Spanish architecture; a city which retains all the charm and fascination of the great days of Spain's golden age."

Thus did Mr. Sumner Welles, Assistant Secretary of State of the United States of America, speak of his own visit to Santo Domingo.

I, myself, have just returned from a trip to the Dominican Republic—a trip so fascinating and so enjoyable that it will not soon be forgotten.

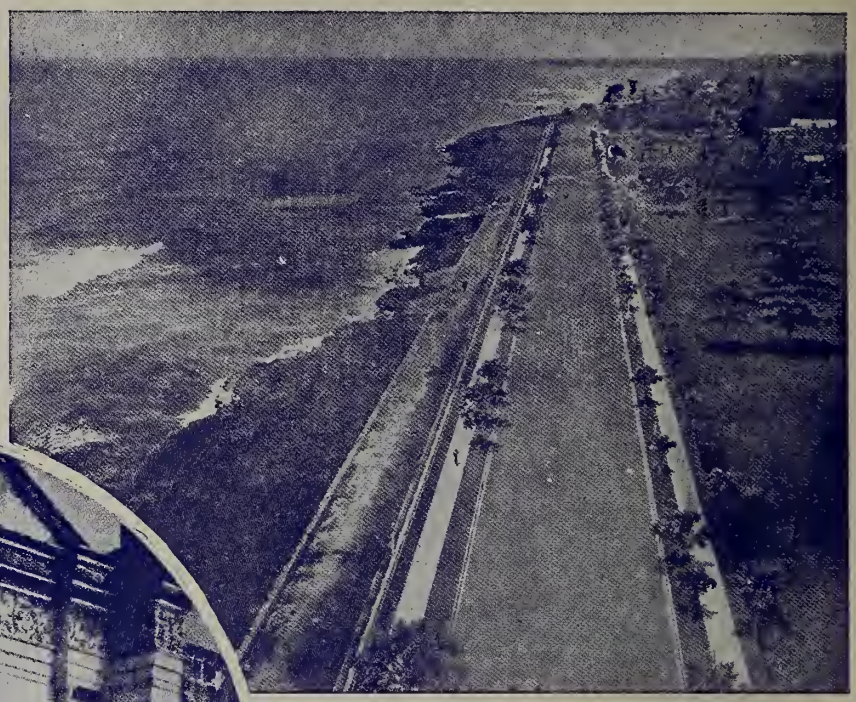
As Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, I accompanied Rev. Desmond Stringer and Rev. Robert Hymus, two of our younger priests, to their future field of labour, the Archdiocese of Santo Domingo.

From Toronto, we proceeded by train to New York and thence south to Miami, Florida. On the twenty-eighth of March we boarded a plane of the Pan-American Airways at Miami and flew to the island of Santo Domingo, landing at the Trujillo airport. It was a thrilling flight indeed and for me, personally, a new experience, as we winged our way high above the waters of the blue Carribean and at last settled down on the tropical shores of what is indeed an island paradise.

We were met by His Excellency Monsignor Pittini, Archbishop of Santo Domingo, whose wonderful hospitality and kindness will never be forgotten. Warm indeed was his welcome and he did everything possible to make us comfortable and at home.

The first few days after our arrival were spent in sight-seeing

Avenue George Washington, Santo Domingo.



The oldest cathedral in the New World, that in Trujillo, Santo Domingo.

A beautiful palm-fringed highway skirting the blue Caribbean.

and Fathers Stringer and Hymus proceeded to outfit themselves properly for work in this tropical climate. They were posted to the parish of Altagracia in Santiago, the second largest and most important city of the Republic. There they will gain a knowledge of the Spanish language and experience in parish work, while enjoying the hospitality of Rev. Father Fortin and his two assistants, who for seven years have been doing real apostolic work and are members of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart of Quebec City, Canada.

As the guest of Archbishop Pittini, I had the great privilege of accompanying His Excellency along splendid, modern, motor roads, through historic towns and villages, as far as the city of Santiago, where the Archbishop blessed a church and administered the sacrament of Confirmation to some three hundred young people. Here in Santiago is situated a magnificent college for girls, the buildings equipped with every modern convenience and educational facility.

On the return journey we visited the town of Monte Cebo, where we witnessed a pilgrimage in honour of Our Lady of Mercy. At Monte Cebo a shrine to Our Lady of Mercy marks the site of the first stand of Christopher Columbus against hostile Carib Indians, and it was there that the great discoverer planted the cross to mark his taking possession of the first Christian settlement in America, sometime between the years 1492-1494.

Here the Archbishop introduced me to what he called "Catholic Action on horseback". After Holy Mass, celebrated by himself at the Shrine, the faithful, who had come 200 strong on horseback and 400 on foot in pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady, then assembled under a gigantic spreading tree on the campus of the college conducted there by the Jesuit Fathers, and listened to an inspiring and instructive address by His Excellency on the five peace points of Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII. It was indeed an inspiration to me and showed not only the activity and zeal of the Archbishop, but the hold he had on his people and their deep respect and love for their chief pastor.

Returning to the Capitol, the remainder of my time was spent in visiting the religious and educational institutions, especially the diocesan Seminary.

I was greatly impressed by the beauty, cleanliness and amazing construction of the city of Trujillo, named after the energetic and far-seeing president who has been rebuilding it in a beautiful and modern fashion since its destruction by a terrific cyclone in 1930. The city bids fair to be one of the most popular resorts in America, once it is better known by the people of Canada and the United States.

The Dominican Republic is indeed a tropical paradise, with a temperate climate of 70 to 90 degrees. All tropical fruits grow in abundance, as do most kinds of vegetables. There are oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, grapefruit, sugar, rice, coffee, etc. Luxuriant tropical vegetation covers the island, which is rich in forests of many hard woods, especially mahogany.

As soon as our two Fathers attain a working knowledge of Spanish, they are to be entrusted with the care of two large parishes in the province adjoining the Capitol. These two parishes, as well as the present situation of Fathers Stringer and Hymus, may be seen on the map at the head of this article. This province adjoining the city of Trujillo, His Excellency Monsignor Pittini wishes to assign to our Society as soon as a sufficient number of priests can be sent to supply the tragic lack of clergy and care for the vast population, which at present numbers in the Republic 1,500,000.

The faith Columbus brought still burns brightly there in Santo Domingo, but there are only about fifty priests to minister to the needs of this great nation.

Pray God, dear readers, that Santo Domingo may have many more priests and that the spark of faith that has not been extinguished in the 400 years since Columbus enkindled it, may burn ever more brightly to the honour of the great discoverer who so loved that tropical paradise and to the greater glory of God.

Signposts

(*Continued from page* 2)

His Grace Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

On Monday, May 17th, His Grace Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Kingston, observed the 14th anniversary of his transfer from Peterborough to Kingston.

CHINA wishes to express to their Excellencies its sincerest best wishes and felicitations.

Catholic Mission Digest:

The first issue of the *Catholic Mission Digest* reached us just recently, and the publication has our whole-hearted support and recommendation.

The format is in the style of the *Catholic Reader's Digest* and the material in the initial issue was indeed well chosen and most interesting.

We extend our sincere congratulations to Mary T. McManus, the editor, and to her staff and contributors.

Petition Acknowledged:

We assure the young Canadian soldier who wrote to us that his intentions will be very especially remembered in our Masses and our prayers.

We would advise his seeing the Catholic Chaplain at the camp and explaining his problem to him. The Chaplain may be able to help.

Thanksgiving for a Favour Received:

A reader, Mrs. A. R. Mc——, wishes, through CHINA, to express thanks for a favour received through the intercession of St. Theresa.

STOP PRESS

A cablegram just received from China tells of the death of Sister Mary Daniel of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario. Sister arrived in Lishui in the fall of 1931. Her death took place at Hengyang, Hunan, on May 10th. Her home is in Ottawa. Further details of her death will be given in the July-August issue of CHINA. We recommend Sister Mary Daniel to your prayers. May her soul rest in peace.

MURDER IN A NUNNERY

by ERIC SHEPHERD

THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School, is found murdered in St. Joseph's Chapel. The police and Scotland Yard are investigating. Miss Verity Goodchild, who found the body, decides to do some sleuthing on her own.

She finds part of a nun's veil in the garden, near the scene of the crime.

The whole school and community are called together and told of the murder.

Later, the Chief Inspector interviews Mrs. Moss, Miss Gozo and others.

Verity Goodchild and the other girls hand over the piece of veil to the police and are reprimanded for their escapade of the night before.

As our story continues, the Chief Inspector is about to interview Mr. Turtle the gardener.

CHAPTER XII (*Continued*)

"WELL, then, sir, breaking no bones and beating no bushes but my name is Turtle, and a word with you where there ain't no wimming about, it was my wish."

"Mine, too, Mr. Turtle."

Mr. Turtle looked gratified, as a bandit might whose prisoner surrenders at once with a good grace.

"Which, sir, that bein' the flatterin' an' mutual case, to the tool-'ouse let us go, for I will not deny, that is my 'eadquarters, like, and gardening is my perfession."

"A delightful occupation, Mr. Turtle."

Mr. Turtle spat aside, covered his large whiskery mouth with his hand, and became confidential.

"Which it would be, sir, but for wimming; but when you gets wimming, sir, as thinks they knows more about it than yourself, then it is as if the Hangel with the Flamin' Sword was standing at the gate."

The Inspector tactfully turned the subject, and they arrived at the tool-house. Mr. Turtle sat in a wheel-barrow, and the Inspector on an upturned bucket.

The Inspector admired the fine gardens.

"Which it is all the work of myself and my son, Mock, sir—though why they calls him 'Mock' I do not know, for mock he never did, and I would 'a warmed him if he 'ad."

He spat again, and added:

"But let us not prevariagate, sir, for we is men, not wimming, and our minds is nateral formed for seriousness."

"By all means, Mr. Turtle."

The Inspector knew far better than to hurry him.

"Not knowing your views, sir," said Mr. Turtle, "I cannot speak for 'em, but I am one as never did hold with too much church-going. It may be a disfirmity, but there it is. When the ladies says to me, 'Why don't you come to church, Turtle?' I makes no reply, but I asts myself, What would the Lord want with Turtle for ever getting under 'is eye? I ain't denying as God made me, sir, but so in a manner of speaking did I make my son Mock—with a bit of 'elp from Mrs. Turtle; but because I made my son Mock, sir, do that mean to say as I wants to see him forever underfoot and hanging round like?"

Mr. Turtle smote his palm.

"Which it do not sir!"

The Inspector nodded gravely.

"I quite see your point, Mr. Turtle. You are going to tell me, however, that, in spite of your general principles, you did go to Benediction on the evening of the crime?"

Mr. Turtle removed his pipe from his mouth and his hat from his head, scratched the crown of the one with the stem of the other, and stared.

"Which not a breathing soul see me, sir, nor did I let on to nobody. So how you come to know about it. . . ."

The Inspector laughed.

"I only said you were going to tell me, Mr. Turtle. All the same I noticed yesterday evening that extensive gardening had been going on in that part of the garden. Then of course the knife used was a gardening tool. Neither old Mrs. Moss nor Mother Peck mentioned seeing you in the garden, so I took

the liberty of supposing that you were not there just at that time but had gone in to Benediction."

Mr. Turtle resumed his hat and pipe, and spoke sadly.

"Which it was a sudden weakness, sir, as I will not deny. We is all taken inconstituent sometimes, sir. . . ."

"Then, of course," the Inspector went on, "there was the evidence of the knife. It is a fair assumption that you were not on the spot when that knife was picked up by the murderer. Isn't it now?"

Mr. Turtle showed signs of again removing hat and pipe for a refresher. He spoke in his beard.

"A bike-rider I been, which likewise a motor-bike, but this is going too fast for me."

"There is nothing very much in it, Mr. Turtle. You were going to tell me all this. The important thing is, when you went to Benediction what did you see?"

"I come in late, sir," said Mr. Turtle, as if this were at least some extenuation of his conduct, "and I kneels down at the back handy for gettin' out,—and I see old Madame Sly-ema, as she called herself, a-cocked up on 'er pray-do a-prayin' away fit to bust 'erself. First thing as 'appens, up jumps little Mrs. Moss, green as a gooseberry, and rushes out—as if, sir, for a basin."

"Yes, Mr. Turtle? . . ."

"Well, sir, she looked bad, Mrs. Moss did—same as I've seen 'em when goin' to Margate by sea. I puts my 'ead round door and sees Mother Peck come clicketin' up and 'urry the patient to the hopen hair."

"Yes, Mr. Turtle? . . ."

"Well, sir, after that everything pro-ceeds accordin' to specification. The ladies and the young gals they sings 'ymns, and the 'ittle lad with the smoke-box 'e' alf chokes me. And then, sir—why, it's all over, like. . . ."

"Exactly. And then, Mr. Turtle? . . ."

"I come out, sir, fast as ever I could and makes for to get back to me work by way of the cloister door. . . ."

"Did you see anyone?"

"Well, sir, if by that you mean did I hencounter anybody, the answer is as I hencountered nobody. . . ."

"That is not quite answering my question, is it, Mr. Turtle? I said, did you *see* anyone?"

At this point a refresher became absolutely necessary for Mr. Turtle; he spat, removed hat and pipe, scratched and wiped his brow.

"Sir," he said, "which from a little 'un I have had 'em—my eyes is short, sir, and me glasses they was on me noge. If I see anything, sir, it must be without prejudice and giving the benefit of the doubt. . . ."

"Of course, of course. You can only tell me as nearly as you saw. What did you see?"

"I see a yuming form, sir, a-come quick to that there chapel door, and go in. . . ."

"Can you describe the form you saw?"

Mr. Turtle answered with some reproach in his voice.

"Which it is from a little 'un, sir, as my sight is dim, and me glasses was not on me noge. What I see, sir, I see but with the tail of my heye, and 'aving no reagon to suppose as games was being played. . . ."

"At least you can tell me if it was a man or a woman?"

"You ain't a Catholic, sir—if I may make so bold?"

The Inspector shook his head a little impatiently.

"Does that make any difference?" he said.

"Sir, astin' your pardon, but which it do. In the Catholic Church, sir, the men wear petticuts same as the wimming, so how is a man to tell if a yuming form seen with the tail of the heye is one sect or t'other?"

"At least it seemed to you to wear skirts?" the Inspector said.

"But it is from a little 'un," said Mr. Turtle, "as I have suffered from hoptical defect. . . ."

The Inspector tried again.

"You didn't by any chance notice the exact time of this?"

Mr. Turtle proudly produced an enormous, old-fashioned watch from somewhere about his person.

"Which it so 'appens I did, sir, and there ain't a better watch in England. Belonged to me grandfather, sir. Feel the heft of it."

The inspector did so, and nearly dropped it.

"That's the weight a watch oughter be, to be a good 'un," said its owner; "not a goo-gaw same as these silly wimming is always late by."

He added:

"Which it is always my 'abit to take note of the time, sir, whenever I am about to reshoom work, for it is but right as a man should be paid for all he done. The time, sir, was 5.22 to a tick."

"Thank you, Mr, Turtle."

The Inspector got up off his bucket and took a turn up and down the path.

"And when you discovered the loss of your gardening knife, Mr. Turtle? What did you think then?"

"Sir, I didn't think nothink, for the tricks as 'as been played on me, and is constant being played, you would not as a gentleman believe."

Mr. Turtle spat.

"Call 'em Convink young ladies," he muttered. "I could bite a better Convink young lady out of a piece of bread and butter."

The Inspector drew up and suddenly sprang it upon Mr. Turtle.

"I suppose you didn't by any chance do it yourself?"

Mr. Turtle's features lit up with a broad smile.

"Wot? Bump off old Sly-ema? Well, sir, there weren't no love lost betwixt us, and if the idee and the hopportunity had occurred coincidental, perhaps I might have. But as it 'appens, I did not."

"I believe you, Mr. Turtle," said the Inspector; they shook hands.

It took the Inspector a long time to disentangle himself from his new friend, for Mr. Turtle, finding that the Inspector was a bit of an amateur gardener, wished to introduce him personally to a large number of distinguished vegetables.

It was after a fifth and final handshake that the Inspector made his escape, with the words:

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Turtle. An interesting chat, and a fine exhibition. Now do let me beg of you, keep your eyes open and keep your glasses on."

"Which I will, sir," was Mr. Turtle's reply, cordially voiced; which I will. And if you, sir, should ever find the hoppression of wimming too much for you up at 'ouse, you come down 'ere and refresh yourself with Turtle."

(*To be continued*)

CH AND WORLD O

by VERY REV. HU

WE are engaged in a war far eclipsing any other in the history of mankind. We are passing through a period of terrific international transformation. We are on the threshold of a far far better world or a far far worse world than men have ever lived in before. Imperialism, distrust, class hatred, super-racism, irreligion, greed, immorality and injustice have stirred up a conflagration that will either purify the world or destroy it.

And as usual in such times of international stress, there are not lacking false leaders and false prophets, who with glib tongues and well-rounded words proclaim the things for which *we* do battle and the things for which we sacrifice our all. They prate about democracy, a holy crusade, equality, fraternity and justice for all. They tell us that we are fighting to preserve *our* way of life. They lie.

They lie because of a surety we are not fighting for the type of democracy they talk about. We are not engaged in any holy crusade as they envision it. Above all, we are not fighting for the preservation of *our* way of life. God forbid.

The blood of our sons and daughters, our fathers and our children is far too precious to be shed for a democracy that would be godless, stupid or corrupt. We will fight no holy crusade fought on the principles of nationalism, hate and expediency. We have found *our* way of life wanting. Let it die. Once and for all let us build wisely—building on the principles laid down by Jesus Christ. Let us inaugurate *His* way of life. "For unless God build the house, they labour in vain who build it."

There is one Allied leader who speaks out bravely and clearly—Madame Chiang Kai-Shek. "Men," she says, "have worshipped at the shrines of expediency and mammon instead of kneeling in contrite supplication before Almighty God—a root cause of the chaos the world is in to-day.

"Religion," says Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, "on which the doors of diplomacy seem to have been slammed, is the main pillar of civilization. Without it there can be no international righteousness, no justice, no common decency, no guaranteeing of honour of the pledged word. . . . Without religion no state can long endure. That should now be clear enough. If *religious* principles governed all treaty-makers, there would be no treaty-breakers. If religious feelings beat in the heart of would-be destroyers, there would be no de-

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MORROW

HARKEY, S.F.M.

struction. When national consciousness and individual consciousness are developed through belief in religion, when religion is accepted as the central pivot and the motivating force of conduct, then and then only will the doom of civilization be averted."

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek does not subscribe to the blasphemous and stupid assertion that "religion is the opium of the people". For her, religion is the life of the nations and the hope of the world.

China, age-old China, that was old when the world was young; that will still be young when the world is old; China, cultured, brilliant, idealistic China, speaks through its leaders, fearlessly, truly, passionately. The China of to-day is not the isolated, unknown, mysterious China of yesterday, but a mighty, unified nation that knows the cause for which it fights. The China of to-day will indeed play a wonderful, a stupendous part in our world of to-morrow.

Since the days of Christopher Columbus and Marco Polo we have searched for far fabulous Cathay, but only now have we discovered the true China—mighty, brave, modern China. Bleeding and naked upon her own red Calvary, she has become a symbol to all the world of everything for which we hope and dream and if needs be would gladly die.

No people on earth have more vividly reflected *our* way of life than the Chinese. No country has lived in such fear and abject poverty. This pagan nation of 500,000,000 souls had become the most terrible indictment of the white race in the history of mankind. Exploited, robbed, trampled upon—she had fought aggression from her infancy and though she proudly traced her civilization back to 2500 years before the Christian era, she has survived all empires and absorbed all conquerors.

China's sorrow and suffering; China's countless millions who have starved to death year after year; China's abject poverty in a world of plenty—how little it meant to any of us. How little we cared whether they lived or whether they died. Only when we began to realize that China for years had been fighting our war and that the blood of China's

poorly-armed, half starved soldiers had held back an earlier and more terrible Pearl Harbor, only when our own far eastern interests were at stake, did our national conscience become perturbed. But the day has come when we can no longer prevaricate or procrastinate. We must stand by China as she has stood by us. She must have full equality and perfect liberty of speech in the family of nations.

How well I remember one time while I was in China and a terrible famine had gripped a nearby province. How people were dying by the thousands, the millions, not through any blitzkrieg from the skies, but simply and solely because they had nothing to eat. Dying from hunger in a world super-abundantly blessed by God Almighty with enough to eat and wear for twice the global population.

During those days of famine, I received a bundle of papers from Canada and in one I read this shameful, damnable fact. Twenty million head of cattle had been killed and burnt to raise the price of beef. I read how fruit was rotting on the trees of the Ontario fruit-belt because the market price was so low they were not worth picking. While along the roads of China, the unburied dead lay with their pitiful faces gazing up at God and the skin drawn tight over fleshless bones. Men, women and children, with their bloated stomachs filled with the emptiness of death.

Is this the way of life we would shed our blood to perpetuate? Is this the democratic ideal for which our people fight? Is this the holy crusade in which we draw our swords? God forbid. It may be *our* way of life, but it is certainly *not Christ's* way of life.

When the lights go on again, all over the world that world must be a truly Christian one. It must be a world motivated by the Charity and forgiveness and justice of Christ. There must be enough for everyone—enough to eat, enough to wear, enough to enjoy. There must no longer be the nations that have and the nations that have not. Above all the hope of that future utopia we talk and plan and dream about lies in the propagation, preservation and implementation of that Christianity which despite the allegation of its enemies never has failed, never can fail—never has been really tried.

"Seek ye just the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you." The world will never possess the four freedoms unless it first possesses "the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free". There will be no implementation of the Atlantic Charter unless there is first an implementation of the Ten Commandments. It is irreligion, it is atheism, it is neo-paganism that is the opium of the people. How many of the nations that have gone down before the crooked cross of Nazidom, were sabotaged by birth controllers, atheistic pinks and reds, immoral writers and godless politicians?

Europe lived to learn that Hitler could take from men their homes, their food, their clothes, their loved ones—but not their God. Broken, bleeding, disillusioned Europe, stripped of all the things it lived for and put its trust in, creeps back on this its dark Good Friday to the foot of the cross and pleads for sanctuary. Will we, too, look up in humility to God and having learned our lesson from a prostrate continental Europe say meekly and contritely — Christ have mercy on us?

"It is the creative and dynamic power of Christianity," says our beloved Queen, "which alone can help us to carry the moral responsibility which history is placing on our shoulders. I would like to add," she says, "with my fullest conviction that it is on the strength of our spiritual life that the right rebuilding of our national life depends. In these tragic years many have found in religion the source and mainspring of the courage and selflessness that they so need."

Courage and selflessness indeed. Despite all the horrors of war, the missionary priests of our Society and the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario, who labour in far-off China, have stood resolutely by their people—undergoing unspeakable hardships, daily in danger of their lives; always half-clothed, often half-starved, broken down by sickness and disease.

They stayed at their mission stations, high up in the hills of Chekiang, stayed for weeks and years, while Japanese planes bombed and machine-gunned and blasted everything in sight. They stayed with their little flocks through famine and intense heat and bitter cold — encouraging them, protecting them; binding up their bruised bodies and trying to heal their broken hearts. And when the cities became a blazing hell from fire bombs; when their homes were gutted and destroyed and there was no longer any place to stay for themselves and their beloved Chinese people — they started out with the millions of other refugees on that long way of the cross that for many of them lay hundreds of miles across the highest mountains of China. Day after day they stumbled along in intense summer heat well over 100 in the shade, going without a bite to eat for three and four days at a time, without shoes for their blistered, bleeding feet; scooping up the dirty mud water along the roadside to ease their burning throats and parched, cracked lips; lying deep in the mud and water of the rice fields as enemy planes dive-bombed them and shrapnel even ripped through their sun helmets and the very clothing on their backs.

Thank God, none of our priests or Sisters have been killed, but only God Almighty knows the heartbreak, pain, suffering and veritable crucifixion that have been their lot.

After twenty-five long years of missionary labour, the churches, hospitals, schools and residences of our missioners in China have been destroyed or damaged. Our little mission stations are a mass of blackened, smouldering ruins; our Christians have been murdered or made homeless. We who stand in the sunlight and peace of this Resurrection day here in our beloved Canada—will we not turn our eyes in mercy towards poor crucified China, transfixed against the Rising Sun?

Yes, indeed there are none who fight and suffer more valiantly and with purer intentions, than the missionary priests of God's church. They are foremost among the builders of that world of to-morrow that we all sing about and dream about and pray God for. They know that the way to peace leads to Bethlehem where the

Prince of Peace Himself waits patiently for the coming of the wise men of the world. They know that when the world's agony is over and it has said its "*consummation est*"—that all men, victor and vanquished, must share in that day of salvation, that justice must be tempered with mercy—the mercy of the Son of God Himself who, hanging upon His Cross, His face covered with blood and sweat and spittle, could yet say—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do".

In China, in Africa, on Guadalcanal, in Alaska, these missionary priests purify the hearts and consecrate the swords of those who truly fight in a holy crusade, that we may draw our sword only with cause, and sheath it not without honour. In speaking to his army officers, beautiful indeed was the tribute paid to the missioners by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. "These priests," he declared, "are single hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles, unremitting at their work. They are the model for your lives as officers of the Republic."

Well might the Generalissimo speak thus of the Catholic Missioners. They are indeed heroes and we are justly proud of them.

Father Charlie Murphy, a young priest of our Society, went to Hong Kong shortly before the outbreak of the Far-Eastern war, to study the Cantonese dialect. Then came those fateful days when Hong Kong was under siege. For days Father Charlie drove a broken-down truck loaded with rice, right through the enemy lines—food for thousands of starving Chinese refugees isolated at one spot on the island.

Japanese dive-bombers flew low and strafed and bombed the roadway, machine-gun bullets went right through the truck and it swayed crazily between the yawning craters on the road On one occasion another truck, loaded with supplies of food and driven by a Christian brother, received a direct hit from a bomb and blew up right before him. But still Father Charlie carried on.

Hong Kong fell on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Day that was for its embattled citizens a dark Good Friday. Father Murphy, captured by the victory-drunken Japanese, together with a number of other priests, was half-stripped, bound and led out to a hill overlooking Hong Kong to be baynotted to death. "Fix bayonets"—the sharp, cold steel was at his breast as he stood there bravely facing his would-be executioners.

Father Charlie never thought of self. I am sure as he stood at the XII station of his way of the cross, that he thought of another hill and of One Who facing death Himself had said—"greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend". And like that other Missioner of old, Father Charlie thought of us and of his mother and his friends and prayed for us—yes, prayed even for his would-be murderers.

Perhaps we will never know what stayed that hillside butchering. Probably the news of the final capitulation of the city had just came in over the field radio. At the last minute, the murdering was called off.

Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, Father Charlie Murphy and thirty-eight other priests, still bound, were taken and thrown into a one-car garage that for ventilation had but one tiny window.

They were left without food or drink for four days and four nights. God alone knows what agony and suffering they endured. With his hands still bound behind his back and the blood trickling down his wrists, Bishop O'Gara gave a sermon during that week-end of their captivity and he took as his text—"The servant is not above his Master".

After some days all were released and put into a concentration camp at Stanley Prison. Giving up a chance to return to Canada on the Gripsholm, during an exchange of internees, Father Charlie is still in the prison-camp at Hong Kong. There he has willed to remain for the duration, comforting, cheering and helping Canadian, British and Chinese prisoners. He even gave up his only pair of shoes to another priest who would have had nothing but straw sandals to wear home on the Gripsholm. China will not forget one of the bravest of the brave — Father Charlie Murphy of Hong Kong.

This is the dynamic Christianity that is alone the hope of the world. We need more missioners like Father Charlie and fewer godless politicians, lying foreign correspondents and those of Pontius Pilate ilk who would sell-out Christ for the sake of expediency or their job. We cannot embrace Christ with the word friend and raise our lips to His, while we hold a bag of gold behind our back and consort with His enemies. We want no substitutes for God—we want no part in fascism, naziism or atheistic communism. We want Christ and the reign of Jesus Christ in a world dominated, motivated by the principles of Christ. Purity, charity, justice, decency, liberty and equality for all men. Let us explode once and for all the stupid myth, the malicious inference that the White Race has a mandate from God to rule the world or that it is better than any other race on earth.

How vividly I remember how on one occasion in Vancouver, B.C., I gave a blood-transfusion to a young Chinese girl who was in danger of death. After leaving the room where I gave the transfusion, I met one of the nurses and she said to me—"don't tell me you gave your blood to a Chink?"

We were standing under a crucifix in the hospital corridor and, pointing up at it, I said to her—"Yes, I gave my blood to save this young Chinese girl's life. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, gave a transfusion of every drop of blood He had for all the people of all the world, irrespective of their colour or their race." Yes, my friends, the barriers of class and race and colour are man-made and are stupid indeed in the shadow of the Christ upon the cross.

If religion then is the hope of the world and if only in a Christian world motivated by the teachings of Christ can we hope for true peace, true freedom, and abiding happiness, how important and glorious indeed is the place of the missioner.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society is indeed proud of its many priests who labour in far-off China, brave Canadian boys assisted by the heroic Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario. Despite the horror of continual warfare from the skies, despite famine, sickness and heartbreak, these brave priests and Sisters stand by the Calvary of

a crucified, crimsoned, tortured China; comforting, encouraging, binding up the wounds of a nation. At Manila, at Peking, at Hong Kong, in Kinwha and Lishui; these heroic men and women make their generous and glorious contribution to the cause of peace and of Christ.

Yes, indeed—as has been so well said, "This war is the passion." This war is the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the transfixion on the wood of the cross of the mystical body of our Lord Jesus Christ. In all who suffer, He suffers and dies again that we may live."

The Jew who kneels in the mud and filth of the Berlin street, beaten and cursed by storm-troopers, is the gentle Christ, the Son of God.

The gallant lad whose heart is pierced by a bayonet on the hills above Hong Kong is the sweet Saviour of the world impaled upon the lance on Calvary.

They suffer, they die, upon their dark Good Friday that we may see the sun of Easter bathe the hills in golden glory; that we may wake some blessed morning very soon to see the empty tomb of underground and air-raid shelter and walk up into a new world; a world of peace and plenty, of charity and purity, of joy and happiness, a world of Christ, for all the men of all the world.

"CHINA"
St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find $.....as a subscription to "China" for..... years.

Name .....

New Address .....

.....

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(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one.)

Read 'Em and Grin

A woman was making chocolate pudding. Suddenly she put on her hat to go out. Asked her husband: "Why are you going out and leaving the pudding boiling?" Said his wife: "It says in the cook book . . . when it comes to a boil . . . beat it!"

The landlady was showing the college student his room.

"As a whole, this room is quite nice, don't you think?" she said.

"I suppose so," he agreed. "But as a room it's not so good."

Missionary: "And do you know nothing whatever about religion?"

Cannibal: "Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

Sentimental Wifey: "Would you grieve for me if I should die?"

Hubby (mumbling): "Of course, dear."

Wifey: "And would you visit the cemetery often?"

Hubby (more confidently): "Certainly—I pass it on my way to the golf course anyhow."

Mrs. Smith: "I see that your son has joined the army."

Mrs. Green: "Yes, the poor boy is so very young that they put him in the infantry."

Three absent-minded professors were chatting in the station, waiting for the train to leave. Suddenly it began to chug out of the station and they all rushed for it, but only two got on board. The other stood sheepishly.

"Too bad you missed it, professor," said the porter. "At least your two friends made it."

"Yes," sighed the professor. "The trouble is, they came down to see me off."

Country Boy: "Shall I tell you how we shock the wheat?"

City Girl: "Oh dear, do you think I ought to listen?"

Wife (in back seat): "Don't drive so fast, George!"

Husband: "Why not?"

Wife: "That policeman on a motorcycle behind us can't get by."

Then there is the reported conversation between two Japanese soldiers:

"Kimoto, Amelican foot powder no good for shaking in boots."

"You try he?"

"Yesss, and I still shaking in boots."

"Are you the girl who took my order?" asked the impatient gentleman in the cafe.

"Yes, sir," replied the waitress, politely.

"Well, I'll be darned," he remarked, "you don't look a day older."

Magistrate: "What is your name and occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks. I am an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

Magistrate (after recovering his equilibrium): "Officer, put him in a dry cell."

Rosetown Man: "A scientist says we ought to eat food that will develop the cranium."

Friend: "Well, I could suggest an appropriate menu."

Rosetown Man: "What is it?"

Friend: "Noodle soup, head cheese and cocoanut pie."

Said the artist: "I'll give you $5 if you'll let me paint you."

The old mountaineer shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other and back again.

"It's easy money," said the artist.

"Thar hain't no question 'bout thet," the mountaineer replied. "I was jes' a-wonderin' how I'd git the paint off afterwards!"

There were two men named Brown in a certain village. One lost his wife and the other a boat at the same time. The vicar's wife called, as she supposed, on the bereaved Mr. Brown.

"I am so sorry to hear of your great loss," she said sympathetically.

"Oh, it ain't much matter," was the reply, "she wasn't up to much."

"Indeed," said the surprised woman.

"Yes," continued Brown, "she was a rickety old thing. I offered her to my brother, but he wouldn't have her. I've had my eye on another for some time."

With that the outraged woman fled.

"What are you clipping from the paper?"

"An article about a man divorcing his wife because she went through his pockets."

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pants pocket with my money."

Well dressed man, cigar in hand, falling through the air from an airplane: "Gad! That wasn't the washroom after all."

"I'm handling this plane pretty well, instructor."

"Yes, just keep it up."

The minister's wife was visiting a member of the congregation, and mentioned—with pardonable pride—that her daughter had won first prize in a music recital.

"I know just how you feel," said her hostess sympathetically. "I remember how pleased we were when our pig got the blue ribbon at the fair."

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. VX—No. 6 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. June, 1943

My dear Young Missionaries:

The month of June is the Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is *the* time of year when we must pause to ask ourselves a few questions about our love for our Divine Saviour.

The heart is the symbol of human love; it is the emblem of charity and the organ of the human body that distributes the blood of life. When our Divine Lord died on Calvary's Cruel Cross His Heart emptied itself, thus sacrificing its human that the Blood of Christ might become the River of Life flowing out from this Second Paradise to make fertile the world of human souls; it emptied itself to fill up the Mystical Body of Christ with new members.

These new members are all those who love Him and adhere to Him by accepting His teachings. You and I are members of His Mystical Body! During the Month of the Sacred Heart we must love Him as we have never done before. We will pour out our last breath of love in earnest supplication for the salvation of souls; thus will our love be rewarded when those souls become members of His Mystical Body.

We are Missionaries of Love; that is the meaning of CHRISTIAN!

Devotedly yours in the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
FATHER JIM.

New Members

LITTLE FLOWER'S MISSIONARIES
St. Michael's Academy
Chatham, N.B.

Roy McEachern, William McCormack, Billy Keating, Wilbur Carvell, Gaston Rousseau, Joe Hannah, Michael McDade, Arnold LeBlanc, Vincent Whelan, Mark Flynn, Dennis Sullivan, Vincent Fitzpatrick, George McDougall, Patsy Fouhy, Mary Hyatt, Helen Johnson, Betty Trevors, Gertrude Dunn, Marie Scott, Cecilia Doucette, Theresa Cripps, Natalie McIntyre, Norine Cripps, Mary Mills, Mabel Connell, Marie Cripps, Aileen Cripps, Catherine Wrigley, Bertha Ullack, Hazel Cripps, Helen

(*Continued on page* 15)

LEFT, TOP TO BOTTOM: *New St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, N.B. Grade VIII, St. Paul's, Toronto, Ont.* RIGHT, TOP TO BOTTOM: *Grade One, St. Joseph's, N. Sydney, N.S. Noreen Myott and Brother, Sydney, N.S.* CENTRE—TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: *Magda Jevcak, Bertha Yuchniewicz.* BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: *Madeline Chapman, Katherine Megin. Fifth A, St. Patrick's, Montreal, Que.*

Our Lady of Guadalupe

By REV. LUIS VEGA. S.J.

The story of Our Lady of Guadalupe is the history of the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother to Juan Diego, a Mexican peasant.

In the former instalments we have witnessed the visions and the inability of Juan to convince the Bishop of the truth of his story. This month's portion of the amazing story includes the apparition of the image of Mary on the peasant's cloak and the Bishop's enthusiastic reception of Juan at the episcopal residence.

THE FOURTH APPARITION

THE Indian saw her as she came down from the top of the hill to meet him. She was enveloped in a white cloud, and in that brightness in which he had seen her the first time. She said to him: "Where are you going, my child? and what road are you following?" He stood still, troubled, afraid and ashamed, and falling on his knees he answered with confusion: "All hail, Virgin and Lady, most dearly beloved of me. Do not be offended at what I say. Know then, my Lady, that a servant of yours, my uncle, is seriously ill of a dangerous and mortal sickness, and because he feels very weak, I am hurrying to the church of Tlaltelolco, in the city, that I may bring a priest to hear his confession, and give him Extreme Unction, seeing that we all are born subject to death. But when I have finished this affair, I shall return through this place to obey your command. Pardon me, therefore, I entreat you, my Lady, and have patience with me, for neither do I refuse to do what you have ordered, nor is this excuse I offer you a feigned one. I will come back to-morrow without fail."

The Holy Virgin listened with a gentle countenance to the Indian's plea, and then she spoke to the following effect: **"Listen, my child, to what I now tell you. Let nothing trouble or afflict you, and do not be afraid of sickness or of pain, or of any other calamity. Am I not here, I, who am your Mother? Are you not under my protection and sheltered by me? Am I not life and health? Are you not in my arms, and do I not nurse you? Do you stand in need of anything else? Then be not grieved nor anxious concerning your uncle's illness, for he will not die from this attack. Indeed he is already restored to health."**

Such was afterwards found to be the case, as we shall presently relate. When Juan Diego had heard these reasons he was so consoled and satisfied that he said: "Well, send me then, my Lady, to see the Bishop, and that he may trust me, give me the sign of which you have spoken." The Holy Virgin replied: "Go, my very dear and affectionate son, to the hilltop where you saw me and spoke to me, and cut the roses you will find there. Then gathering them in the fold of your cloak, bring them to me, and I will tell you what you must do and say." The Indian obeyed without making any reply, though he knew for certain there were no flowers, in that place, for it was very rocky and nothing whatever grew there. Having arrived at the top he found a beautiful garden of fresh and fragrant roses covered with dew. Putting on his cloak, or *tilma,* and arranging it in the native manner, he cuts as many of the flowers as he could carry in its folds, and brought them to the Virgin Mary. She awaited him at the foot of a tree known to the Indians as *Cuatzahuatl,* that is, the "spider's-web tree" or "fasting tree", which apparently bears no fruit whatever, but is quite wild, and only produces some white blossoms in its seasons. Judging from the place, we think it is the old trunk, existing even now on the hill slope, beneath which runs the footpath leading on the eastern side to the summit and passing by the spring of aluminous water. This, doubtless, was the spot where the miraculous painting of the Sacred Image was made. The Indian, bowing before the Virgin Mary, showed her the roses he had cut. Our Lady herself gathered all together, and as Juan Diego held his cloak spread out for them, she put them back into it, saying to him: "Behold here is the sign you must carry to the Bishop, and tell him to do, in virtue of these signs, what I command him. Be careful, my son, as to what I tell you, and know that I trust you. Do not show anyone you meet what you carry, and do not unfold your cloak, except in the presence of the Bishop. Tell him what I have just told you to do, and you will thus encourage him to build my temple."

Having said this, the Virgin Mary dismissed him. He rejoiced greatly on account of the sign, as he understood that he would succeed, and that this errand would have the desired effect. Carrying the roses with great care and without dropping one, he went his way, admiring them from time to time, and enjoying their fragrance and beauty.

THE APPARITION OF THE IMAGE

Juan Diego arrived with his message at the episcopal palace; but though he asked several of the Bishop's servants to tell his Lordship, he could not for a long time obtain what he wanted. At length, vexed by his unceasing solicitations, they attended to him, and noticed that he held something in his cloak. They desired to examine it, and although he resisted as much as his timidity would allow him, yet they compelled him to give them just a glimpse of what he carried. And seeing it to be roses, they would take some, as they were so beautiful, but as they laid hands on them three different times, the flowers seemed to be unreal, painted or interwoven with great art into the cloak. The servants informed the Bishop of all this, and now the Indian having obtained access to his Lordship, and having delivered the message, added that he possessed the sign he had been commanded to ask of the Lady who persisted in sending him. On unfolding his cloak, the roses fell out upon the ground, and the picture of the Virgin Mary appeared, painted on the cloak, just as it is seen to-day. The Bishop was astonished by the miracle of the fresh, fragrant, and dew-covered roses, which seemed to have just been cut, though it was then the coldest time of the winter in that climate. He was much more astonished at the Holy Picture, which appeared painted on the cloak. The Bishop untied the cloak, which had been knotted behind the Indian's head, and having, in the presence of his whole household, venerated the miraculous picture as a heavenly object, he carried it into his private chapel. When he had placed it there very reverently, he gave thanks to God and His glorious Mother. That day he detained Juan Diego in his palace and treated him very kindly, and on the following day told him to point out the spot where the Most Holy Virgin Mary wished the church to be built. On reaching the hill, Juan Diego showed the places where he had on four occasions seen and spoken to the Holy Mother of God. Then he sought permission to go and see his uncle, Juan Bernardino, whom he had left on a sick bed. The Bishop granted it, and sent with him some of his own household, telling them to bring the sick man to him, in case they should find him restored to health.

(To be continued next month)

Random snapshots taken from our ever-increasing mail. Is yours among them?

ANNUAL MISSION CRUSADE REUNION

HALIFAX, N.S.

THE Annual Reunion of the Halifax Units of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was held before Lent this year at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Dr. Charles Curran, the Crusade Director, presided and eleven other priests were present — Monsignor William Burns, Monsignor Donahoe, Fathers Chabot, S.J., McPherson, McCarthy, Leverman, Mitchell, Pepper, Gregory Murphy, Major Gillis, Military Chaplain, and the guest speaker, Captain Cameron MacDonald of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Seminary, now Military Chaplain. Several secular teachers and a number of Sisters of Charity also attended.

The 300 and more Crusaders belonging to the various Units assembled in their appointed places in the Reception Room and the meeting opened at 3.00 p.m. with the singing of the Crusade Hymn, "God Wills It". Over the top of the stage was a large scroll bearing the same motto which all could see. Dr. Curran opened the business part by greeting the Crusaders and Guests and calling on the different Units to read reports of their missionary activities in the past year. Papers were then read as follows:

The Jesuits, St. Mary's College: *Our Duty Towards the Diocesan Missions*; Mount Saint Vincent College: *Naval Chaplains*; Saint Patrick's Boys' High School: *The Crusaders' Duty Towards the Catholic Press*; Saint Patrick's Girls' High School: *Our Duty to Our Canadian Missionaries in China*; Mount Saint Vincent Academy: *The Medical Mission Board*; Halifax Infirmary Veterans. Three other papers were sacrificed to allow time for a pageant put on by our children. These were: *The Canadian Missionaries in Africa*, Saint Patrick's Veterans; *Blessed Philippine Duchesne*, Convent Sacred Heart; *The Apostolate of the Sea*, Duchesne Veterans. These papers will be sent to each Unit and will be read by the students at a monthly Mission Meeting.

Captain the Reverend Cameron MacDonald, S.F.M., Military Chaplain belonging to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Seminary, gave an inspirational talk to an attentive and visibly interested audience He stressed the importance of the Crusade meeting, the need of prayer for the Missions and for peace. He also spoke feelingly of the devastated missions in certain parts of China and the determination of the missionaries to rebuild them as soon as possible.

A resolution for the reading and spread of mission and other Catholic literature was then taken, after which all the Crusaders, standing, renewed the Crusader's Pledge, which was printed on the programmes.

At the request of Dr. Curran, our pupils presented a pageant on the Purification. The pagan multitude calling out for light and the responses of the Christian multitude, who gave them candles symbolizing the light of Faith, were very impressive.

Monsignor Donahoe was then asked to speak and delighted the audience by reading an interesting letter from Father E. Pye. S.S.J., a Mill Hill Missionary now in Uganda who visited Halifax last year.

The meeting was then concluded and the clergy, guests and Crusaders met again in the Chapel for Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

New Members

(*Continued from page* 13)

Cripps, Lenore Gilliss, Annie Isiah, Catharine Mills, Marie Moar, Mary Louise Whitly, Helen Keoughan, Heloise LeBlanc, Margaret Whalen, Rowena Grattan, Frances Rigley, Blanche Driscoll, Lourdes Cook, Mary Kane, Frances Driscoll, Carmel Dufresne, Alice Duncan, Ida Phee, Margaret Desmond, Carmel Arseneau, Gertrude Maher.

Nora Myott, 75 Charlotte St., Sydney, N.S.

Alice Callahan, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

PUPILS OF GRADES 7 AND 8
St. Mary's Academy
Newcastle, N.B.

Doris Sullivan, Aline Leblanc, Francis McLaughlin, Dorothy Demers, Gerarda Melanson, Mary Theresa Cotter, Jacqueline Duncan, Pauline Kingston, Ernestine Doucette, Eldea Collette, Queenie Le Quesne, Helen Boyle, Mabel Morrison, Lillian Herbert, Helen Galliah, Marie Larsen, Iona Voutour, Jean McDonald, Theresa Ferguson, Mary Norton, Leona Copp, Genevieve Buckley, Edna Foran, Geraldine Shattuck, Eileen Landry, Monica Kingston, Rita Kingston, Rita Whalen, Barbara Buckley, Marjorie Mitchell, Pauline Collette, Nicole McGibbon, Carmel Melanson, Anita Gallant, Lillian La Rocque, Jacqueline Dinan, Viatrice Valois, Ramona Savoy, Irene Copp, Helen Morris, Virgie Carew, Annie Traboulsee, Josie Morrisey, Marie Jardine, Genevieve Morrison, Edith McCafferty, Bonnie Reid, June McNamara, Julia Ramsey, Joan McQuarrie.

Aftermath of War

Missions in ruins, our missionaries homeless, havoc and desolation throughout a one-time peaceful countryside, where countless thousands mourn.

We must face the Challenge

And prepare—NOW—for better days to come.

It is urgent that we lay our plans now for the great work of reconstruction at the end of the war. It will be for the Church an era unparalleled in China's history. The missionaries, at the risk of their lives, are standing by China in her dark night of suffering and despair. The little mission stations that dot the land are a veritable oasis in this desert of chaos and destruction, one place to which a stricken people may turn with the assurance of sympathy and assistance in their hour of need.

China will not forget

The priests and Sisters have won their way into the hearts of a grateful Chinese people.

LISHUI RECONSTRUCTION FUND

We appeal urgently to readers of "CHINA" for assistance in establishing a fund for reconstruction.

Help the war effort and help the missions by sending us some of your War Bonds or a cash donation. The missionaries, who have given their all, look to you for help.

★

To The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Enclosed is my offering of $..... towards the rebuilding of our Lishui and Kinhwa missions, and my tribute to the gallant people of China.

Name .....

Address .....

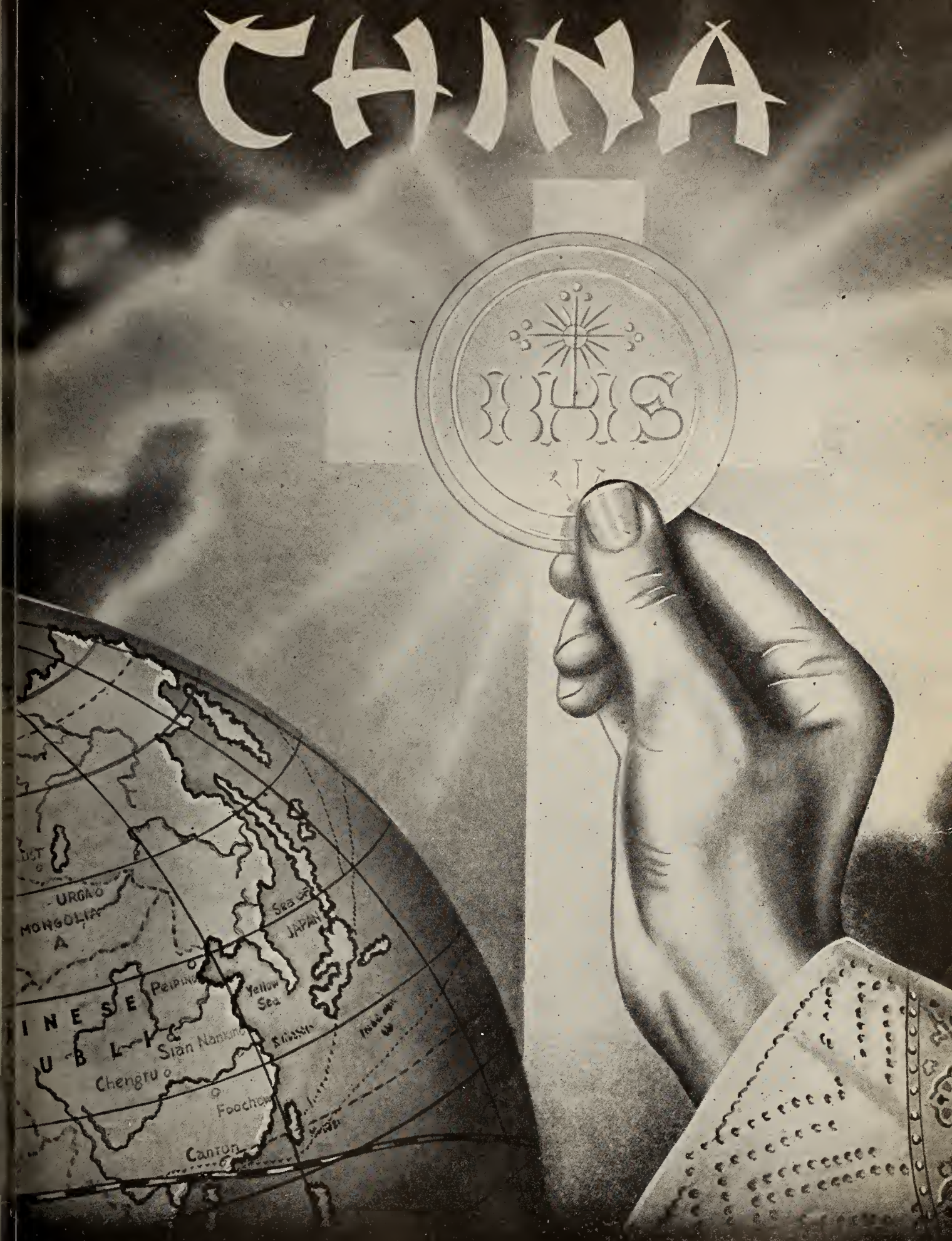
.....

.....

Help Us Win China to the True Faith

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

CHINA



July, Aug. 1943

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Signposts

Welcome:

To His Excellency Most Rev. John R. MacDonald, Bishop-elect of Peterboro, CHINA extends respectful congratulations and a sincere welcome to Ontario.

Our Deepest Sympathy:

To Father Craig Strang and his brother, Wallace, we offer our deepest sympathy on the loss of their dear mother, who died recently at St. John's, Newfoundland. Father Strang is now holding the fort at one of our little mission stations in Chekiang and we know that to their prayers for his beloved mother's soul, our charitable readers will join a memento for Father Strang himself, that God may strengthen him in his sad bereavement amid the many trials and sufferings of life in China to-day.

Death of Sister Daniel:

Late in May, the sad news reached us by cable from China that Sister Mary Daniel of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario, had died of typhus in Yuanling, Hunan Province. Following closely on news of her good health and safety, received by her relatives, the cable was indeed a great shock to everyone.

Sister Mary Daniel (Ann O'Connor), was a member of the second band of Grey Sisters to leave for China, arriving in Lishui on the twenty-seventh of November, 1931. Recently she had been caring for the refugees and is indeed a martyr to charity.

May God have mercy on her noble soul. To the members of her immediate family, to the Grey Sisters of Pembroke and to all her friends and relatives, we express our sincere sympathy. Her loss is indeed a great one and we take this opportunity to express our very deep appreciation and admiration for the work of the heroic Grey Sisters in China. We recommend Sister to your prayers.

Nazareth House:

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society is happy to announce the opening of Nazareth House at St. Mary's, Ontario. At this new house of our Society aspirants to the missionary priesthood will make a spiritual year, before entering our seminary here at Scarboro Bluffs.

Good St. Joseph came to our aid in procuring a suitable property and location, and it has been named Nazareth House in his honour; for it was in the holy house at Nazareth that the Great High Priest himself lived His hidden life of Recollection and preparation for the active ministry, under the divinely inspired tutelage of St. Joseph.

Rev. William K. Amyot of our Society has been named the superior at Nazareth House, which will open early in September. We ask your prayers that Almighty God may abundantly bless this new and most important work of the Society.

Your Prayers Are Requested For:

Mr. John Lynch of Ottawa, father of Sister St. Angela of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario. Sister is in China, where she has laboured for some years past.

Sister Catherine Gillis, of the Religious Hospitallers of the Hotel Dieu of Cornwall, Ontario, who passed away on May 14th, in the 25th year of her religious life.

Miss Torbay and Mr. Dennis Killeen, dear friends and benefactors of our Society.

May their souls rest in peace. Please give them a memento in your prayers.

"THE SERVANT IS NOT ABOVE HIS MASTER"

by REV. P.J. MOORE, S.F.M.

REV. MICHAEL MACSWEEN

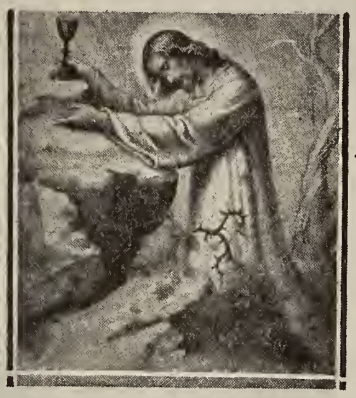
VERY REV. L. CURTIN

REV. H. STEELE

REV. A. MACINTOSH

REV. J. KELLY

REV. K. TURNER



REV. J. McGOEY

REV. H. MURPHY

REV. C. MURPHY

REV. A. McRAE

EARLY in July, 1937, peace reigned in all the cities, towns, villages and countrysides of stoical old China. Before the month had ended, Japan began stamping and pawing about Shanghai and soon war clouds rolled over the solemn and peacefully coloured horizon of China. Bombs dropped, guns cracked, soldiers were on the move everywhere. Thousands of lives were puffed out in a few hours. Fear struck at the hearts of these lovable people all over the vastness of China with its 500,000,000 souls. The curtain dropped on the age-old scene of peaceful coming and going. When will it rise again?

Now the question in Chinese minds: will our Missionaries leave us now that we are to pass through a dark hour? The answer was soon forthcoming. Catholic priests and Sisters all over China whipped into action as the months and years of war grew more terrible and devastating. With danger to their own lives, they stayed at their own posts, or when evacuation was necessary, moved along with their people. They were and are now found wherever needed, handing out food and clothing; healing, consoling and keeping up the morale of the Chinese people.

It does take a brave man to live alone for months in a Chinese Mission station, the only one of his own nationality within miles of him. His daily task is to tend the poor refugee on every side, whose homes and worldly possessions have been destroyed and looted, and whose loved ones have been killed in the terrible Japanese blitz. The Missionary's diet is whatever Chinese food he can manage to get—yet he must carry on and encourage the poor half-starved people about him. Back of all this is the thought that the Japanese armies may return at any hour. Their headquarters are not many miles distant from our mission stations, which, occupied by our priests, are holding on in Chekiang Province. Even when retreating, the Japs come back to drop bombs in order to prevent the Chinese from rebuilding their air fields, and thus batter to the ground many more innocent homes.

You recall the vivid article in December CHINA, 1942, by Monsignor McGrath depicting Rev. Charles Murphy as the hero of Hong Kong. Not one word has reached us from him personally. His story, however, has leaked out and his valour under severe test is an inspiration—his name is on the lips of all our school children, since hundreds of copies of "Timeless Topix" have passed through their hands. Some of his brave actions are portrayed therein in comic-strip fashion.

For months, very little mail reached our priests from their homeland and very little of their mail reached us. The service is better now and we have been able to piece together a story from letters recently received. It may be interesting to you if a few things taken from some of these letters are related here. You will see that these men and women, despite what they have gone through, have not lost their humorous outlook and their confidence in Divine Providence.

RUINED MISSION

"You may wonder" writes Father Murphy, "why we stayed when the rest of the priests and the Sisters left the district. In fact, we had the feeling that we were doing something very foolhardy. Personally, I simply hated to leave. I could not bring myself to do it. My heart was here in Lishui, where I have spent the last six years. I clung to the hope that I might be able to do something for these poor people, whose sufferings were so much greater than my own.

"You will be interested in my impressions upon returning here from Lungchuan. I do not think I shall ever suffer more agony, more mental torture, more genuine sorrow than I did on that day. I found whole families of my Lishui people wiped out; some of my school boys shot down; school girls maltreated. Many of the old faithful Catholics murdered. Our mis-

sion, or what is left of it looks like a stable. All the furniture of the five buildings is missing or destroyed. No doors, no windows and in many cases no walls. Everything that I owned has been taken away and I now own nothing. The few things I am using I borrowed from Fr. Strang who managed to save a few personal belongings.

"To-day is the first cold day here" (the letter was written Oct. 23rd, 1942) "and it has made me realize that I must do something about clothes. I own only what I am wearing. But that is a minor affair. The real tragedy is the horror suffered by our poor people and the destruction of our mission buildings. We shall have to begin all over again in many ways after the war.

"If Lishui is attacked again, I am ready to leave at a moment's notice, as I have nothing to take away with me. My bicycle is always ready and be assured that I shall make a getaway if necessary.

"Please do not think that I am now morose or unhappy. On the contrary, for the past few weeks I have been happier than at any time since coming to China. The poor people turn to you so confidently for the little help you can give. I am very busy and I love the work. Our other priests and Sisters scattered all over China must be having a hard time and they are deprived of the consolation of working with those they know and love. The spirit of the men in the other missions is wonderful, almost unbelievable, and the same goes for those who have made that ghastly trek across China. I myself very narrowly escaped death six times during the last few months. What is left of the city has been bombed three times of late."

Coat For Sale

Father Kenneth Turner, whose parents live in Montreal, in a letter dated December 20th, 1942, writes:

"On getting back to my mission after the soldiers retreated, I found church and rectory standing practically alone in the ruins of the village. Almost every other place in the village is absolutely destroyed. It was a sad home-coming for me to find all in ruins and everyone homeless. I have had 25 to 30 living in the rectory. They fill the downstairs. The place is full of hoes, rakes, ploughs, pigs, chickens, sweet potatoes, rice, babies and old ladies. It is hard to describe the confusion—you would have to visit here to understand. I am trying to sell a spring and fall coat, a pretty old one, along with my winter one in Wenchow. With the proceeds I figure on buying some clothes for my poor people. I may get 1500 to 2000 dollars Chinese money for the two, as foreign clothes bring a high price among the wealthy in the big town."

Father Turner continues: "Christmas has come and gone, I had a happy one. There was little of what you might call "celebration", but I had a good turn-out for the big feast and so it was a happy Christmas indeed. Maybe you would like to know how I spent Christmas. Thursday, Christmas Eve, I went to a Mission Chapel a few miles down the road, heard some confessions and got back for supper. Busy with different things until the Christians began to assemble at 8.00 p.m. It's the custom at every church and every mission chapel on Christmas Eve for the Christians to hear doctrine and pray from about that time until midnight. Where there is Mass, they stay for same, of course, then have a bowl of rice and go home. I began to hear confessions after 8, and they were coming until 11.30. In mission places, except where there is a long established and abundant Christianity, you never see anything like the crowds at home for confessions. So you can understand why I felt good after getting such a nice crowd to make their duty." After 11.30 I gave a little sermon. I was finished exactly at midnight. So I said my first Mass. It was great to see so many for communion. I had a crib, etc., not bad, although there was only one image — the Infant. The pillars of the church were covered around by bamboo trees and some red and green streamers hung from the rafters. Some Chinese lanterns and candles scattered among the congregation was the only light besides that of the altar candles. The floor is pressed mud and mortar, some of the windows are missing since the fire of last summer, so altogether the scene must have been not unlike that of Bethlehem. The weather turned out dark, cold, and with some odd drizzles of rain. Luckily there was not enough rain to stop the people from coming. There is no cover for them now outside of the church. Our school building did the double purpose of school and waiting room for the Christians. But now the building is destroyed. After Mass they dived into the rice I provided for them and I was so tired I didn't watch but crawled into bed, pants, shirts, socks and all. Next morning about 7.30 there were a few confessions and after my second Mass, I left immediately for the Mission where I had heard confessions the day before. There I had about fifty for Mass. After this, my third Mass, I had some macaroni and got home about 12 noon. The little room and stove felt pretty comfortable so I just loafed and read until Benediction in the evening. The weather was bad and there was a poor turnout. After a smoke or two I once more got between the sheets. And so ended Christmas."

Far From Home

And here is what Father Kelly of Eganville, has to say:

"I am at present in the Northwestern part of Hunan Province—a four-day trip west of Yuanling; two days by bus—two by mule. It was something new for me to sit on a mule but the days when I was a kid soon came back. We have two mules here and one of them is very lively. Coming up I had the lively one and had lots of fun. I came across country with the Mayor of this place and a few policemen. They were all very nice but one of the police stood behind my mule at the wrong time and the mule helped him into the river in short order.

"This place has never been bombed so I am going to be lonesome for the planes as we lived for four years with daily visits from them. In Kinhwa it was our usual routine and the weekly bombing was considered ordinary stuff. The only time it got really bad was when they plastered us day in and day out for a while. Then I often wished I was in some place like this. Down in Lishui Prefecture

they are expecting to run any time. They are only 20 miles from the front line and the thing is liable to break open any time again. Then there are all those scurries back and forth to test their strength. It was like that last year in Tungyang and I know it is not very pleasant."

Father Michael McSween of Cape Breton, N.S., has been in Peking with ten other of our priests. He tells us:

"We are booked to leave here in September, as a matter of fact, we had all our belongings packed and stored—then came the notice that the sailing was cancelled. We were not disappointed but delighted, as going home would have meant that these two years had been practically wasted."

Lost Everything

Rev. A. MacIntosh from Lungchuan, China, records his experiences:

"As you see by this I am back at the old post after a journey half way across China and back, in the heat of summer and on a bicycle. There was no other plan as the invaders were knocking at our door, and there are lots more pleasant things than falling into their hands according to what they have done elsewhere in this country and in other occupied areas. They did get pretty close to here but not quite. They occupied every other one of the missions but this one, and what a trail they did leave behind them. It will cost over half a million dollars in local currency to repair the mission in Lishui alone and much more than that for the other missions. It certainly made a sad change in our work here but we shall do our best to carry on. Most of the priests lost everything that they owned even clothing, with the exception of what they were wearing at the time. The Sisters in Lishui had to leave their dinner half finished and get going. There was not a very big chance of saving very much. Just now there are only eight of us priests in the prefecture and no Sisters, the others are scattered all over the country and shall not return to these parts until things are more on the settled side. As things stand now we may have to get going and so we don't want too big a number around."

Need is Great

Father Curtin of Ottawa, from Catholic Mission, Hengyang, Hunan, writes:

"I know of no place in the world where there is greater need for relief than in China and especially in our own prefecture of Lishui, Chekiang. Most of our people are poor even in normal times, but you can imagine how deplorable their condition was after the invasion, when the little they had was taken or destroyed by the invaders. As you have probably heard, the Sisters and many of the priests left Chekiang last summer just before most of our Prefecture was occupied by the enemy, and took refuge in this and neighbouring Provinces. A few of our prietss remained in the part of the District not invaded, and after the invaders left they returned to their Missions. From them we hear almost unbelievable reports of the havoc on the poor defenseless natives, as well as the looting that took place in our own Missions. We brought with us only what we could conveniently carry, and if we ever return we expect to find nothing of our personal belongings, and in most cases nothing but the four walls of our chapels and residences. Furniture, vestments, even the altars, were destroyed, and our beautiful church at Lishui was used for a horse stable for many weeks. Some of our smaller chapels were totally destroyed by fire, and it will be a long time before all is restored, if ever. The plight of our poor people was even worse than ours, for the hope of restoring their losses is hopeless, for they have no one to appeal to but us.

"We know that God, through the generosity of our friends, will provide for us somehow, and we pray that He will provide likewise for our poor people who suffered so severely."

MARTYR TO DUTY
Sister M. Daniel, of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who died recently of typhus fever at Yuanling, Hunan, China.

Hopes To Return

Father Allan McRae—Jan. 26th, 1943, continues the story:

"I got over the minor fatigues of the trek across a good part of China. The other meals that the Passionists Fathers have been putting up have done the trick.

"I feel that I can say the worst is over for us, and in a few more months maybe we will be able to return to Chekiang. I had a letter from Fr. Boudreau, he is back in Lishui now about a month. He found the Mission there in quite a bad state. However, no doubt when it is all over the Lord who provided for us in the first place will do it again.

"To say you come from China after this war is over won't mean so much anymore, as there will be so many a young soldier who can tell you that he was half or all the way around the globe. Before this is over we will likely be meeting some Canadians in China.

Four of us and all the Sisters are now in the American Passionists vicariate in Hunan Province. I came to this part of China last October and about a month ago was given an appointment for the duration of the war, or at least until such time that we will be able to return to our own mission district in Chekiang. So far things have not started to brighten up much back there, at least not around the Kinhwa section and even our priests who are in Chekiang Province are still as it

were sitting on a powder keg not knowing just when they might have to run again, but that is hardly likely anymore, the last few months have brought about a wonderful change for China, at least for the free parts of it. It has been a grand tonic to the old nerves that now I haven't seen an enemy plane since last August. What a change to a year ago. The American air arm is getting stronger daily out here around these parts. One of our priests is Chaplain in the next Province to us, to the American boys. I may get work along that line myself before it is over. Longing to meet some Canadian lads over here. I think that I will before it is over, for I hear that there are some next door to us in India.

"God will take care of us as He has done in the past and wherewithal will be forthcoming to start all over again where we left off before having had to leave our mission work back in Chekiang. Two of our Sisters are on their way home. Our other seven are in good health and are now in Yuanling, the Passionists' headquarters, working in the hospital there with the Sisters of Charity. Our Grey Nuns surely deserve an awful lot of credit the way they stood up under trying conditions. They showed us priests such wonderful example and trust in Providence that we will never forget it — to use the slang term — they could really 'take it'.

Hard Journey

"Our biggest desire right now is to be back in our own little nest in Chekiang."

Jan. 26th, Sister Julitta, Superior of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, who are working with our priests in China, writes:

"We are all very well and as you see are far from Chekiang. We were invited here by Bishop O'Gara and sent on by Fr. Curtin and advised by our priests. Although the enemy retreated we are advised not to return until it is more peaceful. Besides, during the occupation our mission was used for headquarters and much damage is done. Even the roof of the convent is off, walls down, school and church used for stables for the army horses. The horses chewed the communion rail and posts where they were tied. More than ever are we in need since our great loss in Lishui. We lost everything, furniture, etc. We were able to take our personal clothes, blankets, pillows in a small sampan, that was all, with ourselves. Coming here, the five in the first group had a terrible trip — heat and sickness, travelling by truck, bicycle and walking.

"To begin all over again is our lot as soon as it is peaceful enough for us to return to Lishui."

In the January, 1943, issue of China you will find an article describing the flight from the invaders: a number of our priests are personally mentioned. Last fall a letter appeared in the *Toronto Star* from Father J. McGoey of Toronto to his parents. In February China an article from Rev. H. Steele gives a very interesting account of conditions. Father Steele has been in Chungking for some months where he acts as contact man for our Missionaries with our headquarters here in Scarboro Bluffs.

Due to Japanese control of Peking very little news has come from our priests there. We have been assured that they are well and their needs attended to by the Swiss Government.

It is rather unique that our Reverend Founder, Rt. Rev. J. Fraser, is the one member of our Society who is entirely out of contact with us. He remained in Manila on business when on the way to China with Father Beal in December, 1941, a few days after Pearl Harbor was taken. Months after we learned Fr. Beal had reached Shanghai safely and made his way to Peking. Almost a year later we had word that Monsignor Fraser was safe in Manila.

We hope and pray with you that soon peace will again reign and all our members will be united once again and set about to rebuild their missions and gather around them their noble Christians. The doors of China will be wide open for the Church after this Gethsemane is over. The Chinese are now learning the meaning of the word "Charity" — they will seek further for the reason for it. God and His Church will be the answer. Her Missionaries will be there to receive them. So much help is needed in our district alone. Won't you begin now by giving a little towards our reconstruction fund. Then no delay will be experienced as soon as we can rebuild. Even now the prices of the cost of living are so high in China, that only the inspiration to help from our good friends and benefactors all over the country, has enabled us to keep sending our Missionaries enough for their daily sustenance. God's blessing will be upon you for any help you give towards the Missions. We never forget our indebtedness to our benefactors and consider ourselves seriously obligated to remember you in all our Masses and prayers.

Our little Lishui Community of Grey Sisters in the peaceful "good old days".

SALUDOS AMIGOS

By REV. D. STRINGER, S.F.M.

In which a Chinese missionary veteran, temporarily "exiled" from his beloved China, records his impressions of a new field of endeavour.

WE watched the great bird-like machine, which had brought us, mount to the skies and speed away on the last lap of its journey—without us. There was something unreal about our sudden transition from snow-bound landscapes to a vista of waving palm trees and warm tropical breezes caressing the blue Carribean. But no time for musing —custom and immigration officials with smiling courtesy awaited us. Archbishop Pittini, the spiritual head of the Republic, was on hand to welcome us.

Soon we were motoring along beautiful Washington Boulevard, enjoying the coolness, in sight and sound of the sea. Ciudad Trujillo, to give the Capitol its name, is a bright, clean city. Some years ago the city was completely wrecked by a violent hurricane which swept in from the ocean, Ample warning was given—but then someone is always taking the joy out of life. How many were thus caught unprepared I don't know. It did its devastating job well. This new city is well worth visiting. And if it is proper to use the adjective "spotless" it is certainly that.

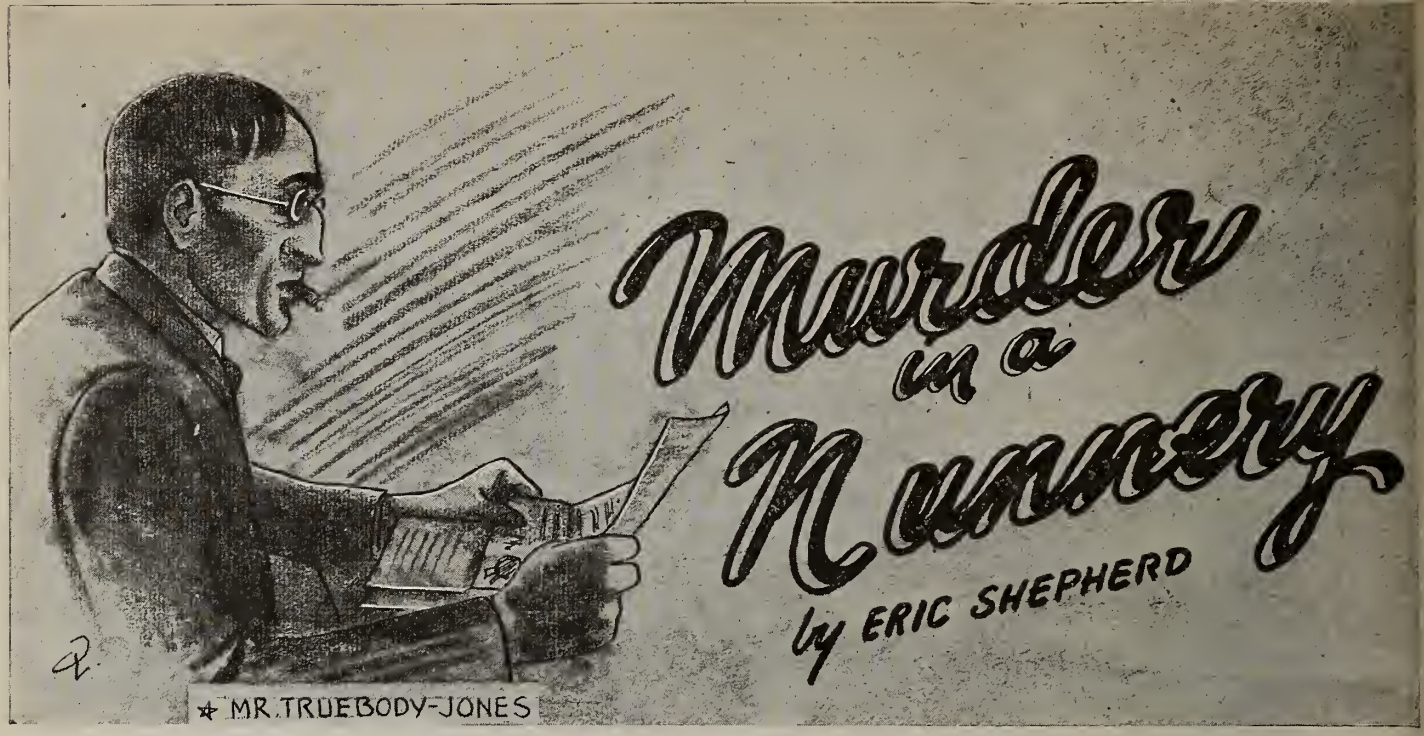
It abounds in sites of historical interest. Christopher Columbus once breathed its air, long before it was built. We walked through the ruins of the house that once sheltered him; and which at another time in his life imprisoned him. It must have been an exquisite torture for one of his romantic nature to have been confined within the tiny space of its prison cell. But now his bones rest in quiet repose in the Cathedral. The sound of laughter; the sparkling conversation; the murmur of a sigh, of the cavaliers and their ladies who once graced their times are gone. If walls could only talk! . . . Pigeons hid away from the hot rays of the morning sun in which we walked.

We found the people ever so friendly. A "saludo" here; an "adios!" there—everyone seemed to be smiling. Sentimental and temperamental, they put great zest into living. The very intensity they show in some pursuits may explain their seeming apathy in others. Through the pattern of their lives runs the silver thread of religion. Catholicism is old here, Mass was being offered while Spaniards were saying of our own then-unknown country, "Canada!". "Here, nothing!" Is this the origin of the name Canada? Some think so.

The other day I went to say Mass in a place about twenty-five miles distant. We motored through the mountains, winding and weaving up and down, picking our way through queues of donkeys and pack-horses laden with the produce of the farms on its way to feed the urban populace. Pine-covered hills rose out of plains studded with banana trees, cocoanut trees, fruit and flower trees—a panorama of mingling colours to be found only in the tropics. And is it possible that at last I have found a country without sparrows?

The greater part of our time at present is spent in learning the language. The other day, while Fr. Bob was engaged in trapping some elusive adjectives, I read through a short history of the Spanish language which I found in the grammar. Imagine my dismay when I found out I owe an apology to the Goths of old. I remembered all the nasty things I had thought about them in history class; and all the while they were doing me a great favour. For, while they were able to subdue that Roman-ridden Spain of centuries ago, they were unable to conquer Latin declensions; and being warriors they were naturally adverse to the passive voice. So they just threw the whole thing out, thus helping me, a perfect

(*Concluded page* 14)



CHAPTER XIII

THE WILL—BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WILL?

A SEDATE gentleman from the firm of Messrs. Locke, Sharpe, Truebody, Truebody & Thompson, Madame Sliema's solicitors, was waiting for the Inspector when he got back to the house.

He introduced himself by the name of Truebody-Jones, and handed over in a heavily sealed package the Last Will and Testament of the late Baroness Sliema.

Between them they broke the seals and produced the document.

"Did she make this, here in her own apartments, or at your office?" the Inspector inquired.

Mr. Truebody-Jones replied that the Will had been made by Madame the Baroness herself here on the premises.

Whereupon — but without attracting the attention of Mr. Truebody-Jones—the Inspector passed the document under his nose.

Together they read it through, and a very proper Will it seemed in all respects to be. When all taxes, duties and charges were deducted, there would remain £100,000 to be divided equally between the Convent of Harrington in the name of Reverend Mother) and the testator's only son, the Baron Crauford Sliema.

A small provision was made for Venetia until she became of age, when she would inherit a patrimony of £100 a year; and the Convent was asked to take over the guardianship of her.

Mrs. Moss had £200 a year, chargeable on Crauford.

Those were the main provisions.

"A highly orthodox and satisfactory document," Mr. Truebody-Jones allowed himself to comment.

Abstractedly, but with considerable graphic power, the Inspector sketched a skeleton on the blotting-pad.

"Were you well acquainted with your late client?" he inquired of the solicitor.

Apart from business affairs Mr. Truebody-Jones had not had the pleasure.

"We are in confidence here," the Inspector said. "Did you know the contents of this Will? Now that you do know, is it what you expected?"

"In the strictest confidence, Mr. Inspector, I did not—er—anticipate so equitable a disposition."

"You had grounds for that?" suggested the Inspector, further articulating his ghastly skeleton.

"I believe," the solicitor said, "that the very unfortunate alienation of the deceased Baroness from her son is fairly common knowledge."

"Do you know the cause of it?"

Mr. Truebody-Jones faintly shrugged.

"I do not, Mr. Inspector. I have heard that it is of very old standing—in fact, that the late Baroness never cared for her child."

"So you rather expected to find the natural heir cut out, did you?"

"I was under some apprehensions, I will own, Mr. Inspector. Speaking professionally, such things are always regrettable."

"Most," agreed the Inspector.

He finished his skeleton.

"Now, Mr. Truebody-Jones," he said slowly, "can you tell me this? Had you been given any reason to suppose that Madame Sliema wished to alter the Will we have just read? It is a matter of some importance."

The lawyer glanced at his own features in the glossy silk of the top-hat beside him.

"I am able to assist you, Mr. Inspector. Madame Sliema apprised us some days ago that she was altering her Will. . . ."

"She did not actually send for you?"

"She did not, Mr. Inspector. But she was perfectly competent to draw up a valid Will without professional advice."

His strictly impersonal professional veneer suddenly cracked a little, and he spoke with urgency.

"She may have done it. I would not put it past her. In your examination of her apartment and effects, you discovered no such instrument? . . ."

"No," said the Inspector, rather vaguely.

"You may still do so, Mr. Inspector," said Mr. Truebody-Jones. "I have known it again and again, especially with elderly women of imperious temper: a sudden splenetic outbreak . . . you understand? . . ."

"Perfectly," said the Inspector. "That is why I put these questions to you."

He added, speaking very deliberately:

"I am convinced that she was murdered over that altered Will."

The human Truebody-Jones had entirely relapsed into the man of law.

"Dear me!" he said.

When Mr. Truebody-Jones had taken his leave, the Inspector sat on at the table, adding an open grave and a neat little headstone to his skeleton.

CHAPTER XIV

VERITY JOINS THE POLICE FORCE

EARLY the following morning there was a telephone call from the Catholic Press Association inquiring with a touch of irony if Reverend Mother's attention had been called to the current issues of the *Peephole* and the *Periscope*.

Mother Peck replied with asperity that Reverend Mother's attention had not been called; and she was proceeding to pass a few general remarks on the character of both papers when she was informed that none the less Reverend Mother would probably be interested in to-day's issues, and rung off.

The papers were sent for, and nearly proved fatal to Mother Peck, for there, broadly printed upon the front page of the *Peephole*, was a fine study of Mother Peck herself, taken at her own sacred portal, obviously in the act of repelling some undesirable person—and above, in vast black letters, was the caption:

CONVENT MYSTERY

INTERVIEW WITH LADY SUPERIOR

LADY SUPERIOR RECEIVING SPECIAL "PEEPHOLE" REPRESENTATIVE AT DOOR OF CELL

This striking *coup* had been achieved by the young Pressman with the ease of perfect impudence: the *Peephole* rang the bell, and tried to sell the Convent a Hoover or some such appliance; then, while Mother Peck was in the very act of repudiation, an invisible photographer 'got' her full in the face—and next minute, full of a lively satisfaction in work well done, all the young men were rolling down the road together towards the nearest pub.

The unmaidenly posings of Verity, and the incredible nonsense she was made to say, passed —by Mother Peck at any rate— comparatively unnoticed. It was her own shocking appearance as Reverend Mother that smote her figuratively to the ground.

> A figure of pathetic dignity, reminding our representative of the beautiful but ill-fated Queen of Scots, the Lady Superior stood waiting at the door of her cell inside the sacred enclosure.
>
> Unable at first to articulate for the sobs which caught at her throat, she pointed to a conventual chair of Gothic pattern. . . .
>
> She spoke in high praise of the *Peephole*, and of its influence for good upon our British millions. . . .

So ran the interview.

Reverend Mother abhorred the vulgar publicity of to-day. She had not much difficulty in seeing how the reporters had tricked Mother Peck, but the portraits of Verity were too obviously deliberate poses on that young woman's part. As she sent word to Mother Peagle that Verity Goodchild be ordered instantly to the parlour, her face had that stretched look, as of fine material over a frame, which it only had when she was very angry indeed.

Miss Goodchild was one of those wise and prudent virgins who keep their lamps always trimmed. Knowing what might be in pickle for her this morning, she had been at pains to make it difficult for Mother Peagle to search her out, her object being to give the Reverend Mother time for second thoughts so that haply she might be spared the sin of anger and the even greater sin of hasty action.

"Where is Verity?" cried Mother Peagle, hurrying from pillar to post, and dispatching her Ribbons far and wide to aid the search.

But Verity was nowhere to be found.

In the meantime the Inspector had arrived at the parlour on a mission of his own, and had been told the facts.

He read the 'interview' with the 'beautiful but ill-fated' Mother Peck without the twitch of a face muscle, but his habitual gravity deepened when Reverend Mother declared that this time Verity had gone too far and would have to be sent away.

He spoke gravely.

"Technically, you know, she cannot leave the Convent just now; nobody can. And do you know, Reverend Mother——"

He stroked his admirably-shaven chin.

"Do you know, I think you are being a little hard on the child?"

For answer Reverend Mother held out the picture of Verity fallen in a faint upon the ground.

"Hard!" she echoed.

The Inspector looked at the picture.

"It is only acting," he said. "The girl is only playing a part. A gang of these young Press toughs got hold of her and she couldn't resist their blarney. Few girls could. There is nothing—an—in the least *improper* about these pictures."

"There is vanity, thoughtlessness, disobedience and unmaidenliness in them," declared Reverend Mother.

But then she burst out laughing.

"You know, Mr. Inspector, you are badly taken in about girls. I suppose most men are."

"Quite likely," agreed the Inspector. "And yet I think that a man, precisely through standing further off, may sometimes get a better view of a girl's character. His judgments, too, are more lenient. . . ."

"I can hardly overlook this altogether," Reverend Mother said.

"Why not?"

"My dear Mr. Inspector! Won't it be enough for you if I stop short at reducing this naughty child to the dormitories? . . ."

The Inspector spoke slowly.

"I am going to beg of you not even to do that."

He began to speak quickly.

"The fact is, I want a sharp eye in one of those bedrooms overlooking the guest-house. . . ."

Reverend Mother sighed.

"This police business is the ruin of discipline! And what would you have me say to this bad child when she chooses to put in an

appearance? Am I to congratulate her on the undoubted beauty of the pictures?"

The Inspector bent his mind to the problem of suitable rebuke, and looked so solemn and earnest about it that Reverend Mother relapsed into laughter.

"I am half inclined to leave you to it," she said.

She might well laugh, for the fatherly—or at least avuncular—attitude of the Inspector had been growing from hour to hour. It now comprehended not the school only, or even the Novices and Community, but Reverend Mother herself, whom he would gravely reprove for not taking enough rest and for persisting in running her own errands. Several little lectures he had given her in his kindly, solemn way, and she had richly enjoyed both them and him. His nickname in the Community was 'Grandmother Dear', after Mrs. Molesworth's delightful story. Sister Carmela was devoted to him. Mother Peagle had several times found him playing clumsy and laborious cricket with the Junior School.

"I should be firm but gentle," said the Inspector after prolonged deliberation. "I should point out her error clearly. . . ."

Reverend Mother assured him.

"Yes, I will do that."

"And then," added the Inspector, "I should tell her to move her bed to the window and sleep with one eye open."

Later that same day Verity confided to Torquilla and Philomene:

"I don't want to alarm you, children, but in my opinion Reverend Mother is breaking up. Definitely! All this murder business has undermined her resistance. She is not what she used to be. She only told me to-day that I had disgraced myself — my people — the school—the Convent—the Pope—the Church—and every principle of the Catholic Religion. . . ."

CHAPTER XV

INQUEST

A CORONER'S Inquest as prescribed by the laws of this country is a sordid affair, unredeemed by a single touch of the picturesque.

There is no scarlet judge, no Sword of Justice. There are no good-looking young Counsel in wigs and gowns.

There was, moreover, not the smallest chance for Miss Verity Goodchild to show off; her voice and manner in giving evidence resembled those of a mouse with a cold.

She was deeply disgusted. This drab court, this commonplace little man who was the Coroner . . . all these horrid medical particulars. . . . Here was no story for Torquilla, Alauda and the rest.

Nor was Mr. Turtle, called upon to swear to the knife, any better pleased.

"Are you in the habit of leaving dangerous cutting instruments about in a place where there are children?"

To which Mr. Turtle rejoined, with some tartness, that if a bloke couldn't put down his tool for a minutes—in a Convink, mind you —and him only going for as long as it took a man and not a wimming to say his prayers—without having that tool picked up and introduced between the ribs of a third party, well, he, Turtle, would be blowed, and he couldn't say fairer than that, no he couldn't.

Some spice was lent to the proceedings, however, by a long discussion of stays, and Madame Sliema's reasons for wearing such very 'valiant' ones (the term was the Coroner's). The Coroner was not without a sense of his duty to the public in such a case as this, and his knowledge of 'artificial supports' appeared to be large. A special edition of the evening papers went quickly off under headlines:

NUNNERY MURDER MYSTERY
CORONER ON STAYS

Mrs. Moss, supported into the box with smelling-salts and brandy, was embarrassed almost into a swoon as she listened to Dr. Goodall and the Coroner exchanging badinage about her late mistress's stays.

Reverend Mother explained Madame Sliema's status in the Convent. Mothers Peagle and Vannes corroboraaed Verity's story.

The Coroner summed up at great length, and concluded by suggesting the terms of the verdict.

The jury brought in the verdict, after carefully altering all the terms.

Madame Sliema had been murdered by hand or hands unknown.

Verity was not impressed by the verdict; she herself had known it all the time. Fancy all that fuss just to establish what everybody knew!

Torquilla and the rest flocked around, eagerly questioning, but Verity assumed a grown-up pose.

"Not just now, children; I am far too tired You have no idea of the strain of cross-examination by a skilled barrister of deadly purpose. Keeping your head, you know—and never committing yourself. . . ."

She retired, in a cloud of half-sceptical glory, to her bedroom.

"Verity gets all the fun," Janet sighed.

Philomene was seized with one of her attacks of lisps, denoting strain.

"It wath me that thaw the ghotht," she said.

"You would!" was the crushing rejoinder. "And got us all half slain by Reverend Mother."

Meanwhile, downstairs in the Priests' Parlour over a cup of tea eagerly provided by Sister Carmela, the Inspector was seated in deep cogitation.

Murder—by hand or hands unknown. . . .

He himself was pretty sure that he knew the motive of the crime, though as yet he could prove nothing. He was not sure yet how many minds were behind the hand, but he believed more than one was.

The crime, he was convinced, was not over, but was still going on almost under his nose.

There were many factors still to be accounted for.

He suspected there might be a psychological puzzle of a baffling type. . . .

And always in his sensitive and trained nose there was a peculiar smell—scent, aroma, perfume, if you like—a sweet, cloying, sentimental odour seeming to associate itself with everything which had ever belonged to the deceased woman; reeking in her cupboards, among her clothes and papers; unmistakable, unidentifiable—emanating from no source he had as yet been able to trace. . . .

He had thought he detected it on the strip of veil found in the garden; and when the whole of the veil was submitted to him, as he had requested, he was sure that he did. . . .

Yet the veil was Mother Trevor's, and had nothing to do with Madame Sliema. . . .

Or had it?

There was not a trace of this cloying scent anywhere but in the Guest House; but the Guest House was heavy with it. Mrs. Moss was heavy with it; Venetia gave it off. Now and then, to add to the puzzle, Sister Carmela's draperies seemed to waft it faintly. . . .

It was not at all an unpleasant small; rather the contrary . . . but cloying, and highly reminiscent of something. . . .

The Inspector was sure he knew it well, but he could put no name on it.

And he dared not make inquiries, for it was of the essence of things at present that none but himself should be in the undivulged secret of its possibly evidential value.

CHAPTER XVI

ENTER A MALTESE BARON

BY the terms of the only Will which anything but hypothesis knew anything about, the late Baroness Sliema had become a benefactress of the Convent, and, as such and in accordance with her testamentary wishes, she was given burial in the Convent cemetery.

The day of the funeral was that following the inquest, and a solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Mgr. Todhunter in the presence of the Community and school.

Present also—with, so to speak, a 'watching brief'—was the Inspector, occupying a prie-dieu in the side-chapel of the Immaculate Conception opposite the fatal one of St. Joseph.

It was not the Inspector, but Mr. Havelock Ellis, who said that even if the rite of Holy Mass were without validity, it would still be preserved wherever men love beauty as a supreme expression of human reverence and worship.

Certainly it was not at all in accordance with the Inspector's experience of a funeral ceremony. He had attended as many as most men of his age, and they usually left him void in mind and numb in body and full of a restless melancholy. This was his first Catholic funeral, however, and he was certainly impressed by the prominent position given to the coffin and the many beautiful attentions paid it. Again and again it was sprinkled with Holy Water and offered incense; again and again it was bowed to, blessed and visited. It seemed to the Inspector that Catholics are less afraid of their dead, less brusque with mortal remains, than are others; and the difference was pleasing to him.

The solemn Requiem proceeded; and the Inspector, from his point of vantage overlooking the altar from the side, watched, fascinated, the innumerable, elaborate and yet so swift actions of the priest's hands. The chapel was dim with incense and faint with the odours of the massed flowers. He wondered how in the world they contrived to teach such young boys as the acolyte seraphs to be so neat and prompt and circumspect in all their goings and comings. He greatly admired, too, the unaffected gravity of these youngsters, who, though they could know less than nothing about death, seemed yet with their wistful, pointed, almost expressionless little faces to have fathomed the very depths of human grief. There was something Chinese, he thought, about the solemn beauty of these robed boy-children as they worked the lovely pattern of the Mass.

THEIR NEED IS URGENT

★

Please see back page.

Though his eyes did not wander from the altar or miss any action which was performed there, his mind took up the problem of old Madame Sliema's death. There it lay, what was left of that troublous, unlikable spirit, before him in its coffin, under all those flowers, the focus of all this funeral pomp; and there it might lie—not here, but in the grave—and no real harm be done if none ever knew who killed her. But the Law was inexorable in its demand for discovery and vengeance; society must be protected; and he, the Inspector, was the servant of society and the Law.

Besides, the Convent must not be left under the shadow of unsolved crime.

Where was that Will, that new Will, which he believed to be at the heart of the whole matter? Had it existed only in the mind of the dead woman? Or had it taken documentary form? If the latter, what had become of it? What did one do with a document to destroy which one had committed murder? Surely one put it into the nearest fire! There were no open fires at the Convent, and at this time of the year the furnaces were not alight; but there was a fire always in the kitchen, and usually in the laundries — and anyone could slip down there while the Sisters were at Mass. If all evidence of this motive disappeared in flame, then the case had indeed an intractable look.

The priest had lifted up his hands.

"*Orate, fratres. . . .*"

And a seraph answered him in a treble whisper:

"*Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis. . . .*"

An even deeper hush fell upon the congregation.

But why, the Inspector asked himself, had the so-called ghost walked? Why was Mother Trevor's habit stolen from the enclosure and returned smelling mysteriously of the apartments of the dead woman? That clue of his sensitive nose proved conclusively to the Inspector that either Mrs. Moss or Venetia had crept out on the night of the crime on some strange errand. Which? Venetia seemed by far the more likely. Yet her alibi for the crime seemed almost unassailable, and the Inspector was convinced that the murderer and the 'ghost' were one and the same person.

Or was it a conspiracy, involving more than one?

But who would conspire with old Mrs. Moss, half crazy in her head, subject to heart-attacks, and wholly crazy on her legs?

A chime of little bells sounded.

(*To be continued*)

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. VX—No. 7 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. July-August, 1943

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

1. To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in missionary vocations.
2. To recite the official prayer daily for the conversion of infidels.
3. To aid the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus ,Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

Lenten Spiritual Bouquet for China Missions

Masses	619
Holy Communions	366
Rosaries	765
Stations	551
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	738
Little Sacrifices	661
Hours of Study	854
Prayers for Peace	2,079
Ejaculations	4,792

NEW MEMBERS

HOLY FAMILY SCHOOL, TIMMINS

GRADE 6, ROOM 8

Cecile Beaulieu, Jacqueline Beauchamp, Betty Murphy, Florence Bazinet, Ida Landers, Loraine Andrechek, Anita Clarke, Evelyn Belanger, Harvey Tierney, Veronica Cain, Lucy Floreault, John Skladany, Mary Catherine Bunce, Paul McKenna, Doris Kurkoski, Margaret Lynch, Benny Anderchek, Ruth Thibeault, Mildred White, Helen Gee, Dora McCormick, Annie Stanga, George Hancin, Shirley Anne Bowie, Joseph Thiffault, Margaret Dunlop, Phyllis Badeski, Lucien Pare, Teddy Morin, Gordon Nelson, Leona Richards, Keith McKey, Josephine Cox.

My dear Young Missionaries:

During the past month I have heard from a mother in California whose son is a friend of mine. This young man is in the American army in the Australian zone; he asks for prayers and so I thought I would recommend his welfare to our zealous members. His mother went to see the newsreels and what a shock she received when she saw her own son, Jack, appear on the screen creeping through the jungle looking for Japanese snipers. . . . I also received a letter from John Czorny of Toronto. John is in the Canadian army and has ever been a very faithful member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I hope you will all remember him and every member of our Mission Group now in the armed forces. John objects to the story *Murder in a Nunnery*; I would like to hear from our Young Missionaries on this point. Drop me a line and let me know whether or not you have enjoyed this serial story. . . . In the Mail Bag last month was a very interesting letter from a Mrs. Maltais of Windsor, Ontario. This zealous lady teaches Catechism to a group of children of a nearby district. I had a very nice letter from one of her young pupils, Marlene Coates, who tells us: "We go to Public School and every Thursday we go to a lady's house for Catechism. The lady is very nice." Mrs. Maltais travels out to the "lady's house" each week to impart the knowledge of God to these little ones; may God bless both the ladies and their little flock. I hope to have a picture of these children in the September issue and a short story of their School of Religious Knowledge. . . . From the Girls of Grades I, III, IV, VI and VIII of Stella Maris Convent, Pictou, Nova Scotia, I received a very interesting letter telling me of their activities on behalf of the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. They have contributed in a most generous way to our work for souls in our mission territory. The letter was written by Ella Decoste. . . . To all who have helped us I say, on behalf of the Society, many, many thanks and may God bless you all. . . . In this issue you will find a picture of the famous Harmony Nine Orchestra of Reserve Mines, N.S. They are among the most zealous of our units in the Rose Garden. I cannot close without offering my sincere sympathy to Stewart and Anthony Marsh, members of the Harmony Nine, on the death of their father in the recent disaster at Gardiner Mine, Nova Scotia. I know all the members will pray for his eternal happiness; may his soul rest in peace.

FATHER JIM.

The Mail Bag

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MISSIONARY NOW IN THE AIR FORCE

Somewhere in Canada . . .

"Here it is the month of May, the month of Our Mother, and yet we are still having snow and very cold weather. I am here sitting in the observer's seat in a bomber with the altimeter showing 0 feet. . . . Since I have been in the Air Force, two years to-day, I have met a few of our Rose Buds such as Dorothy White. London, Ontario; Agnes McGlaughin, of Edmonton, and a few others. . . . I played a little hockey with the R.C.A.F. and had some enjoyable trips out of it. . . . Last Easter week I was in ——— at the home of a Polish family and I really did enjoy it. I landed in on Saturday morning and in the afternoon I met Sergeant ——— of the Dental Corps. We went out dancing in the afternoon and in the evening to prayers and Confession. After Confession off again, this time to a dance at St. Mary's Girls' School . . . it was the end of a perfect day. Next morning we went to Mass and Holy Communion at eleven o'clock. . . . Back to camp—gee, how I hated to do that. They really gave me a glorious time; the meals were gorgeous. . . . I serve Holy Mass here every Sunday that I am in camp. . . . Say, I've been reading the stories in CHINA. I have a nasty suspicion but I am afraid I am wrong on the murder question. Then the other story of the Vision; well, I hope it never ends, but when I get nicely into it up comes 'continued next issue'.

"Yours in Blues,

"CECIL CHABOT."

ST. MICHAEL'S ACADEMY, CHATHAM, B.C.

St. Michael's Academy,
Chatham, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing a Money Order for ten dollars which we collected in our Mite Boxes during Lent. This is the fruit of many little sacrifices made for the Missions.

The accompanying spiritual offering will show you that we have not forgotten the most important part of our work for the China Missions.

Your Little Friends,
Little Flower Missionaries,
Grade IX.

The various grades of the Academy of Mercy, St. John's, Nfld., staged a self-denial contest for Lent, the proceeds to be devoted to our mission work. First place was won by the pupils of Grade VII, whose picture appears above. To them and to the other young missionaries who contributed so generously we extend our sincere thanks.

Enthusiastic little missionaries, members of the Rose Garden. 1, *The "Harmony Nine", Reserve, C.B., N.S.;* 2, *Pupils of Grade 2, St. Joseph's Convent, Halifax, N.S.;* 3, *Room 1, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto; Grade 6, St. Joseph's School, Halifax;* 4, *Patricia Parrington, Grade 3, St. Mary's School, Toronto;* 5, *Grade 7, Academy of Mercy, St. John's Newfoundland; Pupils of St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto;* 6, *Joan McLaughlin, Hamilton;* 7, *Marie Arrigo;* 8, *Anne Ondrovich;* 9, *Ruth Morrow, all of Grade 3, St. Mary's School, Toronto.*

IS GOD CALLING *YOU* TO BE A MISSIONARY IN CHINA? HAVE *YOU* A VOCATION TO BE A MISSIONARY IN CHINA?

"Alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to be holy and lived in sin, who were called to worship Christ and plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world. The world goes on from age to age, but the holy angels and blessed saints are ever crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the loss of vocations, the disappointments of hopes, the loss of God's love and the ruin of souls."

Our Lady of Guadalupe

By REV. LUIS VEGA, S.J.

THE STORY THUS FAR:

The story of Guadalupe is the history of the apparitions of Our Blessed Mother to the Mexican peasant, Juan Diego.

In the instalments to date we have witnessed the visions and the difficulty Juan discovered in convincing the Bishop of the truth of his story. Finally through the miracle of the painting on his cloak of a most beautiful image of Mary the Bishop was convinced. This month the story ends. To-day in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe this image of Mary, the Mother of God, is honoured by the faithful of Mexico and, in fact, by all the people of South America for Our Lady of Guadalupe is the Patroness of the South American Continent.

The Editor of CHINA *and Father Jim wish to acknowledge publicly our debt of gratitude to the author of the interesting account of the story of "Our Lady of Guadalupe" which concludes with this issue. Permission was graciously given to print this story by Father Jose Romero, S.J., General Director of Buena Prensa, Mexico City.*

THE FIFTH APPARITION

UPON Juan Diego reaching home, his uncle saw him in the company of Spaniards, and honourably treated by them, and he, therefore, asked the reason of this strange event. In answer, Juan Diego told him all about the success of his message to the Bishop, and how the Blessed Virgin had assured him of his uncle's improvement in health. The uncle, Juan Bernardino, having asked the hour and minute at which Our Lady declared him free from the disease through which he had been suffering, told Juan Diego that he himself had seen the same Lady, under the very form described, and at the same hour and minute, and that she had completely restored him to health. She had also told him she desired a church to be built on the spot where his nephew had seen her, and that her picture should be called "Holy Mary of Guadalupe", but she did not tell the reason for this.

The Bishop's servants having heard these things, brought the two Indians to their master. Juan Bernardino was then examined as to his sickness, its cure, and the appearance of the Lady who had restored him to health. Having ascertained the truth of the matter, the Bishop brought the two Indians to his palace in the city of Mexico.

The rumour of the miracle had already spread through the whole place, and those who were living in the neighbourhood of the city flocked to the Bishop's palace to honour the picture. His Lordship, seeing the great concourse of people, carried the Sacred Image to the cathedral, and placed it upon the altar, where all could see it. There it remained, pending the building of a hermitage on the spot indicated by the Indian, to which it was afterwards borne in procession amid great festivities.

This, then, is the simple tradition, without any ornament of words. And this history is so accurate, that any additions made to it would be false, or, at least, unauthentic, for the form in which it has been told is in accordance with the strictness, brevity and truthfulness with which the discreet natives and the historians of that century related and wrote of memorable events.

The Blessed Virgin Mary did not say why she desired her picture to be called "Holy Mary of Guadalupe", and, accordingly, this remains unknown till God be pleased to reveal it.

"Here finishes the first, the oldest and the most trustworthy tradition on the subject." With these words Becerra Tanco ends his narrative.

The meaning of the Arabian word "Guadalupe" is "the full-flowing river" or "the full-flaming star".

The attitude of the Image may be seen in the accompanying picture. The artists say that its proportions are perfect for a maiden of fifteen years. The face and hands are dark, the mantle is blue-green, the flowered tunic rose, and the rays and stars are deep gold.

The cloak whereon the picture appeared is about 6 feet by 3. It consists of two strips stitched together, and made of very coarse material, as loosely woven as poor sacking. Hence comes one of the marvels of the picture; for painters have deposed, after careful examination, that the material was not only not prepared, but also was unfit for its reception, so that they are utterly amazed at the laying on of the colours. No less marvellous do they find the apparent use of different sorts of colours. In some parts it appears to be oil, in others water, in others distemper colouring, while some of the tints are like those upon the flower.

IN CHINA

Our Priests and Sisters are in desperate need.

Please see back page

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SALUDOS AMIGOS

(*Continued from page* 7)

stranger who couldn't possibly reward them. What a altruism! I suppose the irregular verbs escaped in the manner of guerrillas; for they remain to plague us.

The weather is almost perfect. Although days are warm, and will get really hot, the nights are cool and breezy. There is a happy custom of closing up shop from noon till two o'clock, siesta time. During the month of May the rains are frequent. What I call "commando clouds" rush across the sunny sky and drench you before you can open your umbrella; and are gone again leaving you to dry out as best you can. But sun and rain account for the abundant growth of everything. So we suffer them.

Besides learning the language, Fr. Bob and I have to acquire the art of riding horse-back. The urging we give one another to go first is not, I think, entirely due to politeness. If we had had some sort of parachutist training we might tackle the job with more confidence. Why must there be a serpent in *every* Eden? Our respect and admiration for Paul Revere has soared.

So our interesting but sedentary life goes on. As soon as we can understand and be understood in Spanish we will get on with our ministry. Our French-Canadian confreres are doing everything possible to introduce us to this new way of life. They are old hands at it now. It goes without saying that both of us would appreciate a prayer now and then. So au revoir and best wishes to everyone.

READ 'EM AND GRIN

"I hear that you dropped some money in Wall Street. Were you a bull or a bear?"

"Neither, just a plain, simple ass."

The weighing machine was out of order, but no notice to that effect had been posted. An unsuspecting fat lady clambered on and inserted a penny. Among the curious bystanders was an inebriated gentleman intently watching the dial. The scale registered seventy-five pounds. "My gosh," he whispered hoarsely, "she's hollow."

There was an old man from Calcutta
Who coated his tonsils with hutta,
Thus reducing his snore
From a thunderous roar
To a soft, oleaginous mutta.

The invited guest was being shown to his bed in the haunted room by his host's faithful but rather sinister-looking retainer.

At the door of the room they paused.

"B-b-hy the way," said the guest, "has anything—er—unusual ever happened in connection with this room?"

"Not for over fifty years, sir," said the servant hollowly.

"And what happened then?" asked the guest with a sigh of relief.

"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared at breakfast the next morning," came the reply.

Letter from College Student: "Dear Dad—Gue$$ what I need mo$t of all. That'$ right. $end it along. Be$t wishe. Your $on, Tom."

Letter from Dad to Son: "Dear Tom: NOthing ever happens here. We kNOw you like your school. Write us aNOther letter. aNOn. Jimmie was asking about you Monday. NOw we have to say good-bye."

The movie usher was in the dentist's chair.

Dentist: "Now, Miss, which tooth is giving you all the trouble?"

Usher: "Second from the left in the balcony."

First Leatherneck: "Do you think she is a natural blonde or a bleached blonde?"

Second Leatherneck: "I think she is a suicide blonde."

First Leatherneck: "What kind is that?"

Second Leatherneck: "Dyed by her own hand."

He was a budding artist with paint and brush. After several weeks of enthusiastic labor he had just completed his first landscape. He was showing it off to one of his friends.

"I'll let you have the honour of suggesting a title for it," he said.

"Call it 'home'."

"But why call it that, seeing it's a landscape?"

"Because there's no place like it," was the candid reply.

Wife: "I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me."

Hubby: "My dear, it wouldn't dare!"

A coloured preacher at the close of his sermon, discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said: "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown will lead."

"Lead?" said Deacon Brown, suddenly awakening, "I jis' dealt."

Johnny Brown had missed school. The next day he brought this excuse from his father:

"Dear Teacher: "Please excuse John's absence from school yesterday. He fell in the river and got all wet. By doing the same you will oblige.

Mr. Brown."

"No, Willie," said his mother,—"no more candy to-night. Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

"That's all right, mamma," said Willie; "I can sleep on my back, can't I?"

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me those lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay off to-morrow."

"What's the idea of calling your dog 'Swindler'?"

"Oh, just for fun. When I call him in the street, half the men almost jump out of their skins."

"You were always a fault-finder," growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband, meekly; "I found you."

The vicar was appealing to members of his congregation to supply refreshments for the church social.

"And now, please remember," he ended, "what we want are not abstract promises, but concrete cakes."

"Johnson's address was well timed, wasn't it?"

"Yes, two-thirds of the audience had their watches out before he finished."

Daughter (leaving for holiday): "Good-bye, Dad. Don't forget to write, even if it's only a cheque."

She: "Darling, it's just a year to-day since our honeymoon, when we spent that wonderful day on the sands."

He: "We never thought then that we'd be spending our first anniversary on the rocks."

"Why," asked a Missouri paper, "does Missouri stand at the head in raising mules?"

"Because," another paper replied, "that's the only safe place to stand."

The doctor was puzzled.

"You ought to be pretty well by now," he said. "Have you carried out my instructions?"

"Well, Doctor," said the patient, "I've done most of them, but I can't take the two-mile walk every morning that you ordered. I get too dizzy."

"What do you mean—'dizzy'?" asked the doctor.

"Well," said the patient. "I must have forgotten to tell you. I'm a lighthouse-keeper."

The deacon had been dead a week. A parishioner, meeting the parson of his church on the street one day inquired:

"When do you expect to see Deacon Jones again?"

"Never, never again," the minister declared solemnly. "The deacon is in heaven."

A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly walked up and said, "How many have you caught to-day?"

"You're the ninth," replied the fisherman.

Sheik: "I know a man who has been married for 40 years and spends every evening at home."

Sheba: "That's what I call real love."

Sheik: "The doctor calls it paralysis."

Mary walked up to the bank clerk's window and said: "I would like to buy some traveller's cheques."

The clerk asked: "What denomination, please?"

Mary replied: "Methodist."

IT'S NO JOKE—BEING HUNGRY IN CHINA—(PLEASE SEE BACK PAGE)

Their Need is Urgent!

IN CHINA

Our Priests and Sisters are Refugees.

Homeless—Hungry.

Some still carry on amid the ruins of our own Missions.

Others are scattered far and wide, longing for the day when they may return to their work among their people now suffering indescribable hardships under the yoke of a cruel invader.

★

Better days will come.

New little chapels will rise from the ruins.

Hope will live again in Chinese hearts.

For that blessed day we must prepare—now.

★

Dear readers and friends, we turn to you. On behalf of our young Canadian Priests and Sisters we appeal to you. In gratitude to God for the blessings we enjoy in our own beloved land, will you give something to those who have generously given all? Even the smallest offering will be most gratefully received.

———————*Tear out this coupon and mail today*———————

To the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Enclosed my offering for our Canadian Missionaries and the gallant Chinese people.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

For whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of water in my name, because you belong to Christ; amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward. (Mark IX, 40).

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY - Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

CHINA

SEPTEMBER 1943
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Canadian Mission Exhibit

VARSITY ARENA
TORONTO

OCTOBER 15th–18th

The Catholic Home and Foreign Missions
of the World on Parade

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THE PHILIPPINES — THE SOUTH SEAS

Do not miss the opportunity of seeing just what your Canadian missioners are doing in every land on earth.

Visit the Arena during the days of the Exposition and become more mission-minded. Bring your friends.

PLEASE PRAY FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE EXHIBIT

CHINA will be there to greet you!

Subscription: 50c per year Circulation: 48,000

SEPTEMBER CHINA 1943

VOL. XXIV VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* No. 8

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Signposts

Through Mary to God and Peace:

Recently Our Holy Father consecrated the whole world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; soon after this action the Bishops of Ireland dedicated their land to the Mother of God's Immaculate Source of Divine Love.

In the year 1917 Our Blessed Mother appeared at Fatima Portugal and foretold that the war, then raging, would soon end, but if the world would not return to God a worse and more terrible war would come upon us not many years later.

If we wish to assuage the justice of God, she said, the world must be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart (each one should do so individually) and on the FIRST SATURDAY of each month receive Holy Communion in Reparation.

The surest way to God is through Mary; He came to us through her and it is His Will that we go to Him through her. Only through Mary will peace come to this world of sin and opposition to the Holy Will of God.

CHINA appeals to its readers to get down on their knees now and consecrate themselves to the Immaculate Heart of God's Mother, Our Mother and Intercessor.

Missioners Return From China:

Rev. Lorne MacFarland of Toronto and Rev. Daniel McNeil of Boisdale, Nova Scotia, have just returned from our mission field in war-torn China, after a hazardous journey of thousands of miles. Both have spent several years on the missions, and you will read in the October number of CHINA an account of their thrilling experiences in bomb-blasted Lishui and other of our mission stations in Chekiang.

Our two heroic missioners have returned to Canada because of ill-health and we indeed welcome them with all our hearts and we trust that they will soon regain their strength and fully enjoy their well-merited holiday at home.

We Lose Two Dear Friends:

Mr. Daniel Smith, for over seventeen years the caretaker at the Seminary, died suddenly late in July. Priests of the Society all over Canada and in far-off China and Santo Domingo will learn with deep regret of his passing. CHINA extends to the Smith family its deepest sympathy in their great loss. Please remember Mr. Smith in your good prayers.

Word has just reached us from Vancouver of the death of a very devoted friend of our Mission on the coast—Miss Marie Bryant. We were indeed shocked at the unexpected and sad news. To her sister, Miss Edna Bryant, we offer our sincere sympathy and an assurance of our Masses and prayers for her dear dead.

May God in His abundant goodness now reward gloriously, one who was indeed a true disciple of His charity and a real missioner. May her soul rest in peace. Dear readers pray for her.

Because of lack of space in the September issue the Serial Story has been omitted.

Favors Received:

A friend at Fort William, Ontario, wishes us to publish an acknowledgment of a favour received through the intercession of the Jesuit Martyrs.

We wish to assure R. W. that we have gratefully received the donation for our missioners and Chinese people.

Mrs. Lester Proctor of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, wishes through CHINA to express her gratitude to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a wonderful favor received. After praying to the Sacred Heart, her young daughter's hand which had been caught in a door and seemed badly mutilated, was found to be perfectly all right.

Jubilee Number:

The next number of CHINA will be a Silver Jubilee number marking the twenty--fifth anniversary of the foundation of our Society and the twenty-fifth birthday of the CHINA. Don't miss it.

Opening of Seminary and Nazareth House:

On September 13th, the Seminary will reopen for another year. Nazareth House at St. Marys, Ontario, will also open around the same date and all the new men will enroll there for a year of spiritual training. Please pray for the success of the Seminary and our new house at St. Marys.

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Miss Muriel Harpell.

Rev. R. Hymus, S.F.M.

White Beauty

by

Rev. D. Stringer, S.F.M.

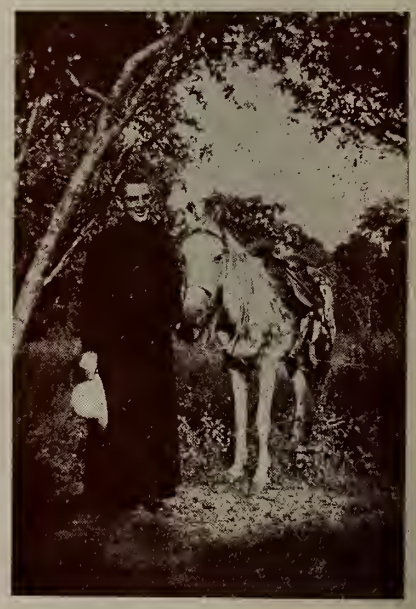
Rev. D. Stringer, S.F.M.

I SHOULD have got off and walked. It would have been much faster and safer. But there was no priorty on liniment. Moreover, I would never again be able to gaze at the picture of Paul Revere, my hero, if I backed away in disgraceful retreat from this first equestrian test. If I wrote "horsey endeavour" the editor might demur. And I might add here, don't believe all you hear about 'horse' sense. Some haven't got any,—horses, I mean.

In order to follow this narrative without being jolted to pieces, here is a description of the principal actor, a good one but bad. Sounds confused. Anyway let me introduce Bones, a fourteen-year oldster with coltish ideas, especially designed for Fr. Bob and me to learn on. He has nice eyes, a beautiful tail, was once white and loves bananas. We ride him through the leafy by-paths in the hamlet of Bella Vista, enjoying the vesper coolness while mastering the details of riding. Shouts of gleeful encouragement show us just how much the village kids enjoy the inspiring sight. Our heads jolt back and forth in what we hope is graceful acknowledgment.

Came the feast of St. John the Baptist and a general holiday for all the coach-drivers. Denied this form of transportation and being in need of going into the city I decided to use Bones. Such a quiet old thing would be easy to handle. So I tucked up my soutane, put on the one spur we jointly own and started off on the great adventure. Just about a quarter of a mile away is the bridge which spans the Yaque river. Bones loped along at a pace no one would dream of calling hazardous. His big feet pounded onto the bridge. How glorious life was! Down below in the river boys were swimming. At the farther end of the bridge were masses of donkeys waiting to be loaded with baskets of fruit,—always much bustle and confusion there.

Now Bones does have large ears and just about here I used them for a purpose totally unrelated to their proper function. Just how it happened I don't know. Without any sort of warning I found myself (1) doubled up on his head, holding him by the ears and gazing into his eyes in terrified fascination. His front end was down, his tail waved as from a mast. Then he managed to restore his equlibrium while I extricated myself from the folds of my soutane and picked the last hairs of his mane from my teeth. Bones had such a look of pained surprise in his eyes that I couldn't help but feel the whole happening was my fault. Anyway the time was not opportune to argue it out so we continued our way. Bones must have been badly scared when just a baby. He might now be old but there was plenty of kick left in him. As we neared the end of the bridge, along came a truck. He has a complex when it comes to such things. As it came hurtling towards us he decided to avoid even looking at it. Entirely futile was my frantic use of my lone spur. It only made him keep turning in circles, and you can't get anywhere like that. I began to wish I never saw a horse. This merry-go-round was alright in a park but not amid a confuson of mules, donkeys, trucks, carts and whatnots all pushing and



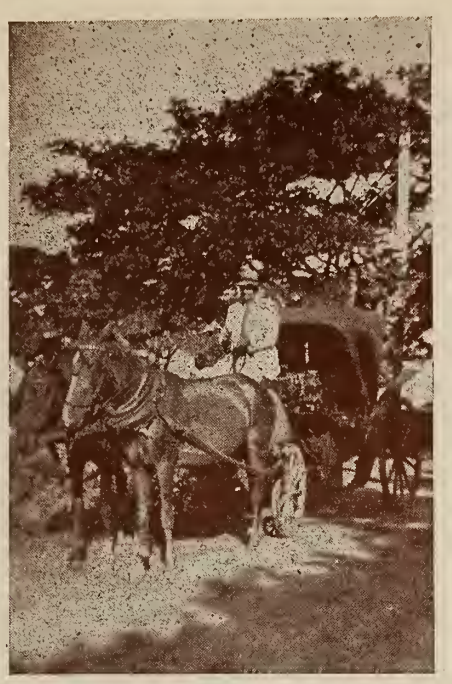
Smile!

jostling to get by. We finally emerged onto a street of comparative quiet. Bones let out a snort while I heaved a sight of relief.

From here on everything should have been smooth going. I had burned my britches behind me. There could be no turning back. Bones was labouring along a street which seemed to be just a little too steep for his ageing legs. Both of us heard the horn at the same time and both of us looked to see what was coming. It was a bus. Why a horn was necessary I don't know. It shrieked and whistled and sputtered and rattled as though possessed. Bones' ears twisted and turned, up and down, to this side and that, both together, now one alone, in a vain endeavour to know which way he should bolt. But Bones is no coward. He decided to meet the challenge head-on. I reined him in sharply and he started to back up. Because he was an old model he wasn't equipped with a rear-view mirror and both of us felt the jolt when he hit a post. Then he gave a bound forward. Two vertebrae of my spine seemed to snap. The bus whizzed by in a cloud of dust and when it settled I found I was still on top, mystified but happy. Bones started on again, heartily wishing he was back on the farm.

Finally we arrived at the photographer's shop. I dismounted with what grace my aching joints would allow and entered. Bones crossed his front legs, closed both eyes and went to sleep. When I came out it seemed a pity to waken him but then I had to get home. Everytime I used to mount him in the drowsy quiet of Bella Vista he would stand as motionless as a statue. This time I got one foot into the stirrup and was balanced in mid-air when he decided to get going. When it was all over the saddle was underneath, the belly-band across his back and I was looking in the gutter for my knee-cap, longing for the happy days, the horseless days I had spent in China. Up in heaven I was sure St. Paul and his namesake, Paul Revere, were chortling with laughter. Even Bones gave a snicker but when I looked at him he was as solemn as became his years. The horse!

We arrived home without further mishap, but what a long time it took. Bones had no sense of shame at all for he let everything pass him on the way. By this time I didn't mind what he did so long as he stayed upright. Before unsaddling him I started to give him a lecture, arguing, expostulating, entreating, when I happened to look at him, he had gone to sleep. What could I do?



A common means of conveyance in Santa Domingo.

Chinese Vignettes

THE DOLE

It is the day of the full moon—China's day of dole-giving; and a most unwilling dole-giving it is, for it is actuated only by sheer force or terror. The receivers of the dole are the professional beggars of the land, and an utterly miserable, unsightly, repulsive crew they are. Along the streets in groups they go, demanding from the shop-keepers in voices peremptory and shrill, their accustomed dole — "one cash" — its equivalent in our money being the one-twentieth part of a cent. Here comes a string of these wretched pariahs. Crouch well back out of their way as they pass, for they are inexorably importunate in their demands, and there is pollution in their touch. Their approach engenders in us the same shrinking horror that was experienced of old when out upon the air rose the "Unclean! Unclean!" of the shrouded leper. We hold our breath, cover our nostrils, cringe back and away, as this line of Chinese beggars goes by. They are indescribably and pitiably loathsome. They advance in a single line, holding to one another, for most of them are blind, with faces upturned to the glowing sun, as though imploring him to have pity on their darkness. Hideous running sores are exposed for the pity of the passer-by; twisted limbs; sightless eye-balls; horrible abnormal deformities, and all covered with rags of unspeakable filth. As one comes to the shop-door the owner is ready with his "cash". Swiftly he drops it into the outstretched skinny claw of the mendicant, and then silently motions him on. Should the shop-keeper show tardiness or unwillingness to make the small donation, most surely will the vengeance of the gods fall upon his unlucky head. The unsavoury group will crowd around his counter shrieking out their curses upon him and his generation. They will claw over his wares, and damage them to such an extent that he will soon regret the withholding of the paltry cash, the giving of which would have saved him such heavy losses and indignities.

When night at last falls the begging fraternity returns to its place of shelter, hovels so filthy and unsavoury that they may never lie within the city limits, but are erected outside the walls where their smells and abominations may not contaminate the dwellers of the city. I have seen many beggars doing their rounds on this day of the Full Moon, and the one that touched me most was one who carried with him a sort of two-stringed banjo, and gamely strummed it with his gaunt diseased fingers as he crawled along. In that unthinkable life of degradation which was his, there was still left in his starved and decaying body a love

(*Continued on page* 7)

The Destruction of Dolu

by

REV. K. TURNER, S.F.M.

Scarboro Bluffs, July 5th.

A letter from Father Ken Turner, of Montreal, just received at St. Francis Xavier Seminary here, tells a pathetic story of the futile attempt of Chinese village folk to save their grain and cattle from a Japanese foraging party and the tragic consequence of their resistance. Father Turner writes:

"In writing some months ago I gave particulars of the destruction and losses in those of our missions which are now free following the invason of last summer, and I understand several others have also written. The fate of many main stations still remains undetermined, since they remain occupied by invading troops. All that territory we call the Kinhwa District, formerly part of Hangchow Vicariate and which was ceded to Lishui Prefecture by the Holy See more than two years ago, remains occupied. We have suffered great material losses, and the list is incomplete. But God in His Goodness saved many of our places from the total destruction which was the sad fate of many Missions in surrounding Vicariates. For a long time I have intended to give you further particulars of Dolu Mission, where I am stationed, thinking perhaps same might be of some interest to your readers. The very unsettled conditions in which we find ourselves have kept distracting me from doing so.

Whoever would have thought, that the full force of the war would strike this tiny out-of-the-way village of Dolu, nestling in a narrow valley between the high, bare hills? It is miles away from any place of importance—forty miles from Lshui and fifteen miles

from the small town of Tsingtien. For years and years on end, Dolu village has enjoyed its placid existence, barely touched by the changes that have affected the outside world. Its mud walls and tiled roofs have sheltered generations of villagers in peace and isolation. Daughters have been given in marriage and have left, but never go far from home. Sons have married and have brought wives from neighbouring villages. Dolu's unlovely homes, walling in the narrow crooked lanes, have seen children born, and they have echoed to the wailings of the mourners as each one's time came. On the slopes of the hills are the grass-covered mounds covering the graves of the ancestors. The "good-Earth" was their sole employment and care, and in it they rest awaiting the Resurrection. No stores or merchandise have ever taken the villagers from the tasks of the fields, and to the rest of the world Dolu has been, and is, a cypher—of no importance or significance. If isolation can bring safety, surely then, one would have thought, Dolu would be safe. But this was not to be so.

Last Pentecost Sunday we said farewell to our Christians shortly after dawn. The time of our return was in God's hands. Troops were marching, and the invasion of this territory was imminent. We had our orders to vacate. With a few belongings we cut over the hills to safety. The summer advanced with its bombings, its tales of blood and destruction. Through the long hot days we waited and prayed. Of Dolu of course there was no news. Finally, on the last day of August, the rumour came of the withdrawal of invading forces from Lishui. With this rumour came another, that Dolu was completely destroyed and that nothing was left of the Mission there.

The return trip to Dolu was by sampan. You can understand why it was made with mixed emotions—gladness at being able to return, but sadness in anticipation of what would be found at journey's end. It was a queer sensation felt, travelling over the ground that still bore in the dust the footprints of the retiring soldiers. There was plenty of evidence of the recent occupation—a village on the right where Fr. Strang has a chapel, now destroyed from the air, the road dug up and barricaded with rocks, two bodies floating in the stream. Finally, away down the river, familiar landmarks of this countryside began to appear. On the path in towards Dolu after

leaving the river, there is a rise of ground, and in the distance I could see the ashes and ruins of home. Too far yet to distinguish,—but at last we round the last corner, and with something pulling at my throat I saw still bravely standing our Church of St. Theresa, and unbelievably too, the rectory. Only half a dozen roofs still stood in a ghost village of rubble, dust, crumbling walls and broken tiles. A little Christian boy Dsa-Fa, met me outsde the gate of the Mission compound. He reached for my hand and we walked in together.

There were six Christian families camping in the rectory. Their homes were gone and with them everything they owned. The covered part of our courtyard was jammed with their clay and brick stoves used for cooking. They all came to greet me, to talk and shout, to tell their misfortunes and to ask questions. Poor simple people, what have they left?

Our school is in ruins and one room of the rectory was gutted by fire. Vestments, church linens, all articles and supplies for saying Holy Mass, are gone. Many personal possessions are gone. Gradually I got the story of the catastrophe. It is a long one but I'll state it briefly. When a foraging party entered the valley attempting to take grain and cattle, there were some who resisted. Rifles blazed from the hills. In retaliation every house in Dolu and in six neighbouring villages were one by one set ablaze. None were spared, not even a Buddhist shrine just outside the village. A few places were saved when the fires burned out in them without major damage. But all these seven villages were blazing infernos of flames that spared nothing in reach. Clothing, bedding, furniture, farming implements, every possession of humble farmers were lost. From tile roof to mud floor, nothing escaped the flames.

The Mission Compound at Dolu.

The Church of St. Theresa (the Little Flower) at Dolu.

I went into the church. It was as we had left it. There was no evidence of any attempt to set the church on fire. The statue of St. Theresa stood in its accustomed niche high over the main altar, symbolic of her faithful guardianship. God is indeed good to leave us His church. In countless ways in the months just then passed, He has shown us proofs of His loving care. To Him, to His Mother and ours, and to the Little Flower, we pour out our thanks.

Help us to rebuild our ruined Missions in China.

Half a year has gone by and Dolu is emerging from its ashes. Around the Church, emblematic of that which gives meaning to life and suffering, the villagers have begun to raise their little cottages. The past winter has been a severe one. Sickness and want have taken their toll of life, especially of the little ones. Even in this rectory, huddled close to the kitchen fire in his mother's arms, one little boy died with the chrism of Confirmation still wet on his forehead.

Will you please ask your readers, dear Father, to pray for the poor people of this valley that God may see fit to alleviate their present miseries. When Peace comes, and please God it will be soon, I hope to be able to ask your readers too, to assist us in repairing and refurnishing so that we may carry on the work of saving souls.

Devotedly yours in Christ,
K. R. Turner.

Dolu, Tsingtien, Che., China,
March 18th, 1943.

Chinese Vignettes

THE DOLE

(*Continued from page* 5)

for the beautiful. To me this "jolly minstrel" was the most pathetic of them all.

"Is there no remedy?" you ask. Yes, there is one only remedy for this hideous inhumanity and depravity. Betterment for these wretched and despised outcasts will come only when China opens her gates to the knock of the Good Samaritan.

FATHER WONG and myself were just finishing our mid-day bowl of rice, when a messenger entered the Mission compound. He was weary and hungry, for he had travelled all the way from Dolu, one of our Mission outposts up in the mountains. He came to tell the Sheng Fu (the priest) that some of the Christians of that far-away village were deathly sick and wanted their spiritual Father to come to them with all haste.

So I packed my Mass-kit, bundled up my clothes and started out by foot on the long journey into the hills. The boy went ahead of me, carrying my bed-clothes and Mass-kit from a bamboo pole that was carefully balanced on his shoulder. It was a mid-summer day and the heat was terrific, so that we were almost glad when a heavy rain came. It drenched us through, but it was more bearable than that deadly sun which had been beating mercilessly down upon us.

As we walked along the narrow, cobblestone path that separated one rice paddy from another or climbed the innumerable steps up the mountain that seemed almost to reach to heaven, other travellers would greet us and inquire where the Sheng Fu was going and what his business was. To ask these questions is quite the custom in China. Nobody really expects you to tell them all they ask you, but some general answer to their queries is quite satisfactory.

Now and then we would stop at some little village along the way and have a cup of boiling hot tea and a few Chinese cakes made from rice. The Chinese believe in drinking hot things to keep cool and are more sensible in that way than we are. Their tea is green tea and they never use milk or sugar with it.

While we sit and drink our tea, a crowd gathers for foreign men with white skin seldom if ever pass through these mountain villages. My boy answers innumerable questions about me and takes advantage of the occasion to explain to his audience the Catholic Faith. Very often such talks lead to the conversion of some of the villagers.

By the time we reached our destination it was already dark and I was not only very wet but also very muddy, having succeeded in falling into several rice paddies after dusk had settled down. A deathly stillness seemed to have settled over the city of Dolu. As we walked up the deserted streets, from several houses came the high-pitched wailing of those who mourned their newly dead. Stumbling along one dark lane, I tripped over something lying on the cobblestoned pathway, only to discover with horror that it was the body of an old man. Later I heard that an epidemic of spinal meningitis was abroad in the city and people were dying so fast that they had not time to bury them.

When we reached the house of the Catholic family we had come to see, the old father met me at the door and almost embraced me in his great joy. "Everything will be all right now," he said, "because the Sheng Fu is here."

I admired his great faith, but I could not share his optimism after I had seen the ones who were sick. One was a young boy of fourteen and the other a young girl of about sixteen, the old man's son and daughter. They were lying upon straw in a corner of one room, the floor of which was simply the good earth itself. Both

were sick with the dread disease and death was written in unmistakable lines upon their pallid, perspiring faces. I gave both the Last Sacraments and then settled down for a night's rest myself. My bed was some straw, upon which I spread my bundle of blankets and although it was a hard pallet to lie on, I was so weary after my long journey that I soon fell sound asleep.

I awoke early to the myriad sounds of village life and to a realization that the bright morning sunshine was full upon my face. After dressing and awakening my boy, I prepared to say Mass, before starting on my homeward journey.

Opening my Mass-kit, I set up my improvised altar on a rickety table in the room where the children lay sick. Not until I was raising up the Host at the Consecration did I notice something—something that has to do very especially with this tale of God's miraculous answer to great faith and fervent prayer.

Pasted on the mud wall just above my altar was a picture, a picture taken from a back issue of the CHINA magazine, published monthly by our Society. Evidently one of our Missioners had visited this village sometime before and had left a copy of the CHINA behind him and the Chinese, liking this picture, had cut it out and pasted it up on the wall.

It was a picture of boys and girls of St. Rose's School in Fairville, New Brunswick. These children had promised me before I left Saint John for China that they would never begin school in the morning without first saying a prayer for my intentions that day. Under their teacher, the late Miss Mary O'Brien, who was indeed missionary minded, these children had not only prayed daily for me, but often sent myself and other priests in China parcels and money to aid us in our work.

They seemed to be looking down at me very earnestly as I said my Mass. I knew in my heart that this was no mere coincidence that their picture should be above my little altar, in this poor mud hovel, high up in the hills of Chekiang in far-off China. They were praying for me and I in turn prayed for them.

The Mass ended, I had some rice and then with my boy I started the long journey back to Tsingtien where I was parish priest. When we left, the boy and girl were still weaker and death seemed only a matter of days, perhaps hours. Still, the old father hoped on, strong in his faith and realizing the hopelessness of it all, I pitied him but I left him with his dream.

As we walked down the mountain steps, and left the dread pestilence behind us, it seemed so good to be alive. The air was strong with the smell of ginger blossoms, the sun threw a lace pattern on the ground before us as we walked through a grove of bamboo trees and the different shades of green squares in the village below seemed like a crazy-quilt of gorgeous hues.

Weary and foot-sore, we were happy when at last the walls of Tsingtien came in view and soon we were back again at the Mission, and in the days that followed, our mission trip to Dolu was all but a forgotten memory.

Then, one day about three weeks later, there came a messenger from Dolu. With much excitement he told us that the boy and girl had started to improve just after we left and were now entirely well. He said that the pagans at Dolu who had used all their superstitious practices and called upon all their pagan gods to no avail, were greatly impressed with the power of the God of the Christians. Many were asking for instructions in our Holy Faith.

The strong faith of the old Chinese father and the prayers of the boys and girls of St Rose's School in Fairville, New Brunswick, had moved God in His goodness to perform this miraculous cure and drawn many pagan souls into the Church.

"More things are wrought by prayer, than this world dreams of."

Give generously to the cause of Christ and Christ will give us Peace.

The Priest

As the strings of the harper
Are blent in one chord,
As all broken colours
In sunlight are stored,

So all promise, all blessing,
All prayer and all sign
Are held and fulfilled
In the grace that is mine.

Melchisedech, kindly,
Through Salem's high gate
Came forth to foreshadow
My rank and estate.

The prophets exulted
Foreseeing my hour;
Their altars were potent
Because of my power.

The line of all Levites
I crown and surpass,
I am Aaron, and greater,
I, priest of the Mass.

In me rests the manna,
And blossoms the rod;
With Christ I am christened
In the chrism of God.

Against wolf, against lion,
I have strength that outstrips;
God's mercy and might
Are unleashed by my lips.

The lepers find cleansing,
Comes sight to the blind,
When, Christ's breath upon me,
I bind and unbind;

While in awe and in wonder
High Heaven is lost,
When the Wounds shine again
In my Chalice and Host.

With His sword in my heart,
At my lips the red coal,
The seal of Christ's priesthood
Was set on my soul.

Oh, terrible, exquisite,
Piercingly fair,
Theophany, sacrament,
Deity-share;

Oh, pain that is sweetness,
Oh, wound without sting,
Heart-searing, heart-healing,
Heart-capturing thing!

God keep me at vigil,
By night and by day,
For I hold all my treasure
In a vessel of clay!

—PATRICK O'CONNOR.

In the "Far East"

A Letter from Yuanling

by

A GREY SISTER OF LISHUI

Grey Sisters of the Immac.
Conception,
Yuanling, Hunan,
May 12th, 1943.

Very Dear Mother St. Patrick:

Yesterday we buried your beloved sister and ours. From our own broken hearts we extend to you and to all the members of the family our heartfelt sympathy.

Sister died on Sunday, May 9th, at 12.45 noon, after an illness of ten days, the cause of her death being typhus which she contracted on her visitations to the sick.

On Friday morning (April 30th) she was forced home by an air-alarm, but she intended to continue on her calls in the afternoon. After dinner however, she complained of feeling chilly so she took some quinine and went to her room. For some years she had had malaria and she took this for just another attack and feeling better in the evening, she came down for supper and Benediction. On Saturday her temperature was 103 which seemed all the more to convince her that it was only malaria. Sister Finan, the Supervisor of the Sisters with whom we are living, suggested having the doctor but Sister M. Daniel refused, saying she was alright. Later however, she consented and then she wanted to be removed to the hospital. As the temperature refused to go down in spite of the best of treatment, the doctors were convinced it was not malaria and even then she had symptoms of typhus —a disease which is and has been taking a heavy toll here in Yuanling. Everything possible was done but she did not respond to any treatment. On Wednesday morning she went into a coma and the Last Sacraments were given to her. Later she rallied and on being informed that she had received Extreme Unction she said 'Oh, did you cable home? Send them a message'. During the days she slept considerably but every time she came to she would ask us if we had sent messages to you—then she would name each one. She was very weak and each word was an effort so that it was impossible to hear just what message she had for you. At first she was not resigned to die here—she loved Lishui and would have liked to have died there. Twice she mentioned Canada and this was the first time we ever heard her speak of going home. However, on Saturday she said, 'I think of Canada now but when I am better I will not want to go.' From Wednesday on she spoke little unless spoken to and yet she was awake to everything that went on in her room. We couldn't whisper but she was on the alert. Father Reginald, her confessor, spent much time with her, consoling her and praying with her—he kept telling us during these last days, 'She's an angel, an angel'. On Saturday (May 8th) Father told her definitely that there was no hope. After he left, she said to me, 'Sister, tell Lizzie, Tessie, Danny, Mother Patrick and Jet that I send them my love.' I said, 'Sister, you know you are going away from us?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'and it's hard to leave them all but give them my love.' Then she whispered all your names, adding Stella, Marion Teresa Benoit and of course Francis and Kitty. 'Teresa Benoit's letter was the last I received, and it took a year to get here.' She spoke often of the mission and of the priests but was silent most of the time. She was always praying to herself and often we would catch a whispered, 'Oh Mary' or an 'Amen'. She received Communon every morning. The priests, nine of them, came in daily to bless her, and Father Reginald brought over the Blessed Sacrament twice and laid it on her head and heart. On Saturday night two Sisters of Charity and the six of us stayed with her, as we did not expect her to pass the night. She suffered so much from the fever but never once complained. At mid-night one of the priests brought her the Blessed Sacrament again. On Sunday, at 9.30 a.m., the same priest came in to say his rosary at her bedside. At the third decade she took a bad turn and we knew it was the beginning of her agony. All the priests and sisters gathered and

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Patroness of South America.

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XV—No. 8 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. September, 1943

My dear Young Missionaries:

At the beginning of another school-year I wish to place before you the ultimate end of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. This end is two-fold: first, it is our ambition to recruit from your ranks an army of valiant crusaders, priests, nuns and brothers, to go forth to fight for the Cause of Christ in the Mission Territories assigned to our Society by the Holy See (or to *any* Mission Territory assigned to *any* Society in the Church). Secondly, we hope that those of you who do not become missionaries in the strict sense of the word shall be zealous, lay missionaries in whatever walk of life you choose to follow. We look forward to the day when the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland will think of the Church as the great UNIVERSAL organism that she really is; we look to the day when parish, diocesan, provincial or national boundaries will fade away in a vision that mirrors all parts of the world as the "Novitiate for Heaven" and to all mankind as the adopted sons of God. God's Only Begotten Son was born into this world, suffered and died on a Cross that ALL MEN might be saved and come to the knowledge of the TRUTH.

And so, let us campaign for Christ by recruiting new members for the Rose Garden until all the children of Canada and Newfoundland are mission-minded and consecrated to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the King and Queen of the Missions.

Agnes Molloy of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, is anxious to know what Father Jim looks like: "Could I have a picture of you if you don't mind? I would like to see what you look like. . . ." Maybe, after the war when they begin making bigger, better and stronger lenses. Agnes has also sent some used stamps. AND ABOUT STAMPS: I would appreciate it very much if you, Young Missionaries, would really put on a campaign for used stamps. I NEED MILLIONS OF STAMPS, FIVE - CENTS - AND - OVER VARIETIES; we have all the lower values we will need for some time to come. How about making this one of your resolutions for the Rose Garden: TO SAVE USED STAMPS OF THE FIVE-CENT-AND-OVER VARIETIES? . . . Frances Walsh, 39 Bambrick Street, St. John's, Newfoundland, would like "pen-pals", especially is she anxious to hear from MARY MILUCH of EDSON, ALBERTA. Both these young ladies are in Grade Seven and are twelve years of age. . . . Marcella Mullins, Carbonear, Newfoundland, asks "Do I have to clean the stamps before I send them to you?" No, Marcella. we will do that here . . . I am sure the members of the Rose Garden will pray for Marcella's cousin who was burned to death last May; she was only eleven years old. . . . There are fourteen children in the Mullins family at Carbonear. May God bless them all. . . . A very interesting letter from Imelda Kane, who lives at Morell, P.E.I., says among other things: "There are nine children in our family. . . . My Great-Grandfather was a convert. If he had not turned Catholic I would be a Methodist." . . . Joan O'Rourke, from Chatham, Ontario, informs me that she is very anxious to see the next issue of CHINA because she thinks MURDER IN A NUNNERY is thrilling.

And so until next month when we will present our SILVER JUBILEE NUMBER *with a completely new feature for the Rose Garden*: May God bless you one and all!

FATHER JIM.

A UNIQUE CATECHISM CLASS

Windsor, Ontario.

Reverend and dear Father:

You will find enclosed a Money Order for $2.25. Please send one subscription to CHINA, the rest of the money is from the children to Father Jim to help the Chinese babies.

The enclosed letter from Marlene Coates needs a little explanation. Marlene is trying to tell Father Jim about our Catechism Class and also about our candy money which we saved during Lent to help the Missions. She is not very clear so perhaps I should explain that our Catechism Class is quite different from other classes. First, because we have such a large number of children who are not Catholics so anxious to follow the instructions; also because we meet at the house of a coloured lady who is not a Catholic and yet does everything in her power to help the Class.

Ten of the children are being prepared for their First Communion, five are in the Confirmation Class. *The others are attending because their parents wish them to learn about God.* They are pupils of a Public School far from church. . . . At the beginning of Lent we decided to put our candy money aside as almsgiving for some good cause. I gave the children some old CHINA magazines, pointed to the Little Flower's Rose Garden and explained what other children are doing, suggesting that we save our pennies. . . . I also suggested bringing cancelled stamps. . . .

Marlene, the little girl who writes the letter, is a little coloured girl. I have ten coloured children in the Catechism Class. She took all the instructions last year and came again this year, *bringing other coloured children. . . .*"

MRS. J. A. MALTAIS.

NEW MEMBERS

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, KITCHENER, ONT.

ROOM 5

Rudolph Bolliger, Donna Burkholder, Fred Doyle, Rita Fackoury, Verna Hartwig, Jean Kapron, Stanley Kapron, Anita Kempel, Audrey Kriener, Mary Ann Krist, George Larocque, Thomas Livingstone, Gary Ludwig, Gerald Salmen, Patricia Sandrock, Lorne Schumacher, George Schuster, Mary Ann Strub, Joan Stuempfle, Helen Tabar, Lucille Wood, Rose Marie Wunder, Douglas Walker, Leonard Collins, Mervyn Coulter, Roger Ditner, William Eby, Jackie Gehl, Lorraine Hartman, William Kempel, Carol Meinzinger Matthew Piskorski, Elva Querin, Pauline Reinhart, Ferdinand Reim, Dick Riorden, Frank Schmalz, Nicholas Ludwig.

* * *

CONVENT OF MARY IMMACULATE, PEMBROKE, ONT.

GRADE 5

Norma Galligan, Sheila Mulvihill, Joyce Needham, Doris Nighbor, Theresa Shea, Mary Tierney, Jacqueline Thibeault, Evelyn O'Leary, Lillian Wheeley, Elvina Clouthier, Patricia Goodhand, Claire Coffeey, Mary Redmond, Jeannine Vaillancourt, Barbara Cully, Janet Dunlop, Inez Gaffney, Mary Guertin, Margaret Moriarity, Mary Skelley, Margaret Beatty, Catherine Carruthers, Eloise Cliche, Maureen Dunlop, Ruth Doran, Mauanna Gaffney, Adair Maloney, Mona Morris, Bessie Jansen.

* * *

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, KITCHENER, ONT.

GRADES 5 AND 6

Bobby Ball, Mary Beckner, Marlene Brenner, Marlene Geisel, Erik Hutter, Joseph Kapron, Louise Kirschel, Theresa McDonnell, Murray Olheiser, Margo Paul, Betty Reinhart, Betty Scheels, Tony Strub, Richard Berwick, Arnold Bolliger, Anne Marie Bowmans, Donna Marie Croth, James Deppisch, Elaine Eby, Donald Eckert, Richard Gehl, Joan Hunt, Anita Jalbert, William Koebel, Kathleen Krist, Rita Lorentz, Constance Mazurek, Patrick McDonnell, Arthur Morscher, Theresa Stashick, William Weiler, Anne Marie Wey, Walter Wood, George Wunder, Donald Zerkee, Doris Halter, Jacqueline Heiman.

* * *

Loretta Howlett, Goulds, St. John's, Nfld.; Marjorie, Betty and Patricia Howlett, Goulds, St. John's, Nfld.; Patricia Mackay, 205 Queen's Blvd., Kitchener, Ont.; Pat and Larry Kelly, 1531 Donald St., Fort William, Ont.

TOP TO BOTTOM (left to right) — 1ST ROW: *Grade 4 Boys, Oxford St. School, Halifax, N.S.; Patrick and Larry Kelly of Fort William, Ont.; Grades 7-8 of St. Mary's Academy, Newcastle, N.B.* 2ND ROW: *Grades 6-7-8, St. Andrew's School, Killaloe, Ont.; St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, N.S.; Donald Quesnelle, Paul Coughlin, Stephen Dralit and Robert Coughlin of St. Martin's School, West Fort William, Ont.* 3RD ROW: *Grades 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of St. Andrew's School, Killaloe, Ont.; Grade 5, Room 8 of St. Ann's School, Toronto; Grade 6, Room 8 of St. Ann's School, Toronto.* 4TH ROW: *Grades 7 and 8 girls of Stella Maris Convent, Pictou, N.S. Grade 6, Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont.; Grade 1, St. Clare's School, Windsor, Ont.* 5TH ROW: *Frances Oman, Toronto, Grade 9, Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont.; Gus Sears of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Cecil Chabot, R.C.A.F.*

The Rose Garden

NEW MEMBERS (Continued)

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL, TORONTO, ONT.

GRADE 5, ROOM 8

Mary Bradley, Dorothy Brady, Edward Donaghy, Alphonsus Cachia, Wilfrid Deschene, Adrienne Duggan, Kathleen Duggan, Donald Dunn, John Dunn, Robert Enright, Mary Farrugia, Mary Foley, Mary Lou Grassi, Robert Hanson, Jack Hellewell, James Hendry, Lovinia Johnston, Joyce King, John Larmond, Rita LeFebvre, Margaret Lennon, Peter Lynch, Sam Mathiew, Nora McCormick, Shirley McCurrie, Sharon McNutty, Frank Mulhall, John Orr, Michael Revells, Shirley Rutledge, Sam Scala, Doreen Sherman, Leonard Smith, Jack Staley, Ray Todish, Sam Taggart, Bill Thomas, Marlene Williams, Thomas Williams.

GRADE 6, ROOM 8

Bernard Bannon, Anthony Bela, Edward Bernard, Frank Bird, Shirley Botell, Alfred Brady, Paul Breslin, Theresa Cachia, Denise Chapman, James Coolahan, Shirley Cummins, Madeline Currie, Billie Dobson, Frank Fitzpatrick, Owen Goodwin, Murray Gowin, Gloria Guertin, James Hendry, Ethel Holt, Mathew Koscher, Mary LeGier, Rose Mazara, Donald McLean, Evelyn Mills, Myles Morgan, Betty Murphy, Kathleen Nounheimer, Joan O'Doherty, Shirley O'Doherty, Margaret Riley, Edward Rushford, Frances Sandford, Mary Shanley, Patrick Simmons, John Smith, Nora Smith, Robert Therien, Florence Trembly, Ronald Watton, Kenneth Williams, Joan Young, Lorraine Young.

* * *

CHRISTOPHER'S CROSS SCHOOL, R.R. 2, TIGNISH, P.E.I.

GRADES 1-5

Gerard Harper, Arnold Keough, Hilda Keough, Earl Handrahan, Freddy Gallant, Leo Handrahan, Ethel Keough, Emily Gallant, Paul Handrahan, Ralph Keough.

* * *

STELLA MARIE CONVENT, PICTOU, N.S.

Margaret Murphy, Catherine MacLean, Frances MacLean, Theresa McLellan, Clare Cheuerie, Isabel White, Ella Decoste, Mildred Connell, Carol MacNeil, Beatrice Turbide, Edith Fraser, Lillian McNally, Margaret McKenna, Katherine Campbell, Mary Elsie Wells.

The Mail Bag

97 Silverhirch Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

The Fathers of the Scarhoro Foreign Mission Society, Scarhoro Bluffs, Ont.

Reverend and dear Fathers:

The members of the *Regina Apostolorum Praesidium*, Legion of Mary, St. John's Parish, are happy to send you the enclosed used stamps (145 bundles of 25 stamps each hundle, making a total of 3,625 stamps).

We recently read an article in the *Catholic Digest* of June, 1942, on USED STAMPS; the writer said that envelopes with military and naval censor markings on them should he saved as "fair returns are received from the sale of these to collectors". Would you like us to send you such envelopes? Perhaps Father Jim might answer this question in the Mail Bag, as others might like to know.

We hope to save more stamps to send you in a few months.

Yours truly,

MARY KELLY, President.

Many thanks for your letter, stamps and interest in our work for souls. Yes indeed, we would he very happy to receive the type of envelope you mention. We would also appreciate it very much if other Prasidia of the Legion of Mary would save stamps for us. We are only handling cancelled stamps of five-cent-or-more varities.

FATHER JIM.

A Letter from Yuanling

(*Continued from page* 10)

from that moment until she peacefully breathed her farewell to us, we kept praying aloud. Father Reginald was close beside her and sometimes he would stop for a second—when he did, she would say—'Keep it up—pray.' She held her Crucifix in one hand and her beads in the other and right up to the last she was conscious. She had no struggle at all, just quiet even breaths and then her last. Really Sister, she had a beautiful death and how we all envy her. She died a martyr to duty as Father Paul and the Vicar General said—and not only as a good religious but as a soldier on the battlefield. She was buried yesterday morning — two of our own Canadian priests assisted by a Passionist said the Mass—there were ten priests in the Sanctuary and the church was packed. Father Paul preached a beautiful sermon on her more than beautiful life and death, his text being 'He who loses his lfe for Me shall find it.' The funeral was as elaborate as any Chinese funeral can be — a band, fire-crackers, banners, etc. At the graveside the priest and seminarians chanted the 'Benedictus'. She is buried at the feet of three Passionists, martyrs, between two Sisters of Charity who died last year, one of them also died of typhus and it was her work that Sister M. Daniel took up on arriving here last winter. Sister is the fifth Sister to die here in the past ten years, there are also five priests buried there.

Sister is our first to go and you cannot imagine how much we miss her. Really, Sister, she was so funny and always so cheerful and we all loved her—her heart always remained young. Lishui will miss her too, especially the women and babies as she spent her eleven years in Lishui in the women's dispensary.

God surely asked the supreme sacrifice of everything, she died away from her Canadian and away from her Chinese home, and she loved both. During the past five years, she had much to suffer as she was so frightened of air-raids and she has the merit of going through nearly two hundred of them. Having to evacuate was a heavy cross and the long trip was not easy but she saw in all the will of God. Then last month we had to face the thing we dreaded but expected—the complete destruction of our happy little mission at Lishui. Our Missionaries, both priests and Sisters are separated. All these little things, Sister had the merit of offering to God before He asked for her all.

Dear Sister please excuse this tiny writing. We are limited to two pages and I wanted to give you the details I know you are anxiously awaiting. I trust you will forward this to your brother and sisters.

Rest assured, dear Sister, that Sister M. Daniel had all the care and attention that we could lavish on her, and as a priest said 'Nothing was left undone that could have been done'. We had all modern medicines at our disposal but God wanted her.

Please pray for us Sister, that we may soon return to our own 'Canada in China'—we expect Sister to obtain that for us.

Yours in love and Sympathy,

Signed Sister Julitta.

(This is a copy of a letter sent by Sister Julitta to Sister Mary Daniel's sister, her (Sister M. Daniel's sistcr's) name in religion is Mother St. Patrick, of the Loretta Nuns, Armour Heights, Toronto).

READ 'EM AND GRIN

Sailor: "Yes, ma'am, that's a man-o-war."
Lady: "And what is that little boat?"
Sailor: "That's a tug."
Lady: "Oh, of course, a tug-o-war."

Mr. Smith was seeing a friend off to Vancouver: "Be sure to look up my friend, Mr. Lummac."
"Mr. Lummac," answered the friend absent-mindedly.
"Yes, Mr. Lummac. That's easy to remember; just rhyme it with stomach."
Two weeks later his friend returned and meeting Mr. Smith on the street, said: "Sorry: I tried, but I never could find Mr. Kelley."

"Where do jellyfish get their jelly?"
"From ocean currents, I guess."

Why was the elephant the last animal to get into the ark?—Because he had to pack his trunk.

A certain twelve-year-old was about to be caned for some trivial offence. The headmaster asked him how he preferred to receive his punishment.
"Well, sir," said the boy quickly, "if you please, I'd like the Greek style of penmanship."
"What on earth do you mean?" asked the master.
"Please, sir, the upstrokes heavy and the downstrokes light," said the bright lad.

Nit: "I hear they're rationing shoes."
Wit: "Yeah, everything for defense—nothing for defeat.

Binks: "We sent Junior to his uncle in the country because we were afraid of bombing."
Skinks: "But I see he's home again."
Binks: "Yes. Uncle telegraphed: 'Returning Junior, send bombs.'"

Wit: "He got rich at a single stroke."
Bit: "Yes, his uncle had the stroke."

"Did you get that cigar from a friend?"
"I dont know yet."

Stern Parent: "Young man, can you support a family?"
Timid Suitor: "But I only wanted Agnes, sir."

Girls were quicker moved in years agone—yes, they sure got a bustle on them.

"Yes, I sometimes go to the doctor. Doctors have to live, you know. And afterwards I go to the druggist with the doctor's prescription. Druggists have to live, too. When I get home I pour the medicine down the sink."
"Why?"
"Well, I have to live, too."

Lawyer (questioning elderly woman who saw the wreck): "Isn't it true that the plaintiff made only a cursory examination of his damaged car?"
Witness: "Sakes alive, yes, it was so cursory I had to put my hands over my hears."

"Hey, what time is it by your watch?"
"Quarter to."
"Quarter to what?"
"I don't know—times got so bad I had to lay off one of the hands."

A man possessed a little axe,
He walked the forest through,
Whenever he felt hungry
He'd take a chop or two.

A young woman goes upstairs at seven-forty-five to dress for the evening. She is nineteen years old. She weights one hundred and ten pounds. State the wait of the young man who called for her.

Customer: "Have you a book entitled, 'Man, the Master of the Home'?"
Salesgirl: "The fiction department is on the other side, sir."

The pessimist was suffering from rheumatism.
"Every bone in my body aches," he complained.
"You ought to be glad you are not a herring," said the optimist.

A farmer hired him because he said he never got tired. One day the farmer found him sitting under a tree.
"I thought you were the man that never got tired," said the farmer.
"I don't," replied the hired man calmly. "This doesn't tire me at all."

Hoity: "And I suppose you are going to summer in the country this year."
Toity: "No. We shall simmer in the city."

"Have you really shown me everything you have in the shop?"
"Not quite, madam. We have an overdue account of yours on our hooks, if you would care to see it."

The judge glared down at the surly prisoner who had just been picked up.
"Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.
"Figure it out for yourself," the prisoner growled. "That's what yer being paid for."

Teacher: "What keeps us from falling off the earth?"
Joan: "I don't know, teacher."
Teacher: "It's the law of gravitation."
Joan: "What happened before the law was passed?"

Doctor: "You have nothing to worry about; the electricity in the atmosphere affects your system. That will be two dollars, please."
Patient: "I guess you're right, Doctor; there are times when I feel overcharged."

Wife: "I see where an old man was found in an attic where he had lived for twenty years."
Hushand: "That's what comes from starting a serial in a pile of old magazines."

Mess sergeant, to private complaining about the stale bread: "A soldier shouldn't complain about such things. If Napoleon had that bread when he was crossing the Alps, he'd have eaten it with delight."
Private: "I know that, sergeant, but it was fresh then."

Gracie: "Did you read about the enemy alien the F.B.I. just caught?"
George: "No. What about him?"
Gracie: "He had arms up his sleeves."

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what an icicle is?"
Voice from rear: "It's a drip caught in a draft."

Real Ernest

He (on his knees): "Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all the strength of my being."
She: "Are you in earnest?"
He (reproachfully): "In earnest? Do you think I am hagging my trousers in this way for fun?"

Rosetown Man: "A scientist says we ought to eat food that will develop the cranium."
Friend: "Well, I could suggest an appropriate menu."
Rosetown Man: "What is it?"
Friend: "Noodle soup, head cheese and cocoanut pie."

THEY PLEAD THE CAUSE OF CHINA AND OF CHRIST

Our priests and sisters in China are half-starved and half-clothed. With the cold winter months not far off, they have no home but the ruins of their little missions.

Our poor Chinese people are dying from famine and stricken down by pestilence and sorrow.

Shall we turn a deaf ear to the pitiful cries of our Ambassadors for Christ, our heroic soldiers of the Cross?

Out of the abundance that we have can we not spare a mite to the poor, hungry, homeless, crucified people of China?

This is the test of true Christianity, for has Christ not said—"By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love one for another."

★

Dear readers and friends, we plead the cause of China and of Christ. We plead the cause of your own Canadian priests and sisters in far-off China. Among all those who struggle for a better world, there are none braver than these missionary priests and sisters from your own cities and towns. Canada and you may well be proud of them. Canada and you cannot fail them in this their hour of need.

———————*Tear out this coupon and mail today*———————

To the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Enclosed my offering for our Canadian Missionaries and the gallant Chinese people.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

For whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of water in my name, because you belong to Christ; amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward. (Mark IX, 40).

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY - Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

SILVER JUBILEE

CHINA

SCARBORO. S.F.F.U.

OCTOBER. 1943

1943

IN MEMORIAM

MOST REV. M. J. O'BRIEN, D.D.
Late Archbishop of Kingston

The members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society join in the widespread bereavement occasioned by the death of His Excellency the Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D., late Archbishop of Kingston, Ontario.

A member of the Episcopal Board of Control of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary from its very inception, Archbishop O'Brien was always deeply interested in and devoted to the work of our Society. His sudden passing brings us deep regret and sorrow. He will not be forgotten in our Masses and our prayers and we recommend him to the prayers of all our friends throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

REV. A. GIGNAC, S.F.M.
Ridgetown, Ont.

SISTER MARY DANIEL
Ottawa, Ont.

REV. J. McGILLIVRAY, S.F.M.
Glace Bay, N.S.

We recommend to the prayers of all our readers, these, our beloved dead, who lie buried in far-off Lishui, martyrs to Charity, and brave soldiers of Christ the King.

May Their Souls Rest in Peace

Subscription: 50c per year Circulation: 48.000

OCTOBER CHINA 1943

VOL. XXIV VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* NO. 9

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EDITORIAL PAGE

After Twenty-Five Years

IN the year nineteen hundred and eighteen Father John M. Fraser, a native of Toronto, returned to Canada with the firm intention of establishing a foreign mission seminary. Archbishop Gauthier of Ottawa approved the foundation of China Mission College at Almonte, Ontario, and the institution received the blessing and support of many of the Canadian hierarchy.

At Almonte, Father Fraser gathered about him, as did Christ Himself, twelve young apostles and in October nineteen hundred and nineteen CHINA, the mission monthly, made its appearance.

At the suggestion of the late Archbishop McNeil, property was acquired at Scarboro and the senior students were transferred to this new house. So wonderfully, however, did the work progress and so generous became the answer to Father Fraser's appeal for help from the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland, that in 1924 St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary was formally blessed and opened at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. The following year the Holy See allotted the district of Lishui in southern Chekiang to the evangelization of our missioners and Father Fraser headed the first departure group for China, his confreres being Rev. Vincent Morrison of Savage Harbour, P.E.I., and Rev. Ramon Serra, a priest from Spain.

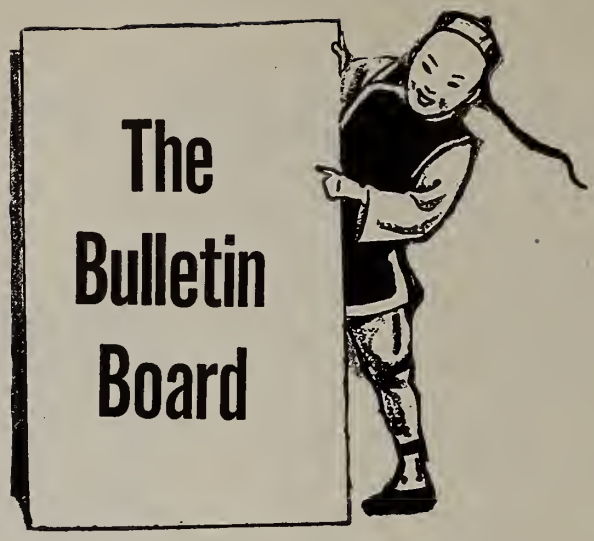
From that day on the progress of the institution has been nothing less than phenomenal. In 1941 the Holy See gave final approval to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and its constitutions and the first General Chapter was convened. Father Fraser was present on this happy occasion and after the conclusion of the deliberations set forth once again for his beloved China, only to reach Manila in the Philippines a few days before the outbreak of the Far Eastern war. There he is interned in the Archbishop's Palace and though in good health he has not been able to communicate with us in any way.

The Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society is Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, and its Vicar-General Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath. The Society now numbers seventy-four priests. Missions have been established for the Chinese in Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria. The large district of Kinhwa has been joined to the Prefecture of Lishui in China. Priests of the Society are also labouring in the Dominican Republic of the West Indies where the shortage of priests to care for the vast Catholic population is nothing less than tragic.

Zealous for the sanctity of the missionary priesthood the Society has this year opened a novitiate at St. Marys, Ontario, and placed it under the patronage of St. Joseph, the foster-father of the first Missioner.

The circulation of CHINA has increased from a mere 200 to 48,000. Churches, schools, hospitals and convents have been opened in China under the direction of the priests of the Society and the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario.

All this has not been accomplished without great sacrifice and after God we owe it to our many generous and devoted friends in Canada, Newfoundland, the United States and China. We know they will all join with us on this the joyous occasion of our silver jubilee, which happily coincides with English-speaking Canada's first Mission Exhibition, and they will pray God that the years which lie ahead may be still more fruitful in the salvation of souls and for His eternal glory.



Felicitations

CHINA offers its sincere congratulations to Most Rev. John R. MacDonald, recently appointed Bishop of Peterborough, Ontario, by the Holy See. May God abundantly bless his episcopate. *Ad Multos Annos.*

Congratulations

To Rev. Rogers Pelow, J.C.D., who received his Doctorate of Canon Law from Ottawa University at Convocation Exercises last summer. Father Pelow is a member of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

A Heartfelt Welcome

To Rev. P. H. Cleary of Maryknoll, our Novice Master at Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ont Under his kind and spiritual guidance, our new band of 1943 will, we know, receive a true missionary foundation for their future apostolate. CHINA bids Father Cleary a very warm welcome.

Monsignor Sheen's Lecture

On Labour Day, Sept. 6th, Massey Hall, Toronto (despite rainy weather) was filled when Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen delivered a lecture entitled "The Burden of The Western World". Sponsored by the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and under the auspices of the Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air, it was an unqualified success. We express our sincerest congratulations to Monsignor Sheen and our heartfelt thanks to Rev. Father James Leonard and his Laymen's Committee of the Religious Theatre of the Air who made this outstanding presentation possible.

Favours Received

A friend sends us an offering for our poor missioners in China, in thanksgiving for a favour received through the intercession of St. Anthony. Many thanks.

Many thanks to our friend B. T. O. who sends us a generous donation and asked that we publish its receipt.

STOP THE PRESS

Message just received from the Apostolic Delegate

The Apostolic Delegate to China has communicated through His Holiness' Secretariate of State, that after lengthy negotiations about 500 Missionaries and Sisters, interned in Shantung, have returned to Peiping.

Among these were included the Missionaries of Scarboro interned in Shantung.

The Apostolic Delegate to China assures us, on their behalf, that they are well and convey greetings to their Superiors as well as to their respective families.

We Ask Your Prayers for Our Deceased Benefactors

Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien, D.D.,
Mrs. Margaret Daley,
Mrs. Frank Russill,
Mrs. Mooney of Saint John, N.B.,
Sister Mary James of the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ont.

Santo Domingo Mission Band

Late in October three of our priests will leave for work in Santo Domingo. The three are—Very Rev. A. Chafe, Superior; Rev. J. King, and Rev. John Fullerton. We wish them God Speed and a fruitful apostolate in The Dominican Republic.

Bishop Yu-Pin to Visit Toronto

Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, is soon to visit Toronto. He will speak at Canada's First National Missionary Exposition.

Canada's First National Missionary Exposition

English-speaking Canada will hold its First National Missionary Exposition at Varsity Arena, Toronto, from Oct. 15th to Oct. 19th.

It is under the distinguished patronage and presidency of Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto. Do not fail to see it.

Our Congratulations

Canadian National Mission Exposition

"Thy Kingdom Come"

To His Excellency, Most Rev. James Charles McGuigan, D.D., President of the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition.

to

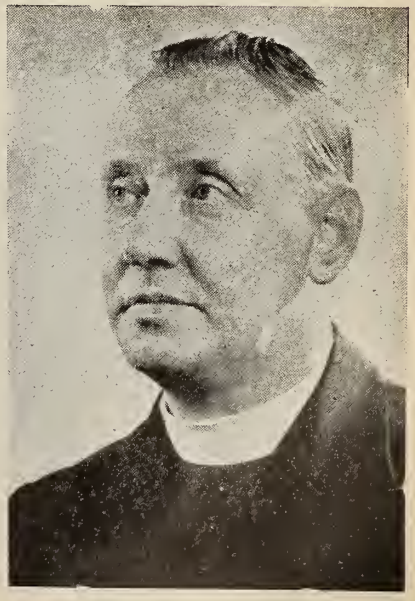
Very Rev. Joseph A. McDonagh (left), President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada

to

Very Rev. William T. Davis, D.D. (right), National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith

upon

the success attending their zealous efforts for the success of the Exhibition.



All readers of CHINA are invited to see our Chinese temple and the story of China in artistically coloured photo murals.

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

A Canadian Apostolate

The Story of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria, B.C.

IT was not long after his installation as Bishop of Victoria Diocese, that His Excellency John C. Cody, characteristic of his zeal for souls, and heeding well the words of his Master: ". . . preach the Gospel to every creature", appreciated the spiritual needs of a people long since admired as industrious and peace-loving citizens. Hitherto, in fact, since their arrival at our shores almost one hundred years ago, little had been done in a concrete and organized manner to interest them in the Faith, despite the fact that they played an important part in founding nearly every community on Vancouver Island, standing shoulder to shoulder with the white pioneer in quest of an honest livelihood. I speak for the Chinese. True, they were comparatively few in those early days; to-day they number nearly five thousand on the Island, nearly fifty per cent. of them living in and around Victoria.

Their spiritual needs and the fact that through the years many of them had become affiliated with various non-Catholic sects was more than a stimulus to the new Chief Pastor. Both cried aloud to his apostolic zeal for immediate action. Immediate action was taken.

Thus, it was, that in December, 1939, there arrived in Victoria a group of Sisters who, although relatively young as an order, had nevertheless enjoyed for some twenty years great admiration for their work in China. Properly named, they are the Missionary Sisters of our Lady of the Angels; their Motherhouse is at Lennoxville, Quebec. They were to take up permanent residence here and their work, to interest the Chinese in the Faith; an assignment large in its proportions, indeed, but one for which these saintly women are especially trained and admirably capable.

As in all new ventures for souls, this one also was confronted with the inevitable and fettering obstacle of finances, to overcome which, at least in part, the Sisters opened Loretto Hall as a guest house for Catholic young women. Loretto Hall is still serving in such a capacity, and I feel confident that all who have come into contact with the efficient management of that institution are impressed by the cheerfulness, consideration, and the spirit of charity of its personnel.

Priests were also a necessity if a national parish among the Chinese was to be initiated and developed. His Excellency approached the Superior-General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society of Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, with the result that a missionary arrived to collaborate with the Sisters in May, 1940. In July, 1943, an additional missionary, Rev. L. M. Hart, S.F.M., was also detailed to the Chinese Catholic Mission of Victoria.

If a lasting impression is to be made in any community, then it is necessary to organize and maintain the education of its youth. In any missionary activity, whether at home or abroad, this contact with children and their Christian education by capable instructors stands second only in importance to the administration of sacraments by the missionary priest. A school for the Chinese children was therefore of paramount importance in our work. After months of frustration and not a few hardships this hope was realized. On November 28th, 1940, His Excellency Bishop Cody officially opened and blessed our school at 866 North Park Street. It is not the most attractive of buildings by any means; in fact it lacks many of the conveniences and comforts found in most modern schools, yet in the two years of its operation under the capable direction of the Missionary Sisters it has been a stepping-stone of significant importance in the Catholic education of young Chinese, and the ultimate formation of a Catholic community among them. Our attendance at present numbers some forty-odd children.

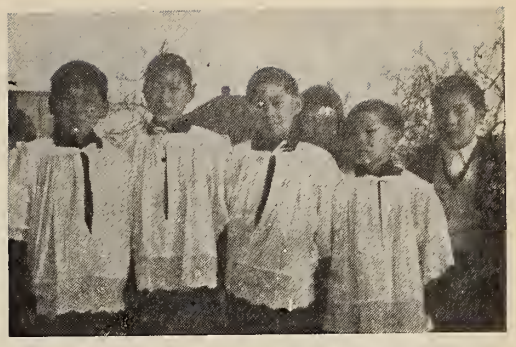
It is a part of any missionary's training to equip himself, from the beginning if possible, with sufficient property for the future growth of his mission unit. In our particular case, God has been very kind. By dint of our own prayers and those of our faithful friends we have been able to acquire a suitable piece of land, with all lots adjoined and large enough for future and very necessary developments. This includes the acquisition of a comfortable presbytery and chapel as from September, 1942.

Missionary activity at best is not an easy task and our work in Victoria has not proved itself an exception. Generally speaking the Chinese are not easily attracted to the Faith. The reasons are legion; but among them the major obstacles are modernism and the consequent religious indifference that are the curses of our age. No doubt the Chinese argue thus: "If the white man, supposedly Christian for centuries now, no longer bothers with Christianity, why should we?" Yet God has sent us many consolations; we have been able to enroll nearly thirty members into the Church since our arrival, and although many of these have died we are confident that their prayers before God bode well for our success in the years to come.

Such, my dear friends, is, in brief form, the Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria. Witness above what your prayers have done in a comparatively short time. Naturally then we again solicit your spiritual alms for the continued progress of our work among the Chinese.

—W. J. MATTE, S.F.M.

"Snaps" from Victoria



The altar boys

The school at Victoria

REV. W. MATTE, S.F.M.
Gogama, Ont., Pastor

Some of the altar boys and children with the Chinese Sisters

A group of the children at the Mission

The priests' rectory

An Epic of Devotion

(With the Grey Nuns of Pembroke in War-Torn China)

On this the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, we wish to pay special tribute to the Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ontario, who are labouring or who have laboured in our mission field in China. These heroines of the Cross have written a glorious page in the annals of Canada's foreign mission endeavour and have brought new lustre to the name of the Grey Sisters and their saintly foundress, the Venerable Mother d'Youville.

Only in eternity will the history of the Canadian Grey Sisters in Lishui be known in its entirety. It would be indeed impossible for us to chronicle it here, but it is chronicled in the Heart of Jesus Christ and in the Immaculate Heart of His Mother.

The Grey Sisters in Lishui (before the war). Sisters St. Kenneth and Mary Vianney are now in India. Sister Mary Daniel died last May

From the year 1929, when the Grey Sisters sent their first missionary band of three to far-off Lishui, the labours and sacrifices of these noble women have reaped a wonderful harvest of souls, and indeed without their cheerful and inspiring assistance the labours of our priests would have been well-nigh in vain.

And when the nightmare of war from the skies came to the peaceful hills of Chekiang, the Grey Sisters endured all the hunger, horror and heart-break consequent upon it. They became refugees—sometimes half-clothed, always hunger-stricken and heart-weary. Throughout it all, however, they kept their magnificent courage and trust in God and they are still at their posts in China—the bravest of the brave.

May God in His abundant goodness watch over them. Their great sufferings and sacrifices, their devotion and charity, will reap a great harvest of souls in China, after this terrible war is over. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

Canada may well be proud of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario. God knows we are.

There follows a chronological history of the work of the Grey Sisters in our mission field in China and several pictures showing the Sisters ministering to sick and starving refugees.

October, 1929—The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke sent first sisters to Chnchow, namely: Sister St. Oswald, Sister Mary Catherine and Sister Mary Anthony.

December, 1930—Grey Sisters reach Chuchow; having spent a year of missionary initiation at Wenchow with the Sisters of Charity.

October, 1931—Sister Mary Daniel and Sister Mary Genevieve leave for Chuchow.

January, 1932—Sister St. Oswald and Sister Mary Anthony return from China on acconnt of ill health.

February, 1932—First Religious Profession at Chuchow when Sister Mary Catherine (Doyle) made her Final Vows.

October, 1932—Sister St. Julitta and Sister St. Angela leave for Chnchow.

September, 1933—Three Sisters went to help in the Chinese Mission in Vancouver, and in 1938 the staff was increased to take care of a school having the first eight grades.

October, 1934—Sister St. Martin and Sister Mary Angela sail for Chuchow.

October, 1938—Sister St. Kenneth and Sister Mary Vianney sail for Lishui.

December, 1938—Sister Mary Vianney made Final Vows in Lishui.

February, 1939—Sisters took charge of a small hospital in Lishui, near their convent.

August, 1939—Sister Mary Angela, Sister St. Martin and Sister Mary Genevieve took charge of a small Mission at Lungchuan, about eighty miles from Lishni.

Summers of 1940 and 1941 the Sisters suffered from air raids and spent some of the time in the mountains. During 1941 the convent was partly destroyed.

May 26, 1942—The Sisters were obliged to leave their missions and go to Hunan Province, where they are under Bishop O'Gara and are helping the Sisters of Charity.
Sister St. Kenneth and Sister Mary Vianney tried to come home by way of India but were unable and are in Bombay helping Sisters there.

May 10, 1943—Sister Mary Daniel died at Ynanling, of typhus, the first Grey Sister to die in a foreign country.

February, 1942—Mother St. Paul and Sister Mary Gertrnde went to Toronto to help in the Chinese Mission there.

Our Priests and Sisters at Yuanling, Hunan Province

Most Rev. C. O'Gara, Passionist Bishop with our priests and Sisters

Sister St. Angela in the laboratory

★

Sister St. Angela and a little friend

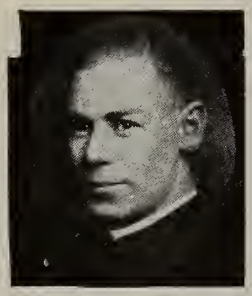
★

★

Sisters St. Martin and Genevieve with a Chinese nurse's aide

Nazareth House

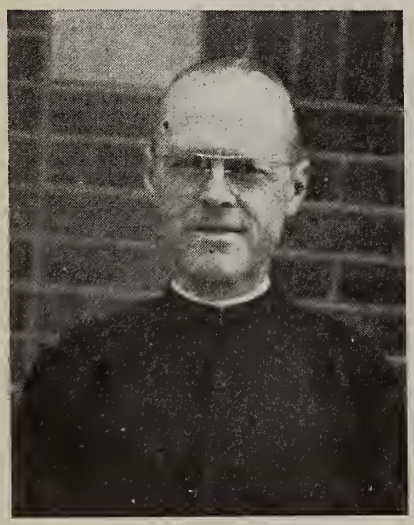
Our Novitiate at St. Mary's, Ontario



VERY REV. W. K. AMYOT, S.F.M., Ottawa, Ont., Superior

On September 28th, the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society formally opened its novitiate at St. Mary's, Ontario. The Society has for many years past considered the necessity of a spiritual year for its aspirants to the missionary priesthood. At last this great desire has been realized and its realization adds to the joy of this year of jubilee.

At Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario, our new students will spend a year of prayer and work, in preparation for the commencement of their entrance into the Seminary and studies for the priesthood.



REV. P. H. CLEARY, M.M.

Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ont.

Very Rev. W. K. Amyot, former Vice-Rector of the Seminary and well known throughout Canada as circulation manager of CHINA and lecturer on the Missions, has been appointed Superior of Nazareth House. Rev. P. H. Cleary of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society of the United States will be the Novice Master, and the Society is indeed grateful to Maryknoll for the services of such an outstanding man as Father Cleary, whose kindliness and deep spirituality eminently qualify him for the work in hand.

The Bursar at the novitiate will be Rev. John McIver of Staffa, Ont., through whose indefatigable labour all summer long it has been found possible to open Nazareth House this fall.

Ten students will make up the first personnel of the novitiate. They come from all over Canada and Newfoundland. Please pray for the success of the novitiate.

REV. J. McIVER, S.F.M., Staffa, Ont., Bursar

AN APPEAL

Very Rev. Father Amyot, the superior of Nazareth House, St. Mary's, Ontario, has asked us to appeal to the readers of CHINA for books for their library.

He would also be very grateful if any parish priests would donate any sets of old breviaries for which they have no use.

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Toronto, Ont.

REV. H. STEELE
Dominion, N.S.

REV. R. WHITE
Placentia P.B., Nfld.

REV. F. O'GRADY
Ottawa, Ont.

VERY REV. A. CHAFE
St. John's, Nfld.

VERY REV. R. ROBERTS
Victoria, B.C.

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Montreal, P.Q.

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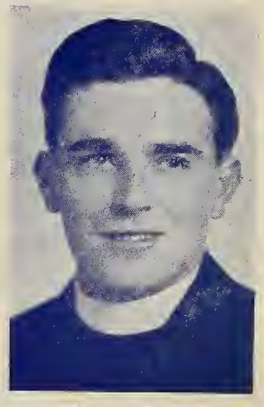
REV. M. CAREY
Fortune Harbour, Nfld.

REV. A. CLEMENT
Montreal, P.Q.



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Brigus, Nfld.

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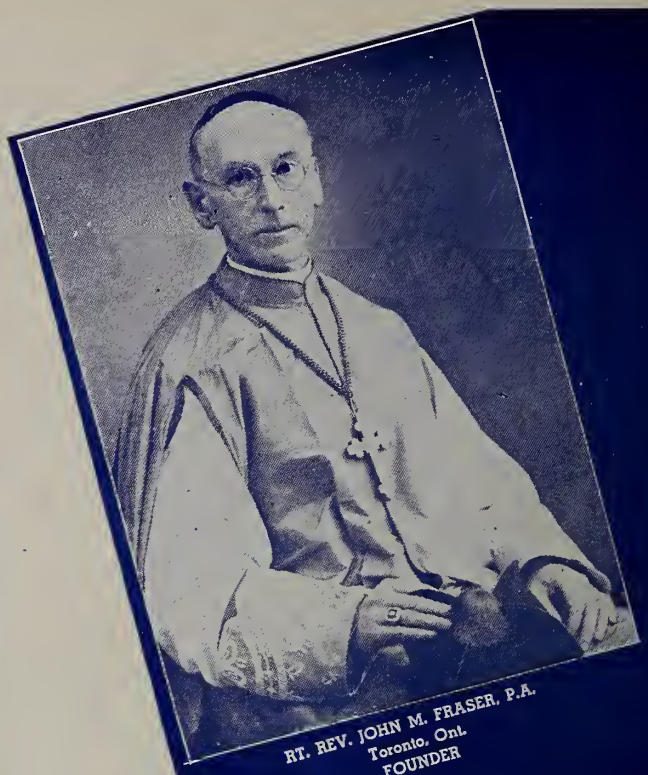
REV. L. A. VENADAM
Pomquet, N.S.

REV. J. FULLERTON
Toronto, Ont.



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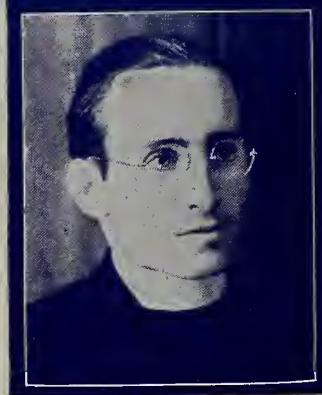
Kingston, Ont.



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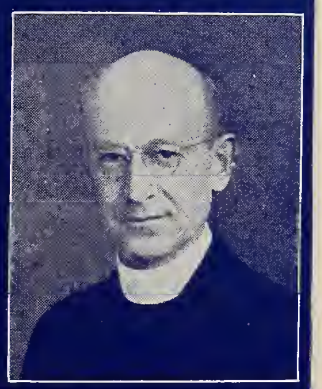
REV. L. HUDSWELL
Tweed, Ont.

VERY REV. H. SHARKEY
St. John, N.B.
Rector and Editor



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Ottawa, Ont.
Pro-Prefect of Lishui

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Windsor, N.S.

REV. P. KAM
China

REV. W. McNABB
St. Thomas, Ont.

REV. B. KIRBY
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REV. F. DIEMERT
Mildmay, Ont.

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St. John's, Nfld.

REV. L. McFARLAND
Toronto, Ont.

REV. P. J. MOORE
Ingersoll, Ont.

REV. V. MORRISON
Savage Harbour, P.E.I.

REV. J. MAURICE
Ingersoll, Ont.

REV. R. REEVES
London, Ont.

REV. L. McAULIFF
Omemee, Ont.

REV. J. McCARTHY
Calgary, Alberta

REV. D. McNEIL
Ironville, N.S.

REV. G. STRINGER
Ottawa, Ont.

REV. C. MURPHY
Sydney, N.S.

REV. M. DWYER
Kingston, Ont.

REV. R. PELOW, J. D.
Kingston, Ont.

REV. T. MORRISSEY
North River, Nfld.

REV. J. KELLY
Eganville, Ont.

REV. A. McRAE
St. Raphael's, Ont.

REV. G. DOYLE
Toronto, Ont.

REV. H. MURPHY
Kingston, Ont.

REV. K. TURNER
Montreal, P.Q.

REV. R. HYMUS
Toronto, Ont.

REV. A. MacINTOSH
St. Andrew's, N.S.

REV. L. BURKE
Brigus, Nfld.

REV. E. LYONS
Calgary, Alberta

REV. J. McGOEY
Toronto, Ont.

REV. G. McKER[illegible]
Brantford, On[illegible]

A Chronological History of Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

1918

JULY—Father John M. Fraser returns from China after fifteen years missionary service to establish a foreign mission seminary in Canada.

NOVEMBER—Archbishop Gauthier of Ottawa approves the foundation of China Mission College in Almonte, Ont. Many members of the Canadian Hierarchy bless the new mission movement.

1919

JULY—Father Fraser visits Rome, and His Holiness Pope Benedict XV heartily blesses his new College.

SEPTEMBER—The *Catholic Record* of London, Ont., has already raised almost ten thousand dollars for Perpetual Burses for the support of students for the Chinese Missions.

OCTOBER—CHINA makes its first appearance; circulation, 200 copies. First Editor, Rev. J. M. Fraser.

NOVEMBER—Father Fraser numbers twelve associates with him at Almonte, including Rev. Fathers Sammon and O'Toole.

1920

SEPTEMBER—Rev. J. J. Sammon, first priest to leave China Mission College for China, goes to Kwei Yang.

DECEMBER—Rev. D. Carey, first student of the College to be raised to the Holy Priesthood.

1921

FEBRUARY—Father Carey, the second priest to set sail for China, leaves to join Father Sammon.

NOVEMBER — At suggestion of Archbishop McNeil of Toronto a new property is acquired at Scarboro, Ont. Senior students at Almonte transferred to new home in Scarboro.

1922

JANUARY—Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of Propaganda, recommends CHINA, "sincerely hoping that its diffusion may increase the interest and benevolence of the subscribers towards the Holy Missions."

MARCH — Archbishop Di Maria, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, encourages China Mission College and urges all "to co-operate in this most noble work of training valiant missionaries."

SEPTEMBER—Rev. Wm. C. McGrath joins the staff of China Mission Seminary at Scarboro. Appointed Editor of CHINA.

1923

JULY—First sod turned, and excavation begun for a new Seminary Building at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

AUGUST—Rev. J. E. Lachapelle ordained to the Holy Priesthood.

SEPTEMBER—Laying of the Cornerstone of new St. F. X. Seminary by Bishop Alexander MacDonald. Sermon by Rev. C. F. Curran, D.D., of Halifax, N.S.

DECEMBER—Father Lachapelle sets out for China.

1924

JANUARY—Father Carey recalled from China for campaign work in Canada.

JUNE—Rev. V. Morrison ordained priest.

JULY—Bishops of Ontario take China Mission Seminary under their patronage, and select three Bishops to represent the Ontario Hierarchy on the Seminary Board of Directors. The First Board of Directors includes Archbishop McNeil, Bishop Fallon, Bishop O'Brien, Father Fraser, and Father McGrath.

AUGUST—Rev. John E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector of the Cathedral at Alexandria, Ont., and Chancellor of that Diocese, appointed President of China Mission Seminary.

SEPTEMBER—St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., formally opened and blessed at 3 p.m. on Sunday, Sept. 21st.

1925

FEBRUARY—Pope Pius XI imparts his Apostolic Blessing to the Directors, Students, and Benefactors of the Seminary.

JUNE—Rev. Paul Kam, ordained priest; the first native Chinese ever raised to the dignity of the Priesthood in Canada.
The District of Chuchow, South Chekiang, China, allotted to St. F. X. Seminary for evangelization.

SEPTEMBER—The "J. V. McNeil Burse" first perpetual Burse donated by a single individual.

DECEMBER—First Departure Ceremony for priests leaving Canada for Chuchow took place at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Dec. 13th. On Dec. 26th, Fathers Fraser, Morrison, and Serra, the pioneer Mission Band from St. F. X. Seminary, sailed from Vancouver.

1926

JANUARY—CHINA increased from 8 pages to 16. Circulation almost 15,000.
First Mission Band arrives in China.

MAY—Rev. Joseph Venini ordained priest.

JUNE—Benefactor donates gift for building of church at Sungyang, China.

JULY — Father Fraser celebrates his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee.

AUGUST—Rev. Wm. Fraser leaves for China.

OCTOBER—Fathers Carey and Venini go to Chuchow.

DECEMBER—Father Kam returns "home" to China.

1927

JANUARY—Due to invasion by "Red" Army our missionaries are forced to vacate their District for ten days. 2 mts

FEBRUARY—Rev. W. K. Amyot ordained priest.

SEPTEMBER—New nine-room extension added to Seminary Building.

1928

FEBRUARY—Benefactor donates gift for building of new church at Lungchuang, China.

MARCH—Father Paul Wong ordained; our second native priest in Chuchow.

JUNE—Rev. D. Stringer and Rev. L. Beal ordained priests.

OCTOBER—Departure Ceremony for our third Mission Band held in St. Francis Church, Toronto. Rev. W. Amyot and Rev. L. Beal go to Chuchow.

DECEMBER—Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Superior-General of our mission organization, reaches Chuchow on his first official Visitation of our Missions in China.

1929

APRIL—Dr. McRae, on his return journey from China, is granted a private audience with His Holiness the Pope.

MAY — Rev. B. Boudreau, Rev. A. Gignac, and Rev. H. Sharkey ordained priests.

SEPTEMBER — Subscription campaign during Summer months added 10,000 new names to CHINA's mailing list.

OCTOBER—Departure Ceremony for our Fourth Mission Band: Fathers Stringer, Boudreau, Gignac, and Sharkey. Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont., send first Sisters to Chuchow.

1930

FEBRUARY—First ordination in our Seminary chapel: Bishop Alexander MacDonald ordains Rev. Alex. J. MacDonald to the Holy Priesthood.

JULY—Convent erected at Chuchow.

SEPTEMBER—Father Fraser returns from China for campaign work in Canada.

NOVEMBER—Bishop Defebvre, of Ningpo, China, visits China Mission Seminary and ordains to the Priesthood Rev. A. Venadam, Rev. J. King, and Rev. A. Chafe.

DECEMBER—Grey Nuns reach Chuchow, having spent a year of missionary initiation at Wenchow.

1931

JANUARY—Rev. John J. MacDonald ordained to the Priesthood.

MAY—Rev. A. Chafe appointed new Editor of CHINA.

JUNE—Mission District of Chuchow erected into Prefecture Apostolic.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. Gerald Doyle ordained priest, and goes to Rome for post-graduate course.

OCTOBER—Fifth Band of Missionaries leaves for Chuchow: Rev. W. C. McGrath, Rev. A. Venadam, Rev. J. King, Rev. J. MacDonald. Two Grey Nuns, Sister M. Daniel and Sister M. Genevieve, also go to Chuchow.

NOVEMBER—Bishop Kidd, of London, Ont., succeeds the late Bishop Fallon on Seminary Board of Directors.
Rev. Wm. C. McGrath appointed Mission Superior in China.

DECEMBER—Rev. J. McGillivray and Rev. W. McNabb ordained priests.

1932

JANUARY—Rev. J. M. Fraser, Founder of China Mission Seminary, honoured by Holy See with dignity of Protonotary Apostolic.

FEBRUARY—First Religious Profession at Chuchow when Sister Catherine Doyle makes her Final Vows.

MARCH—Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath appointed first Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow.

SEPTEMBER—First Priests' Retreat ever held in Lishui. (Formerly the Retreats were made in Ningpo.)

OCTOBER—Father Sharkey recalled from China to open a Mission for the Chinese in Vancouver, B.C.
Sixth group of missionaries off to Chuchow: Fathers McGillivray and McNabb. Two Grey Nuns also go, Sisters St. Julitta and St. Angela.

NOVEMBER — Monsignor Fraser returns to China, to Kinhwa.

DECEMBER—Rev. Hugh McGettigan ordained priest.

1933

MARCH—Rev. Hugh Sharkey, in charge of Mission for Chinese at Vancouver, receives appointment as Director of Holy Childhood Association for Ontario and Western Canada.

APRIL—Thousands of readers of CHINA answer special appeal of our missionaries for Spiritual help for Chuchow Missions.

JULY—Work begun on new addition to Seminary Building.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. R. Roberts and Rev. C. Strang ordained Priests.

1934

JANUARY—Father Boudreau completes beautiful, new church in Pi-Wu-Ka, the gift of a benefactor.

MAY—Death of Archbishop McNeil, Chairman of St. F. X. Seminary Board of Control.

JUNE—His Eminence, Cardinal Villeneuve, of Quebec, first Cardinal ever to visit China Mission Seminary.

JULY—Rev. M. L. Curtin, of Archdiocese of Ottawa, becomes member of China Mission Institute.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. L. McFarland and Rev. P. Moore ordained to the Holy Priesthood.
Departure Ceremony, St. Michael's Cathedral, for seventh Band of Missionaries going to Chuchow.

OCTOBER—Fathers Doyle, McGettigan, and Strang, and Sisters Mary Angela and St. Martin of the Grey Nuns, sail from Vancouver for Chuchow on October 5th.
15th anniversary of publication of CHINA, and 10th Anniversary of opening of St. Francis Xavier Seminary commemorated by special pictorial edition of CHINA, the official organ of the Seminary.
Sisters M. Genevieve and St. Angela professed at Lishui.

1935

JANUARY — Monsignor McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Lishui, returns to Canada because of ill health. Very Rev. Ramon Serra appointed Vicar-Delegate to take charge during Monsignor's absence from Lishui.
His Excellency Most Rev. Andrew Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, visits Seminary.

FEBRUARY—Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan appointed Archbishop of Toronto and chairman of St. F. X. Seminary Board of Control.
Blessing of the Church of the Canadian Martyrs by Father Boudreau at Pi-Wu-Ka.

MAY—Monsignor McGrath publishes *The Dragon at Close Range,* a notable contribution to Mission literature.

AUGUST—Rev. James McGillivray dies at Lishui.
Rev. W. Matte of Gogama, Ont., ordained to Priesthood.

NOVEMBER—Rev. J. Leonard of Toronto, Ont.; Rev. L. Hudswell of Tweed, Ont.; Rev. R. Reeves of London, Ont.; Rev. J. Maurice of Ingersoll, Ont.; Rev. H. Murphy of Kingston, Ont.; and Rev. L. McAuliffe of Innismore, Ont., are ordained to the Priesthood.
Monsignor McGrath and Father Sharkey attend the first Regional Convention of the Maritime Units of the C.C.S.M.C.

DECEMBER—Rev. Roland Roberts appointed assistant to Father Sharkey at Vancouver Mission and National Director of Holy Childhood for Ontario and Western Canada.
Monsignor McGrath returns to China with Father Curtin and Father Beal.

1936

MARCH—Father W. McNabb, because of ill health, returns to Canada.

APRIL—Very Rev. R. Serra returns to Spain.

AUGUST—Rev. A. MacIntosh of St. Andrew's, N.S.; Rev. Charles Murphy of Sydney, N.S., and Rev. Harvey Steele of Dominion, N.S., are ordained to the Priesthood.
Rev. J. Kelly of Eganville, Ont., ordained to Priesthood.
Rev. Edward Moriarty of Harbour Grace, Nfld., and Rev. Leo Burke of Brigus, Nfld., ordained to Priesthood.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. Gordon Stringer of Ottawa, Ont., and Rev. Kenneth Turner of Montreal, Que., ordained to Priesthood.
Rev. Allan McRae ordained to Priesthood.
Rev. Gerald McKernan of Brantford, Ont., ordained to Priesthood.

OCTOBER—Rev. Ronald Reeves, Rev. Lorne McFarland, Rev. James Leonard, Rev. William Matte, Rev. Patrick Moore, Rev. John Maurice, Rev. Leonard Hudswell, Rev. Harold Murphy, Rev. Lawrence McAuliffe leave for China.

NOVEMBER—Rev. V. Morrison, Rev. A. Venadam and Rev. D. Stringer return to Canada for campaign work.

1937

FEBRUARY—Right Rev. Monsignor Fraser erects Church of St. Anthony of Padua at Ya-Mao-Tien in Kinhwa.

OCTOBER—Church of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus dedicated and opened at Dolu.
Monsignor McGrath inaugurates Shanghai Catholic Hour over station XMHA, Shanghai.

DECEMBER—Rev. Andrew Pinfold of Toronto; Rev. Thomas Morrissey of North River, Nfld.; Rev. Daniel McNeil of Boisdale, N.S.; Rev. Michael Carey of Fortune Harbour, Nfld.; Rev. Edward Lyons of Calgary, Alta., and Rev. John McGoey of Toronto, Ont., are ordained to the Priesthood.

1938

MAY—Church of St. Anastasia dedicated and opened by Monsigor Fraser at Lanchi in Kinhwa.
Father W. Amyot of Ottawa, Ont., and Rev. J. J. MacDonald of Windsor, N.S., arrive back in Canada on furlough.
Lishui bombed by Japanese planes.

JULY—Father J. Leonard returns from China for campaign work.

OCTOBER—Fathers M. Carey, E. Moriarty, H. Steele, E. Lyons, G. McKernan, A. McRae, J. Kelly, T. Morrissey, A. McIntosh, C. Murphy and D. McNeil leave for China.

NOVEMBER—Victoria Mission opened with Rev. W. Matte in charge.

DECEMBER—Rev. F. X. McIsaac of Sydney, N.S.; Rev. James Walsh of Toronto, Ont.; Rev. W. Dwyer of Halifax, N.S.; Rev. Francis Diemert of Mildmay, Ont.; Rev. Cameron MacDonald and Rev. A. Clement of Montreal, Que., and Rev. Russel White of Placentia, Nfld., are ordained to the Priesthood.
Sr. M. Vianney takes final vows at Lishui.

1939

APRIL—Right Rev. J. E. McRae, President of St. F. X. Seminary, created Domestic Prelate by the Holy Father.

JUNE—His Excellency Most Rev. Illdebrando Antoniutti, Archbishop of Sinnada and Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, visits Seminary.

SEPTEMBER—First all-Chinese Grammar School in Canada opened by the Catholic Mission at Vancouver.

NOVEMBER—Father J. Leonard appointed Editor of CHINA.
Hospital opened in Lishui in charge of Grey Sisters.

DECEMBER—Rev. Kenneth Turner, Rev. G. Stringer, Rev. J. McGoey and Rev. Russel White leave for China.
Rev. Robert Hymus, Rev. Michael Maloney, Rev. Patrick Burke, Rev. Thomas McQuaid and Rev. J. Murphy ordained priests.

1940

JANUARY — Formation of St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary.

MAY—Father Boudreau returns to China after furlough in Canada, accompanied by Rev. A. Pinfold of Toronto.
Missions opened for the Chinese at Victoria, B.C., and Toronto. Rev. W. Matte of Gogama, Ont., has returned from China to take charge of the Victoria Mission: Rev. E. Moriarty of Harbour Grace, Nfld., has returned from China to take charge of the Toronto Mission.
Rev. R. Pelow of Kingston, Ont., ordained.

JUNE—Rev. M. McSween of Ironville, N.S., ordained to the Priesthood.
The Holy See finally approves our Constitutions and we become the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.
The district of Kinhwa is added to the Lishui Prefecture.

JULY-AUGUST—Incessant air-raids force our Lishui priests and sisters to spend much of their time in the mountains. Mission property partly destroyed by bombs.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. F. Diemert, Rev. J. Murphy, Rev. A. Clement, Rev. T. McQuaid, Rev. M. McSween and Rev. M. Maloney leave for China.

OCTOBER—Rev. A. Chafe appointed Vice-Rector of the Seminary.
Rev. A. Chafe resumes editorship of CHINA. Rev. W. Amyot becomes Business Manager.
Society opens new house at Peking, China.
Word received from China of the death of Rev. A. Gignac of Ridgetown, Ont.

DECEMBER—Opening of Toronto Mission at 25 Chestnut St.
Right Rev. J. E. McRae appointed Superior General of the Society *ad tempus* by the Holy See and given authority to convoke the first General Chapter. He sets June 5th as the date when the Chapter will convene.
Rev. F. O'Grady of Ottawa, Ont.; Rev. John Gault and Rev. L. Hart of Cornwall, Ont.; Rev. J. McIver of Staffa, Ont., and Rev. J. McCarthy of Calgary, Alta., are ordained to the Priesthood.

1941

JUNE—First General Council of the Scarboro Foreign Mission convenes at St. Francis Xavier Seminary. Right Rev. J. E. McRae, D.P., D.C.L., appointed first Superior General. Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A., elected first Assistant and Vicar General; Rev. Hugh Sharkey, Rector and Editor of CHINA, second Assistant-General; Rev. A. MacDonald third Assistant-General and General Econome; Rev. L. Curtin fourth Assistant-General and Spiritual Director of the Seminary.
Members of the first General Chapter were—His Excellency, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Right Rev. J. E. McRae, D.P., D.C.L.,; Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.; Right Rev. J. M. Fraser, P.A.; Rev. L. Beal; Rev. A. J. MacDonald; Rev. D. Stringer; Rev. A. Chafe, and Rev. H. Sharkey.
Rev. A. Chafe appointed Pastor of the Chinese Catholic Parish at Vancouver.

OCTOBER—Right Rev. J. M. Fraser and Rev. L. Beal return to China.

DECEMBER—Rev. B. Kirby, Rev. J. Fullerton, and Rev. W. Cox ordained to the Priesthood.

1942

FEBRUARY—Toronto Mission takes up new quarters at 222 Simcoe St.
Holy See singularly honours Monsignor McGrath for his excellent work for the Missions in China and in Canada, naming him a Protonotary Apostolic.
Father W. K. Amyot named Vice-Rector of the Seminary.

MARCH—Missionary priests and sisters send urgent appeal for help from bomb-blasted Lishui.
Two Grey Sisters of Pembroke, Ont., arrive to assist Father Moriarty in the work in Toronto.
Father L. Hart appointed assistant to Father Matte at Victoria.

APRIL—Word reaches us that Monsignor Fraser, though safe and well, is interned by the Japanese at Manila. All other priests reported safe and well.

JULY—Rev. Cameron MacDonald takes up chaplaincy in army and Rev. M. Dwyer becomes naval chaplain; Rev. J. J. MacDonald already army chaplain and posted at Victoria.

OCTOBER—Scarboro Foreign Mission Society inaugurates The Religious Theatre of The Air—radio dramatization of the lives of the Saints—over Station CHML, Hamilton.

DECEMBER—Rev. J. Ainslie of Kingston, Ont., ordained to Priesthood.

1943

FEBRUARY—Word reaches us of Japanese invasion of our prefecture in China and exodus of some sisters and priests to unoccupied China.

MARCH—Fathers D. Stringer and R. Hymus leave for Santo Domingo, there to assist in the Archdiocese.

MAY—Rev. P. J. Burke becomes Army Chaplain.
Rev. A. Chafe appointed as Superior in Santo Domingo.
Rev. L. Hart appointed pastor of St. Anne's Chinese Mission, Toronto.
Rev. E. Moriarty appointed pastor at Vancouver Mission.
Rev. J. King and Rev. John Fullerton posted to Santo Domingo.

JUNE—Word reaches us of the death of Sister M. Daniel at Hengyang, Hunan province.

JULY—Rev. Lorne MacFarland and Rev. D. McNeil return from China on sick leave.

SEPTEMBER—The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society opens its novitiate at St. Mary's, Ont. Rev. W. K. Amyot appointed Superior, and Rev. J. McIver, Bursar. Rev. Father Cleary of Maryknoll will be the Novice Master.

Toronto's Chinese Catholic Mission

ON December 17th, 1940, His Excellency Archbishop J. C. McGuigan blessed and opened a Mission for the Chinese at 25 Chestnut Street. In charge of the Mission was Rev. Edward Moriarty, but recently recalled from China, and brought back to Canada expressly for this purpose.

The frame building on Chestnut Street used as the Mission, was intended only as a temporary arrangement, and not long afterwards the Mission moved to a large, modern, brick building at 222 Simcoe Street. Two Grey Sisters soon arrived from Pembroke and a kindergarten school was opened for the Chinese children, also a Chinese language school for the older pupils.

Despite many difficulties, thanks to the wonderful work of Rev. Father Moriarty and the Grey Sisters, ably assisted by the Saint Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary, great progress has been made and slowly but surely the work of the Catholic Church is gaining recognition in Chinatown.

Only last year, the Mission opened its lovely, big auditorium, and at the dedication ceremony the Chinese Consul spoke with great praise of the work being done by our Society among the Chinese in Toronto.

Rev. James Walsh was appointed assistant to Father Moriarty about a year ago and has done wonderful work during his short time at the Mission.

To Rev. Father Moriarty, who has just received his appointment as pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Vancouver, goes the deep gratitude of the Society for the grand work he has accomplished at the Toronto Mission since its inception. Despite manifold difficulties and many discouragements, Father Moriarty carried on and he leaves behind him a fine record of missionary endeavour.

REV. L. HART of Cornwall, Ont., Pastor

At present there are four Grey Sisters at the Toronto Mission—Mother St. Paul, Sister Mary Gertrude, Sister St. Rita, and Sister Mary Xavier. Formerly stationed at the Toronto Mission were Sister Mary Vincent and Sister Theresa of Jesus. Without their assistance the work would never have progressed the way it has.

The new pastor at 222 Simcoe Street is Rev. Lawrence Hart of Cornwall, Ontario, formerly assistant to Rev. Father Matte at Victoria. While with Father Matte, Father Hart gained experience in work among the Chinese and this experience will stand him in good stead during his apostolate in Toronto's Chinatown.

We invite our numerous friends in Toronto to visit the Mission at Simcoe Street and see for themselves what has been accomplished. Father Hart will indeed welcome any assistance given him by the good Catholic people of Toronto, and he richly deserves all the help that can be given him.

St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto

Scenes in the Kindergarten of the Toronto Chinese Mission

The Work of Our Society at Vancouver, B.C.

AT the urgent request of His Excellency Archbishop W. M. Duke of Vancouver, Rev. Hugh Sharkey, a member of the Society, was recalled from China to begin work among the large Chinese community in his archdiocese.

The Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Montreal had for some years been labouring in Vancouver and had established a hospital for incurable Chinese and Japanese patients. They had accomplished wonders, but their work had been confined to hospitalization and the need of a real parish for the Chinese people was a crying necessity.

On December 3rd, 1933, the Chinese Catholic Mission at 573 East Georgia Street was solemnly blessed and opened by the Archbishop. It was a two-storey frame building, serving as a chapel, kindergarten school and sisters' residence.

Assisting Father Sharkey in his work among the Chinese, were three Grey Sisters from Pembroke, Ontario. Without their devoted help the work in Vancouver would never have succeeded as well as it did in the years that followed. On this the tenth anniversary year of the foundation of the Vancouver Mission, CHINA expresses the very deep gratitude of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society to the Grey Sisters who pioneered in that great work and to their able successors who have so well carried it on unto its present success.

Rev. Roland Roberts of Victoria, B.C., was appointed assistant to Father Sharkey in 1935 and was also named National Director of the Holy Childhood Association for Ontario and Western Canada. Father Roberts from the very first was deeply devoted to the work among the Chinese and with his faithful and energetic help, great things were accomplished.

REV. E. MORIARTY
Harbour Grace, Nfld.

Father Kenneth Turner of Montreal was later on appointed to the Vancouver Mission and all were heart-broken when this holy and devoted priest was taken away from Vancouver and sent to China. His name and his memory will never fade from the minds and hearts of the Chinese Catholic people of our Western Mission.

Named as successor to Father Turner was Rev. Cameron MacDonald, also of Montreal, who laboured at the Vancouver Mission for some time, until he became a chaplain in the Canadian army. His work among the young Chinese was indeed successful and his going was a great loss to the Mission.

Rev. Patrick Moore of Ingersoll, Ontario, another of our priests, was stationed at our Mission in Vancouver for a year and did splendid work, especially among the young Chinese. To all these priests who have laboured in Vancouver's Chinatown goes the credit for the Mission's phenomenal success.

In 1940, when Father Sharkey was appointed editor of CHINA, Father Aphonsus Chafe was named pastor at Vancouver, where he has since carried on a vigorous and indeed fruitful apostolate. Sorry indeed were the Chinese when he was recalled from Vancouver just this summer and named superior of our district in the Dominican Republic. His wonderful work in Vancouver will remain long after him.

This short history of the Vancouver Mission would not be complete without mention of Rev. Father John McCarthy, who for some years past has been stationed in Vancouver, struggling with the hardest of all jobs—the financing of the Mission. He has been indeed very successful and is held in deep respect and affection by the Chinese people.

Rev. Edward Moriarty of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, has just succeeded Father Chafe as pastor at Vancouver. Recalled from China some years ago to establish a mission for the Chinese in Toronto, Father Moriarty did so and with great success. He leaves behind him in Toronto a mission that will be an enduring monument to his priestly zeal and we wish him a very fruitful apostolate in Vancouver.

CANADA ... AND CHINA

CANADA

Privations, they say.

Sacrifices—of war.

A curtailment of abundant luxury.

Fewer car rides.

One cup of coffee.

Rationing here and there.

CHINA

A gallant people battling for life.

Disease, destruction.

The spectre of starvation.

Millions dead.

Millions yet to die.

To us they turn in their need.

OUR MISSIONARIES PLAY THEIR PART

Heroically loyal to their beloved Chinese people in their darkest hour, the priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society and the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception have faced untold hardships in their weary trek across the war-scarred face of China, everywhere ministering to the sick and afflicted, everywhere lighting a ray of hope in the eyes of a bewildered, despairing people. The faith and courage of this gallant band will hasten the resurrection of China now carrying her heavy Cross of devastation and death.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THEIR STORY

A seventeen hundred mile slow pilgrimage across seven provinces of China. Sleeping in the open, hiding in the muddy rice paddies to escape death from the skies.

Without food for days at a time, drinking the polluted water from the roadside pools, sharing their meagre medical supplies with the sick and afflicted on every side.

Ten priests taking the long road home, back to bomb-ruined Lishui, as the enemy moves away. Selling all their belongings to feed the starving thousands who besiege the shattered mission residence.

Once more the dread air-raid alarm. Once more destruction heaped upon destruction and death upon death.

Homeless, hungry, they still carry on.

THEY HAVE GIVEN THEIR ALL — FOR GOD AND SOULS IN CHINA

Will you—from your abundance—help them to carry on?

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XXIV—No. 9 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. October, 1943

ST. THERESA
Born, January 2, 1873
Professed, September 8, 1890
Died, September 30, 1897
Canonized, May 17, 1938

My dear Young Missionaries:

OCTOBER 3rd is the Feast of Our Patroness, The Little Flower of Jesus, whose Mission on earth was to make men love God by trusting in Him with filial confidence and total abandonment. She has made the way to Sainthood seem so easy and attractive that men, women and children everywhere are advancing on the road of heroic love of God simply by following her Way of Spiritual Childhood. Pope Pius XI has said of this Way of Holiness: "Spiritual Childhood is the fruit of the will . . . it is the way of peace and of holiness—a new omen to the world." The Little Flower learned the Way of Spiritual Childhood in the School of the Holy Family itself. Everything at Bethlehem and Nazareth made her spiritually gay. She loved to think of Our Lady as "Walking the common way and always practising the lowliest virtues." Like her Heavenly Mother, she would live by faith without seeking sensible consolations or extraordinary graces. Even in her acts of abnegation and mortification she preferred to seize upon the sacrifices which are met in the ordinary course of events, as allowed by Providence.

Therefore during the Month of October, the Month of the Holy Rosary and a month of special prayer to St. Joseph we will take ourselves to the School of the Holy Family and in the company of St. Theresa learn the exalted Way of Spiritual Childhood at Nazareth where the Son of God lived as a child, filled with confidence, and total abandonment to the Holy Will of His Eternal Father.

FATHER JIM.

* * *

In the Mail Bag

Dear Father Jim:

Thank you for putting the Orchestra's picture in the paper—we are a little bit sorry it wasn't the "Harmony Nine"—in the latter there are nine members only—of course we are in the school orchestra, but we were the first formed a few years ago and the school orchestra was just built around us, so to speak—it only plays on rare occasions, festivals, recitals, etc., while we are in demand quite frequently, hence able to be of a little assistance to China Missions. We are all pretty well broken up this summer—*Eileen has gone to be a Sister*, that's the second one of us to leave, for the religious life. *Harry was professed August second at Woodstock, Ontario*—he is a Brother. When we start back to school there will be only "three" of the "Harmony Nine" left in school—all the others have graduated. Some will be going to work and maybe one or two for higher education. The reason I'm telling you this is that the "mite box" donations will probably be coming from a smaller group. Sister is going to form a new "Harmony Nine", but they will not be "playing out" until they reach grade eight or nine—they are only little ones yet—we were, too, when he began in nineteen thirty-seven. It was just after that we met Father Charles Murphy and he played with us.

This is rather a long letter but Sister told me to write you in case you might think the "Harmony Nine" let up in their donations, if only smaller sums come—but be assured that those of us who will be working will keep up our little donations, and we hope the Junior "Harmony Nine" will get a start like we did.

Thank you also for the sympathy extended to Stewart and Anthony in China. Anthony is only little yet but Sister said he is going to be one of the new "H.N." All the little fiddlers are wondering who will be the lucky ones and there are at least three young pianists expecting Eileen's place. I pity Sister.

Good-bye, Father, we all hope to meet you some day and we hope we'll have a priest out of our "H.N."

Sincerely yours,

IRENE POIRIER.

This month we begin the series "AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST".

Each month there will be an illustrated episode in the history of our Society.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

1. To receive Holy Communion once each month for an increase in missionary vocations.
2. To recite the official prayer daily for the conversion of infidels.
3. To aid the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by saving pennies for the Missions.

* * *

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER FOR THE CONVERSION OF INFIDELS

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou hast sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

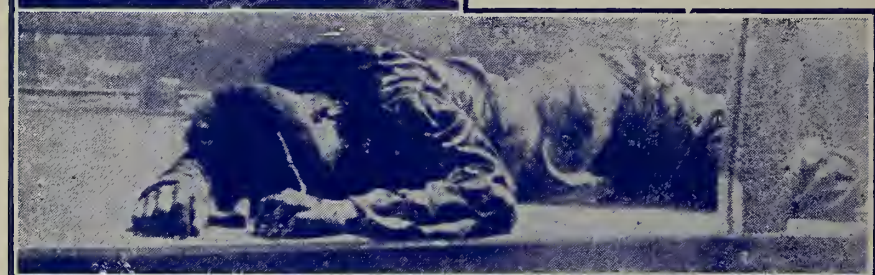
Ambassadors of CHRIST

LIFE OF MSGR. JOHN FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR KEELOR

(To be continued)

THE CRY OF CRUCIFIED CHINA



We Ask Your Help:

In the Name of Christ
Crucified again
On the Calvary of
War-torn China
In the broken bodies
And lance-pierced
hearts
Of His brave
Missionary priests
And sisters
And His beloved
Chinese people.

Remember
the words of Christ:

* *

"Amen I say to you,
As long as you did it
To one of these
My least brethren,
You did it to Me."

—Matt. 25, 40.

CHINA

"IF THOU HADST KNOWN!"

SCARBORO BLUFFS
ONTARIO

NOVEMBER
1943

THE DISPLAY OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN-MISSION SOCIETY AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL MISSIONARY EXHIBITION, HELD RECENTLY IN TORONTO
Inside This Beautiful Replica of a Chinese Temple Photomurals of Our Missionary Work in China Were on Display.

Subscription: 50c per year Circulation: 48.000

NOVEMBER CHINA 1943

VOL. XXIV VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* NO. 10

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Signposts

Missioners On Way Home

Official word has been received from Ottawa that the following members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society are on the passenger list of the repatriation ship "Gripsholm" now en route to this country.

Very Rev. J. L. Beal, La Salette, Ont.

Rev. Armand L. Clement, Montreal, P.Q.

Rev. Gerald Doyle, Toronto, Ont.

Rev. Francis M. Diemert, Mildmay, Ont.

Rev. Michael Maloney, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Rev. Michael McSween, Ironville, N.S.

Rev. A. J. Pinfold, Toronto, Ont.

Rev. Charles Murphy, Sydney, N.S.

Those still remaining at Peking are: Very Rev. M. Carey of Fortune Harbour, Newfoundland; Rev. Joseph Murphy of Toronto, Ontario, and Rev. Thomas McQuaid of Seaforth, Ontario. All three are in excellent health and are no longer interned. They are in residence at our house in the old Chinese capital.

The Society and their numerous friends will await most eagerly the arrival of the former internees, and will offer up a sincere prayer of thanks to God, for their safe return.

Father Venini Writes

A letter dated April 1943, has just been received by the family of Rev. Joseph Venini of Oshawa, Ontario. It is written from Ting-Hai, Chekiang, China, and in it Father assures his loved ones and his friends that he is in the best of health and spirits. Father Venini has a clinic of his own and is doing wonderful work among the poor Chinese refugees and wounded. Please remember him in your prayers.

Father Vincent Morrison

Father Vincent Morrison of Savage Harbour, Prince Edward Island, sends best wishes to all his friends, assuring them that he is safe and well. His present address is—St. Xavier's School, Bombay, India. He would welcome any letters.

Silver Jubilee of Canadian Redemptorists

The year 1943 marks the Silver Jubilee of the Foundation of the English-speaking Province of the Redemptorists in Canada. Within the short space of a quarter of a century the Sons of St. Alphonsus have made a glorious contribution to the cause of Christ and Canada. From the northland to the American border and from the Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of British Columbia their name is legion and the deep respect, the sincere affection and the nation-wide admiration of both priests and people are a monument to their missionary zeal and their spirit of self sacrifice. CHINA offers to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in Canada heartfelt felicitations in this year of Silver Jubilee. Ad Multos Annos.

Our Thanks to Holy Cross

We wish to offer our sincerest thanks to the Brothers and the Students at Holy Cross School, St. John's, Newfoundland, for their most generous contribution to our missionary work. Holy Cross has always been very interested in our missioners and we owe the students and their teachers a deep debt of gratitude. Thanks a million.

We Recommend to Your Prayers

We recommend to your prayers during this month of the Holy Souls our beloved dead — Rev. James MacGillivray, Rev. Aaron Gignac and Sister Mary Daniel.

We ask your prayers also for our deceased friends and benefactors.

Miss Alice Conway.

Sister Mary Isabelle of the Sisters of St. Ann, Victoria, B.C.

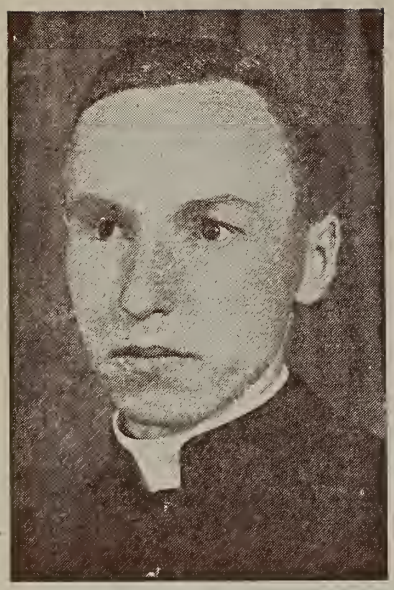
MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE.

* * *

Annual Bridge and Euchre

On Thursday, October 7th, a general meeting of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary was held at St. Anne's Chinese Mission, 222 Simcoe Street. The President, Mrs. A. Hymus, presided at the meeting. The guest speaker for the occasion was Rev. Lorne McFarland of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society who gave a very interesting account of the historical background and the tem-

(*Continued on page* 12)



Rev. Lorne McFarland, S.F.M., Recently Returned From China.

Shock Troops of Christ

by

REV. L. McFARLAND, S.F.M.

CHINA is slightly smaller in area than Canada and is divided into twenty-four provinces, but the total population of Canada is as nothing compared to the 450,000,000 people of China. Even the consideration of such a large number of people is staggering but one can only begin to realize what it means when he has travelled throughout China trying to ride on the buses and trains or even walking along the country roads where one village presses on another forming a great chain for as far as one would care to travel. Villages don't expand into towns in China. There simply isn't room. When one family is crowded out they betake themselves to some vacant spot and start another village. A missionary isn't in China very long before he begins to feel this press of humanity. Wherever you are there is a crowd and if you want privacy badly enough the only thing to do is to hide yourself in a room and lock the door. If there should be a convenient window it won't be long before you will see a row of faces pressed against the window panes watching your ever move with interest.

China as you know had a civilization two thousand years ago when our ancestors would still be classed as barbarians. However, the very philosophy which gave them a right to claim to be the first country with a mature civilization also discouraged any sort of change and so while other nations progressed and overtook her China remained static. The industrial and mechanical age, until this present war, had never impressed itself on China. Such cities as Shanghai and Hongkong which had felt the influence of the foreigner are as modern as anything we have in America, but ten miles outside the city limits things are as primitive as they were a thousand years ago. China has finally awakened with a start to find the mechanized hordes of the Japanese closing in on her. China has dissipated her strength for years; first the emperors who cared little for the welfare of the people as long as they could exact their tribute; then the war-lords who fought each other, incessantly ravaging the country and paying their mercenaries with whatever loot they could capture. However, it is never too late to mend, as China has proven in the last six years. If China has suffered, she has also profited by the war, for individuals have begun to realize that they are members not merely of a clan but of a nation and now they are united in a stubborn resistance against the enemy under the leadership of a great man, Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek.

What about the people of China? First of all they are pagans. Though that statement would not mean much to the neo-pagans of our time and country it carries an immediate explanation of many things to we Catholics who realize that no one can be really good unless he has before him the positive law of God manifested in the ten commandments and at the same time is supported by the Grace of God and the guidance of the Church. Therefore we can say at the outset that the virtues of the Chinese are to their credit and any vices are due to paganism.

Above all the Chinese are polite. Immediately you enter a house the tea kettle goes on the stove even if you do choke and cough from the smoke and say ten times you don't want tea, they will insist eleven times that you must have some. They bow you into their home and resist your attempts to leave. The best they have is yours though they may have to go hungry to-morrow. And they never tire of telling you that they are honoured above measure by your visit.

They are cheerful and have a keen sense of humour. I have never yet seen a Chinese wearing a frown. They always seem to be bubbling over with good humour. No matter what stranger you meet on the road, if you glance at him

he will greet you with a smile, even though it is apparent that he is tired and hungry. I get lots of fun out of telling my jokes to the Chinese for they laugh at them even when others won't. However nothing will create a greater laugh than for a man to fall downstairs or something of the sort. The onlookers will roll with laughter and strangely enough the victim himself will laugh if he is not too badly injured.

They are grateful for favours received. The only Chinese who are lacking in all gratitude are those who have become practiced in deceit and are corrupt. In the little dispensary I used to conduct in my mission I noticed that ordinary peasant folk always attempted to show their gratitude by some sensible token. They gave me chickens and eggs, candy and tea and other things, which, considering their poverty, was something great indeed.

The Chinese are, however, materialistic or perhaps practical would be the proper word. In a country where it is a case of the survival of the fittest it is not strange that the greater portion of their time is spent in devising ways and means of getting enough to eat. "The Catholic religion is very good Father but I haven't time to worship God. I have to earn a living."

They are superstitious. The religion of the country, Buddhism, has fallen on evil days and is practically dead. The majority of the people believe in some kind of supreme Being and attribute supernatural powers to many material things. Practicaly everything has a spirit, such as a tree, a house, a wall, a mountain, a river, etc. Every new house in the process of building is plastered with signs warding off evil spirits. Many times during the year I have watched old ladies walking in procession around the city wall. At every break in the wall they stop and adore and burn some paper to appease the spirit of the wall, who doubtless is angry at having some of the bricks knocked down. Once the cook in one of my missions was foolish enough to light a fire while the pagans were having a procession imploring the rain god to save their crops. This was against the rules, so the pagans quickly solved the problem by caving the chimney in by hurling stones.

They have a real pagan outlook on charity. They love their families and their friends and will make great sacrifices for them but I don't think you would find many good samaritans in China.

God is very close in China but so is the devil. There are many cases of obsession and possession among the Chinese. One little boy was brought to me frothing at the mouth and fighting everyone within reach with a superhuman strength. After a long period he became rational again and told us how he had been fighting with little red devils who had been trying to drag him away. These manifestations which had occurred over a long period of time ceased, after we read the prayers of the Church over him.

Our chapel in a certain mission had been taken over by soldiers and there was nothing we could do about it. The chapel was dedicated to the "Queen of Heaven", whose picture hung over the altar. In the middle of the night the catechist was awakened by a roaring sound and found the whole building shaking. The next moment he heard the soldiers tumbling downstairs screaming in fear. They rushed out into the night without even stopping to gather their equipment. What was the amazement of the catechist to find a crowd of people gathering about the mission com pound. They said they had seen a light over the mission and heard a great noise. One of the soldiers when they finally caught up with him related how the lady had come down from the picture with arms outstretched as though she were going to kill them. We weren't bothered by soldiers in that mission for a long time.

The pagans in another mission demanded a contribution for the repairing of their pagan temple. The Christians refused. The pagans nearly killed one Christian, threw another into a filthy pit and the others ran off into the mountains in fear of their lives. Then the ringleaders who didn't have much respect for any divinity overturned their own idol and then ran to the police demanding the arrest of the Christians for wrecking their temple. The case came to trial, the pagan authorities were against the Christians and it seemed that they would have to suffer even more for their faith. In the interval an epidemic of small-pox broke out in the village amongst the children, the children of pagans were sick and the Christian children untouched. The pagans were struck with fear, admitted their guilt and paid damages. Stories of this kind are innumerable but the greatest and most significant manifestation of Divine Providence was the fact that none of our missionaries were killed or captured in the invasion and evacuation of Lishui.

You have already read Father Steele's account in "China" so I won't repeat. The heroines of the whole thing were the Sisters. Thirty-nine days it took them to travel 1,200 miles in the burning heat of summer. Unless you have felt the killing heat of the East you will have to imagine a heat twice as great as our hottest day in summer and you will have it. I was present the day they began their historic journey in a broken down truck piled high with machinery. A bamboo top covered all. The space allotted to them was too shallow to sit up straight and too small to recline. Just to climb into that truck was a job for an athletic man. I reckon that during the thirty-nine day trip the Sisters had to climb in and out of that truck six times a day. Little to eat and so thirsty at times that they scooped up water from puddles along the road, sleeping by the roadside, in sampans and in pagan temples, all of them suffering from malaria or dysentery; malaria in which the temperature soars until consciousness recedes and delerium begins; and dysentery which leaves one so weak he can hardly move.

You have been reading a few facts about China, its people and our missionaries. Why are we interested in the Chinese? What gives point to the sufferings of our missionaries? We have only to look at our crucifix for our answer. Do our missionaries ever say this is more than I can bear? Never. At the very moment they are suffering they are thinking unconsciously perhaps—"God will

(*Continued on page* 12)

Your Mission News in Pictures

Staunch Supporters of Father Matte's Work in Victoria.

The Burial of Sister Mary Daniel at Yuanling, Hunan.

Scenes at the Funeral of Sister Mary Daniel.

The Children at Our Mission in Victoria, B.C.

Miss Mabel Wong of the Chinese Catholic Community at Vancouver.

Ambassadors of CHRIST

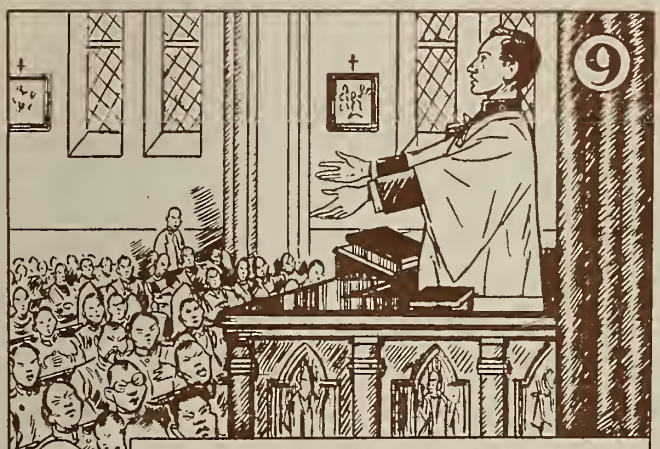
LIFE OF MSGR. JOHN FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR KEELOR

BISHOP REYNAUD, C.M., AND MISSIONARIES, WELCOMES FATHER FRASER ON HIS ARRIVAL AT NINGPO, CHINA, 1902

SEATED IN THE BISHOP'S HOUSE, FATHER FRASER CONVERSES WITH THE BISHOP AND FATHER FAVEAU ON DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE

FATHER FRASER AT THE MINOR SEMINARY ON THE ISLAND OF CHUSAN, ASSOCIATES WITH THE YOUNG CHINESE STUDENTS, FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACQUIRING THE LANGUAGE



AFTER ONLY SIX MONTHS, FATHER FRASER RETURNED TO NINGPO AND TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF ALL, PREACHES FLUENTLY IN CHINESE AT THE CATHEDRAL.

KNEELING BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT HE PRAYS FOR VOCATIONS.

THE PRIESTS AND STUDENTS AT NAZARETH HOUSE—OUR NOVICIATE AT ST. MARYS, ONTARIO.

Priests, Left to Right: *Very Rev. W. K. Amyot, Superior; Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, Superior General; Rev. P. Cleary, Master of Novices.*

Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China, visits the Seminary.

★

LEFT TO RIGHT:

Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, Superior General.
Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking.
Rt. Rev. W. C. McGrath, Vicar General.

★

Taken on the occasion of the visit of Most Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, Passionist Bishop of Yuanling, Hunan, China.

★

Our Lady of Altagracia Patroness of the Dominican Republic.

Our Lady of Altagracia

by

REV. R. HYMUS, S.F.M.

(This story is legendary)

★

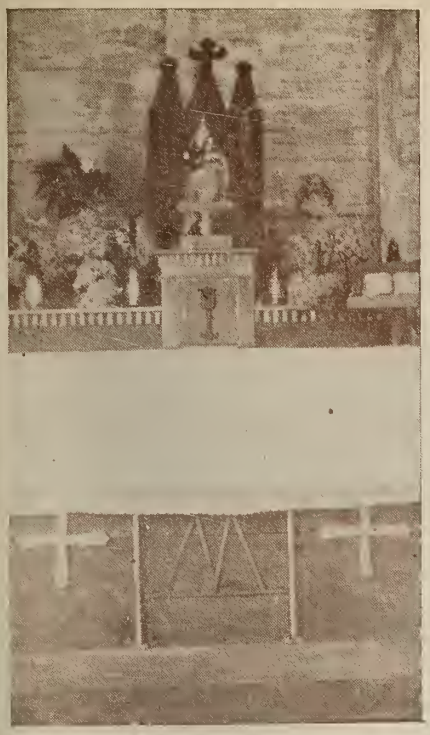
"VIRGIN Most Holy, Our Mother of Grace guard and defend the Catholic Dominican people, who to-day crown Thee and proclaim Thee their only Sovereign and Queen" —how beautiful a dedication to Mary! Such was the collective prayer of the Dominican Republic on August 15, 1922. On this day the devotion to Our Lady of Altagracia was officially approved and canonically erected by Cardinal Vasconcellos, delegate of Pope Pius XI of happy memory.

This devotion is but another manifestation that "all generations shall call me blessed" (St. Luke I, vs. 48). Its history is a most interesting legend for it began as a heavenly drama enacted on the stage of earth.

Some five hours south-east of the Miami airport the traveller gazes downwards, past the gleaming wing of the Pan-American plane, upon green clad hills and fertile valleys of a tropical island. To the north he sees the green waters of the Atlantic—to the south, the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. Such is the Island of Santo Domingo, now called Republica Dominicana, the stage whereon was enacted the now famous drama.

The time, ——— Christopher Columbus nosed the prow of the Santa Maria back to the shores of Spain and stepped ashore to announce the astounding news of a new world. There was never a real estate agent who spoke in more glowing terms of property than did Columbus of the New World. He wanted settlers for a little island he had especially chosen and called Hispaniola (Little Spain). And settlers came to share the wealth of America. Some came for they had seen the samples of gold picked casually from certain rivers—to-day their descendants still wash gold from several streams. Others came for they had seen the sincerity in the desire of Columbus, not only to find, but to build another nation, and so these continued their former avocations in but another climate.

The soil of this tropical isle was and is a veritable garden. Its rich black earth beckoned, and many hands were put to the plow. One such family left the now ancient city (Ciudad Trujillo), then the little post of Santo Domingo (St. Dominic), to till the good earth at a little settlement of Higuey, far to the east of the island. The life of this family was simple but happy. After a day of honest toil the father came back to a joyous home. He had only two daughters, but they were a treasure to him. Their names are lost during the passing years, but perhaps they were Martha and Mary, for of such characters they were. The elder was busy about many things, and



Altar in New Chapel at Sabana Grande.

cared much for her person and dress and the social affairs of the little community. The younger La Nina (the Little One) was plain and unassuming, one given to prayer and pious thoughts. Both loved their father intensely and tried to please him in every detail.

The father, as all kind fathers, sought to show his love by buying little gifts for them whenever he went to the distant settlements to sell his produce and buy much needed supplies. Always he would ask what they would like. The elder would say a dress, a comb or some trinket; and always the younger (La Nina) would say in her eager way—a picture of a Lady who appeared to her—"The Virgin of Altagracia"—this was her only request.

Each home-coming found both daughters at the last turn of the trail to greet their tired but happy father. The elder would receive her father's kiss, and desired gift; —the younger would but receive the greeting kiss. Try as he would the father could never procure th desired picture. It was not that he did not care to try, for he went even to the priests and bishop. They had never even heard of such a painting as described by La Nina—a picture of the Virgin Mary and Her New Born Son, just now wrapped in swaddling clothes and placed in his bed of the manger. And yet the younger one seemed so certain and sincere, for such were the apparitions she saw. If the father loved the little one, and he did, then how sad he felt each time to tell her "not this time but surely next time." And all the while he knew there was no such a picture. Could he tell his beloved daughter he was but seeking a picture of her dreams?

The rains came and passed in their eternal procession. The warming sun smiled to see green shoots spring forth from Mother Earth, to blossom and bear their varieties of fruits. Once again came time for the father to begin his long journey to sell his produce and buy supplies—a trinket for the elder, a picture of the Virgin and Her Son, The Virgin of Altagracia, for the younger. This time he tried even harder but from the lips of all came the disheartening answer "there is no such picture."

Halfway home the tired rider reigned his horse at a wayside house to eat and ask a nights lodging. The householder was hospitable and made his visitor welcome. Even yet the family greeting to the stranger is "es mi casa y la suya"—"it is my house. . . and yours." A simple meal was consumed and the traveller continued sitting to chat about—well about the things people did talk about after meals—the crops, the weather, the ships coming from far away Spain—and once again about his younger daughter who wanted a certain picture that could not exist.

With a suddenness that was not startling, for it could happen so easily, an old man appeared at the open doorway. The strange part of it was his foreign appearance, as from a distant soil. The old man waited not for greeting, but stretched forth a hand and gave the traveller a scroll saying "here you have the gift for La Nina, travel immediately and may God bless you and His Holy Mother guide you." The astonished father gazed at the folded gift, and even as his eyes raised upward to say "Muchas gracias," the stranger vanished. The trembling hand unrolled the scroll to see a painting of the Virgin and Her new-born Son—the picture in every detail! Tiredness goes when a stranger feeling controls the mind—fatigue gave way to action. There was a hurried expression of thanks for the hospitality and proffered bed. The now eager father saddled his protesting horse, and touched the flanks with a demanding spur. The road seemed short, and the final bend was in the distance. The shadows of night retreated in haste to their sombre caves, as the rising sun focused its first light to probe the morning gloom. As usual the girls ran with open arms to reinstate their king into the little kingdom he called home.

There was something unusual this time. The girls sensed it too, for the father turned first to La Nina, instead of the Elder. True he tried to hide his eagerness, but his voice was tense, as if

Father Hymus at the New Chapel at Sabana Grande.

a great secret fought to pass the barrier of his lips. He unrolled the precious gift to display the painting more brilliant than before. The Blessed Virgin standing with folded hands and downcast eyes in adoration of her new born child. Her head was crowned as like a queen. At the entrance to the stable stood St. Joseph, holding a candle expressing the light of faith in such a tremendous mystery. La Nina did not wait to ponder over descriptions, but repeatedly kissed the kindly face of the Virgin, saying as she sobbed with joy, "father now you see how the Virgin of Altagracia, our Redemptress appeared to me, She who redeems our faults and washes away the blame of our sins—this is the gift I sought."

There was much excitement in the little settlement of Higuey. The neighbours came and went, talking in awed tones about the heavenly patronage of Mary towards La Nina. Before many weeks passed this new picture was being reproduced and placed in many homes. Private devotion spread like a fire to enkindle the hearts of all. Mary seemed to favour those who honoured Her as the Virgin of Grace.

The devotion was only a private one, left to individual prayers and modes of showing love for this new portrayal of the Virgin. There was no official approbation; for apparitions to private persons, and signal honours claimed must pass trial before Mother Church approves with all the weight of certainty. The passing of some four hundred years and the solid unending devotion of the faithful demanded approbation. On August 15, 1922, under an assenting sky of tropical blue, Cardinal Vasconcelles, official delegate of Pope Pius XI, solemnly pronounced the canonical erection of the picture and the devotion to the Virgin of Altagracia.

There is no need to record the miracles of body and soul that Mary deigned to shower on the Dominican people. It is sufficient to visit the beautiful churches dedicated to Nuestra Senora Altagracia. It is enough to tell you that from the lips of boys playing baseball; men cutting sugar cane with machetes or pious women entering a home, you can hear the beautiful expression "ave Maria Purissima"—is not this a proof that the picture of La Nina is but a replica of a larger scene? In truth the white garments of Mary shine as the sun above this tropical isle; and Marys mantle of blue blends with the azure sky and the Caribbean depths to bless and protect, even more strongly than the still standing walls Columbus knew. Such is the beautiful devotion to Mary Our Lady of Grace.

Commentary of Monsignor Nouel, at that time (1922 Archbishop of Santo Domingo—re the Picture).

Looking at the picture of the Altagracia there is no doubt that in it is represented the most Holy mystery of our Redemption. The humble stance of Mary tells which is the first condition of our faith in Her Divine Son. With joined hands the Blessed Virgin lovingly inclines her crowned head in an act of prayer and fixes her natural eyes as if to tell us our faith in Him ought to be simple, pure and meek. St. Joseph at the entrance of the stable, behind Mary holds in his hand a light—the symbol of that other Light Who descends from on high to enlighten us to eternity. Jesus recently born, reclining in swaddling clothes upon the straw is the perfect example of sanctity and of submission to the will of God."

CHINA offers its sincerest congratulations to St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society on its Silver Jubilee.

WELL DONE
ST. COLUMBAN'S
Ad Multos Annos

Signposts

(*Continued from page* 3)

perament of the Chinese people. Rev. J. Leonard, S.F.M., and Rev. L. Hart, S.F.M., also were present.

Plans were made for the Annual Bridge and Euchre to be held this year at St. Anne's Chinese Mission Hall, 222 Simcoe Street, on the evening of November 18th under the general convenorship of Mrs. A. Hymus. The Auxiliary would appreciate it so much if each reader of this magazine would take this as a personal invitation to be present that evening. Come and meet your friends and try for one of our many prizes.

Shock Troops of Christ

(*Continued from page* 5)

use these trials for the benefit of the poor souls who surround me." Missionaries are living on a little island of the spirit as it were, scooping up souls from the sea of despair, every action calculated in some way to advance the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Now our missionaries are no different from other Canadian men and women, inasmuch as they love the home and country they have left behind and they feel that they are representatives of the missionary zeal of Canadian Catholics. When they hear that Catholics at home are working for them and making sacrifices for them, it is like a spiritual blood transfusion which gives them renewed energy to overcome all obstacles.

At this critical hour of Chinese history when its people must either turn towards Christianity or atheism, these shock troops of Christ are in a position to press home their advantage if you do not fail them. Future generations will have reason to bless those who fly to the assistance of missionaries at this hour when the old China is tottering. It is a dismal thought that the salvation of souls depends to a great extent on money but it is a fact that we must face. As a great man has said in this crisis of the world's history so too our missionaries can say in this spiritual crisis. "Give us the tools and we will finish the job."

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XXIV—No. 10 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. November, 1943

My dear Young Missionaries:

OUR prime consideration, as missionaries, is for the souls of men. In this regard we have two fields of endeavour. We have undertaken the burden of helping in the salvation of immortal souls by praying for missionary vocations. Besides this, we have pledged ourselves to help the extension of God's Kingdom in a material way by our financial contributions.

All this pertains to our endeavours in this world. There is a sequal to our ambitions, namely our following, the souls whom we have helped to the Kingdom of Heaven once they have passed out of this Vale of Tears. We must pray often for these souls, many of whom may now be suffering the pains of Purgatory.

Therefore I suggest that during the month of November, the Month of the Holy Souls, we pray earnestly for the souls who have proven the sincerity of their conversion and who now await the Vision of God in the ante-room of Heaven, Purgatory.

Would it be too much to ask of the Young Missionaries of the Little Flower that they assist at Holy Mass *daily* throughout November? At Holy Mass we could pray for our dear departed in general but especially, as missionaries, for those who in this life were converted to Christ from Paganism.

* * *

TWENTY-FIVE years ago two events of missionary importance took place on this continent. One was the founding, in Canada, of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society by Monsignor John M. Fraser. With this organization you are very closely associated. The second event, whose Silver Jubilee we celebrate this year, was the founding, in the United States, of the Students Mission Crusade.

On the opposite page we are presenting an article on this latter subject written by the editors of THE SHIELD. The Students Mission Crusade spread to Canada and the C.C.S.M.C. is responsible, under God, for a great deal of the mission-consciousness we find to-day among the young people of Canada. The Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society are indebted to the Founders, Directors and Members of the Student Mission Crusade, both here and in the United States, for co-operation in the task of turning Canadian eyes and hearts towards China and the Chinese.

* * *

I SUGGEST to our members that they save their copies of CHINA from the last issue until that of next June, so that a complete record of the history of our Society be available to them. In the series entitled THE AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST the history will unfold from month to month. At the end of this school year we will sponsor an Essay Contest on the subject: THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY. Besides the information each one will gather in the preparation of an essay, there will be the added advantage of a good prize for the winner. Save your copies of CHINA from now until June, 1944.

May God bless you all!

Your devoted Friend,
FATHER JIM.

PIONEERS OF THE MISSION CRUSADE

The CSMC Founders in 1918 Faced a World Much Like Ours of 1943

By The Editors of The Shield

THE spring of 1917 was not greatly different from the spring of 1943. The colleges were being turned into training institutes for soldiers. Young men in their senior year had to decide quickly whether they wanted to take up a professional career or wait for their country to call them to the armed forces. Everywhere there was pressure, intensity, excitement. To many it seemed to be no time for attempting to solve long-range problems.

But the Church of God must carry on —"Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and forever"—and men who are charged with the work of the Church can never let their minds rest with the completion of the present task. In 1917 there were those who, while seeing that all possible things were done for the spiritual welfare of the fighting men and for those at home, were thinking also of the later years—1930 and 1940—just as today, while we are engaged almost totally in the Second World War, there are some who are thinking of 1950 and 1960.

There were two places in America of 1917, in particular, where heavy thinking was being done about the future. One was a farm house in the hills above the Hudson River in New York State, where the Rev. James Anthony Walsh, founder of a new mission society, known now as the Maryknoll Missioners, had his office.

Scene: Techny, Illinois, 1918

The other place was a village called Techny in the flat green fields 25 miles west of Chicago, where a group of straight-walled brick buildings housed the training centre for the Society of the Divine Word. At Techny a young man from Denver, Colorado, was going into his third year of theology. His name was Clifford J. King, and he was destined—barring accident—to end up as a missionary in one of the many mission fields of the Divine Word Fathers in Asia and the Western Pacific islands.

By a curious trick of Providence, these two mission centres — Maryknoll and Techny—were to be associated in the birth of a new mission movement in the United States—the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Clifford King's adviser was Father Bruno Hagspiel, widely known as a writer and lecturer. This earnest priest had studied not only the actual mission fields of the world, but also the problems of keeping them supplied with workers and money.

Father Hagspiel was living in the hope that a similar movement could be started in America, but he believed that it would need an upsurge of religious enthusiasm on the part of youth themselves to start it. The first evidence of the upsurge came when Clifford King came forward with a plan for the very kind of organization that he had been dreaming about.

And here is where Maryknoll comes into the picture. Clifford King's idea originated one day in the seminary dining room as he listened to the reading of a magazine called *The Field Afar*. It was edited by Father Walsh and in an editorial the Maryknoll founder described a Protestant youth organization called the Student Volunteer Movement, whose purpose was to develop missionary interest in Protestant youth of the United States. To Clifford King it came like a flash that the Catholic youth of this country should be organized for the same purpose.

The proposal of "Frater" King struck an instantly sympathetic chord in Father Hagspiel's heart. He encouraged the young Coloradan to write an appeal to the students of America. Frater King wrote three. The first went out in the spring of 1917 and was called "The Coming Crusade." The second, entitled "Bulletin No. 1," went out in October, 1917, and the third, "Bulletin No. 2," in the spring of 1918. To the first and second there was practically no response; the minds of students and teachers all over the land were too engrossed in the problems of war-time education.

In the third appeal, which was sent out early in the spring of 1918, Frater King asked for opinions on the holding of a student convention at Techny for the discussion of an organization along the lines that he had proposed. Response came from a few places, but in their eagerness to capitalize every penny's worth of apostolic zeal, the Techny Fathers and students decided that there would be a sufficient attendance to justify the holding of a meeting. So it was set for July 27-30 in the summer of 1918.

Only representatives from schools for young men were invited to the Techny meeting and, in the state of school life at that moment, the only representatives who could possibly come were college undergraduates and seminarians. Fifteen such institutions sent delegates, but they carried proxies from others, making a total representation of thirty. This was the First National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

The Rose Garden

(*Continued from page* 13)

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL,
TIMMINS, ONT.

Grade III

Mearl La Chapelle, Marion Petroski, Barry Petroski, Raymons Trafford, Annie Kukula, Melle Krasevec, Patsy Giardine, Lawrence Shallow, Evelyn Raymond, Loraine Weinberger, Jerry MacLean, Jimmy Villemarie, Frank Kobe, Raymond Richey, Shirley Burke, Joyce Sustersich, Vernon Everard, Jerry Bretell, Joan Stirling.

Grade IV

David Fox, Ann Roscoe, Shirley Dunlop, Renó Morin, Deneige Press£, Cecile Zadworny, Mary Andrews, Donald Kelly, Carol Nolan, Louis Raymond, Elizabeth Guillatte, Vivian Dunbar, Louise Raymond.

SACRED HEART SCHOOL,
ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

Rolland Theauvette, Laurent Lefebvre, Daniel Brown, Maurice Chenier, Romós St. Denis, Gilbert Lauzon, Leonard Lajoie, Renó Lefebvre, Lucille Lajoie, Jeannine Brabant, Rosaline Duperron, Claire Vachon, Noella Bólanger, Gloria Lajoie, Florence Bellisle.

Reta Feddy, 191 Kent Ave., Kitchener, Ont.; Patrick D. Nicholas, St. Michaël's Parish, Bow Island, Alberta; Darlene Marie Kaupp, St. Joseph's Parish, Cowley, Alberta.

The Mail Bag

Letters Received from:

Bernard Brazil, Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland; Karl Arnes, Duckworth St., St. John's, Newfoundland; Marcella Mullins, Carbonear, Newfoundland; J. Omer Chiasson, Reserve Mines, Nova Scotia; Vera, May and Leo Fitzpatrick, Carbonear, Newfoundland; Miss Dorothy Grady, Teacher, St. Joseph's School, Otonabee, Ont. *Miss Grady was one of the ORIGINAL members of the Rose Garden.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—We appreciate your continued interest and have already felt the effect of it on the younger generation. You have continually kept the Missions before your pupils as evidenced by your work at Campbellford. Many thanks! and may God bless you.

"CHINA"
St. F.X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find $....., as a subscription to "China" for ..... years.

Name .....
New Address .....
.....

Name .....
Old Address .....
.....

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one).

Father William Leonard and First Communicants, St. Josehp's Church, Cowley, Alta.

Graduates at the Chinese Catholic Mission School in Victoria, B.C.

Bishop Cody and Monsignor Baker Visit the Chinese Catholic Mission in Victoria.

READ'EM AND GRIN

The deceased furnace-installer knocked at the gates of hell and demanded admittance.

"What do you want here?" asked Satan.

"I want to collect from several of my customers who died before I did," was his response.

"How do you know that they're here?" asked Satan.

"Well, they told me to come here every time I tried to collect."

Sam had seen a ghost, and as he related his experience his knees sagged under him.

Sam: "Yes, suh. Ah'd jes' come out of de cowshed with a pail o' milk in ma hand. Den Ah hears a noise and de ghost rushes out."

Listener: "And were you scared? Did you shake with fright?"

Sam: "Ah don't know what Ah shook with. Ah can't say Ah shook at all; but when Ah got in de house dere weren't no milk in de pail — only 2 pounds of butter!"

"Have you had your little son christened yet?"

"No, not yet. Can't make up my mind. I really want to call him Jack. But when the first boy was christened I told the parson his name was Tom, and he put his name down as Thomas."

"Bill," the poet gasped to his friend, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the first verse with these words:

"'My son, my pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes, yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read," he blazed. "See what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

A fly was walking with her daughter on the head of a man who was very bald. "How things change, my dear," she said. "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."

Brown: "Are you going to send your son to college?"

Smith: "What's the use? He has absolutely no interest in athletics."

Friend: "I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that pretty locket of yours?"

Woman: "Yes, it's a lock of my husband's hair."

Friend: "But your husband is still alive?"

Woman: "Yes, but his hair is gone."

Captain: "Do your men get up bright and early?"

Sergeant: "No, sir; they get up early."

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse. "This here boys arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"My department, sir," replied the professor, "consists of arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry."

"That'll do," interrupted the old man, "load him up with trigger-nometry, he's the only poor shot in the family."

Groom: "Did you make this cake, dear?"

Bride: "Here's the recipe. I clipped it from a magazine."

Groom: "Are you sure you read the right side. The other side tells how to make a rock garden."

"Do you ever play cards for big stakes?"

"No, I'm a vegetarian."

Young husband: "I suppose you'll threaten to go home to mother after this."

Wife: "I'll do nothing so foolish. I'm going to invite her here."

The Man: "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

The Maid: "Yes, indeed. But experience has taught me to always take a good second look."

Lady: "Why, you naughty boy. I haven't heard such language since the day I was born."

Small boy: "Yes, I guess there was a good bit of cussin' the day you were born."

Lady Driver: "It was all your fault. I'm an experienced driver. I've been driving a car for seven years."

Pedestrian Victim: "You're experienced! I'm no novice myself. I've been walking for 57 years."

Widow: "What do you charge for death notices?"

Editor: "A dollar an inch."

Widow: "I'm sorry, but I can't afford it. My husband was six feet tall."

Mistress: "Mary, when you wait on the table to-night for my guests, please don't spill anything."

Maid: "Don't you worry, ma'am. I never talk much."

He: "What is that gurgling noise?"

She: "I'm trying to swallow the line you're throwing."

First Kangaroo: "Anabelle, where is the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "My goodness! I've had my pocket picked."

Husband, worriedly: "I had it on the tip of my tongue a moment ago and now it is gone."

Wife: "Maybe it'll come back if you think hard."

Husband: "I don't think so. It was the 3c stamp I was going to put on my letter."

"Is Jack conceited?"

"Is he conceited! Why, he joined the navy to let the world see him!"

"How could you get a broken arm from having skin trouble?"

"It was a banana skin."

"Marriage makes me think of a quick-lunch restaurant at noon time."

"Why so?"

"Well, one simply grabs something that looks good and pays for it later on."

In a Western town close to a reservation, an Indian paid a debt of 50 dollars to the local supply house. The proprietor thanked him for the money, but the Indian stood with arms folded, evidently waiting for something else. The proprietor naturally asked the red man what he wanted:

"Waiting for a receipt."

"What do you want a receipt for?" asked the proprietor. "Are you afraid that I will ask you for the money a second time?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders and said: "When I go to meet the great Father Saint Peter, he will want me to show receipt for 50 dollars which I paid you before I can enter heaven. I want to show receipt when I come to the gate. I don't want to hunt all over hell to find you."

The Indian got his receipt.

"Which would you advise me to marry, a brilliant woman, or a beautiful woman?"

"You wouldn't have a chance with either. A brilliant woman would know better, and a beautiful woman could do better."

THE CRY OF CRUCIFIED CHINA

We Ask Your Help:

In the Name of Christ
Crucified again
On the Calvary of
War-torn China
In the broken bodies
And lance-pierced
hearts
Of His brave
Missionary priests
And sisters
And His beloved
Chinese people.

Remember
the words of Christ:

* *

"Amen I say to you,
As long as you did it
To one of these
My least brethren,
You did it to Me."

—Matt. 25, 40.

CHINA

ARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

DECEMBER, 1943

The Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society—Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, D.P., D.C.L., visits our Vancouver Mission. He is shown here with the priests, Sisters and school children.

Subscription: 50c per year Circulation: 48,500

DECEMBER CHINA 1943

VOL. XXIV VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* NO. 11

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Printed by The Industrial & Educational Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto.

REV. B. BOUDREAU, S.F.M., New Bedford, Mass.

Father Boudreau Returns Home:

Rev. Bernard Boudreau, who has been in China for the past twelve years, has returned home on sick leave. He is at present visiting his family in New Bedford, Mass. Father Boudreau remained in the Lishui district all through the Japanese invasion and he saw the destruction of many of our mission stations. We trust that he will enjoy his well-earned rest at home and will soon regain his health.

We Ask Your Prayers For Our Deceased Friends:

Mr. William O'Brien
Mr. Macauly.
Mr. Cameron MacMster
Sister M. Madeline Johnston
Mrs. Neil McPhee

MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE

CHINA offers its sincere sympathy to Rev. John Gault on the death of his father. We assure the family of our prayers for their dear dead.

We also tender our sincere condolences to Rev. R. Reeves on the loss of his dear mother.

To Mr. Geo. Reeves and daughter Irene we extend our deep sympathy and assurance of our prayers.

Maryknoll Sends Congratulations

Rt. Rev. John E. McRae,
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., Canada.

Dear Monsignor McRae:

For want of a better way in which to express Maryknoll's congratulations and good wishes on the happy occasion of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the foundation of your Society, I send along this little word just to assure you that we share your thanksgiving to God for the signal blessings He has bestowed on your Society and its work throughout the years, and to say also that we entrust to Our Lady of Maryknoll our petitions for the continued welfare of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, with whose members and ideals we have a deep and happy kinship.

With renewed congratulations and in union of prayers, I am

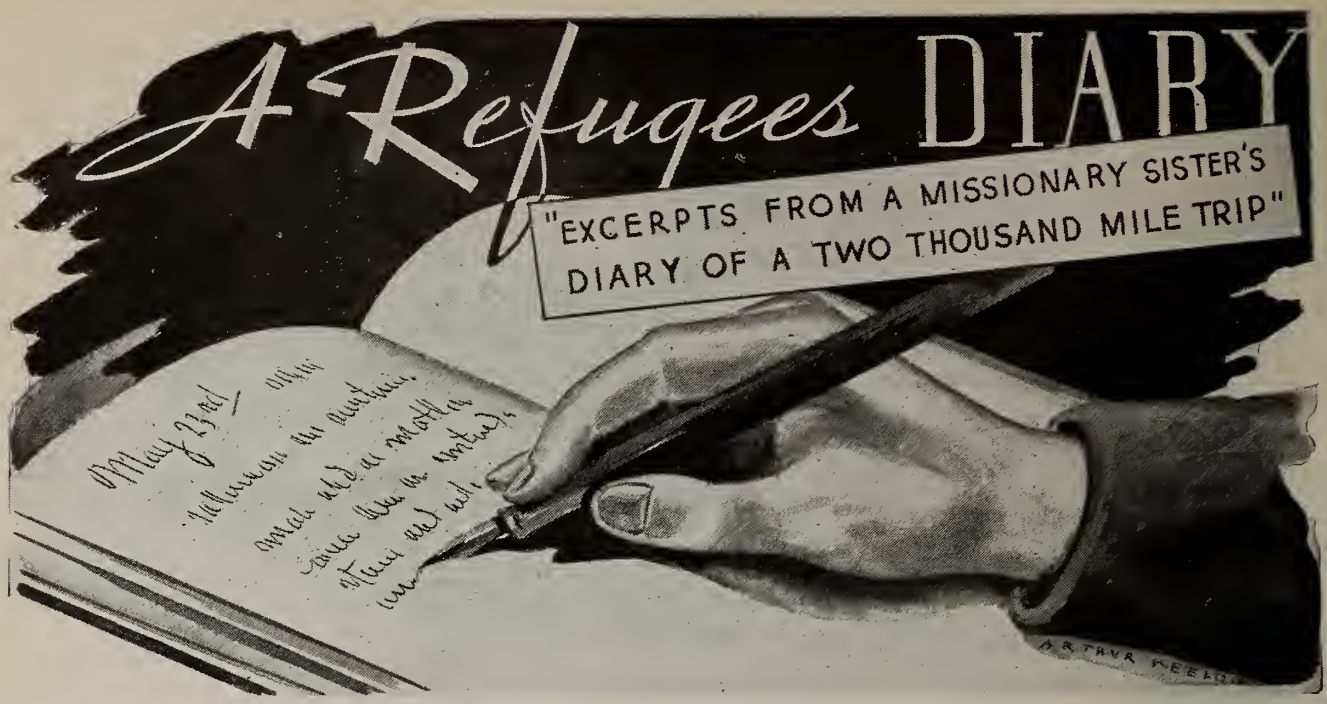
Sincerely yours in Christ,

†JAMES E. WALSH,
Superior General.

PRIZE WINNERS — GRAND DRAWING

Chinese Catholic Mission Annual Bazaar, Vancouver, B.C. November 3rd and 4th, 1943

1. John Guidolin, 611—20th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta., No. 6200 C.
2. Dorothy Thomas, 2449 Dundas Street, Vancouver, B.C., No. 504 B.
3. Mrs. A. Bradley, 808 Balmoral Road, Victoria, B.C., No. 11797 C.
4. Mr. Fairleigh, 1761 W. King Edward, Vancouver, B.C., No. 1249 D.
5. Mr. Geo. Hong, Model Cafe, 30 E. Hastings, Vancouver, No. 23264 D.
6. Dr. Wm. Chu, 16 E. Hastings, Vancouver, No. 22574 D.
7. Mr. Archer, 2863 W. 39th, Vancouver, No. 23257 C.
8. A. B. Manning, 4 Granville Apts., Regina, Sask., No. 5884 C.
9. Mr. John Lim, Grant St., Vancouver.
10. Mr. Mah Tom, 456 Keefer St., Vancouver, No. 1029 D.



MAY 23RD.

For the past few days rumours have been most consistent and persistent, so there must be some truth in them. The Japanese are reported to be within 90 li (30 miles) of Lishui, and we are preparing to evacuate, at least as far as Lungchuan where our Sisters have a convent. Some weeks ago Sister M. Daniel and Sister St. Kenneth went there by bus, but we have so much baggage that it would be impossible to use a bus. Last night our cook, Annie, arranged with a boatman friend of hers to take the Sisters and their belongings, but he must be careful to keep his boat out of sight of the military, lest it be commandeered by them. This morning he began to load up, and requested that one of the priests stay at the boat and prevent its being taken. Just about noon we were ready to start, and amid tears and prayers, we bade good-bye to Lishui. Although we have three expert boatmen progress has been slow, for we are moving against the current, and the load is heavy, four Sisters, Sister Superior, Sister M. Catherine, Sister M. Vianney and I, with Annie and her little girl, and all the valuables we could pack on. The boatmen are not pleased that we have so much but agreed to go. Only once on the way to Pihu did soldiers make any attempt to take possession of our boat, but they used it to ferry themselves across the river, so we did not object. We did take on one passenger, the wife of one of the officers, a man in charge of the boats and she was a great help to us. No soldier would dare commandeer our boat while she was aboard. Darkness came before we reached Pihu, so we drew up to shore and set up our bedding in the boat.

MAY 24TH.

We were in Pihu early the next morning and went up to the Mission. Sister Superior and Sister M. Vianney left us here, and went on to Lungchuan by highway. Buses are so crowded there was little hope of all getting on one, and besides some of us must remain with the boat to see that nothing disappears. Leaving Pihu in the afternoon we reached Tou-kan-tou that night, and remained in the boat again, as we always do, unless there is a resident mission close by. The beach is lined with boats, filled as ours is with refugees and their belongings. Among them we met Mr. and Mrs. G. . . . missionaries who went through Lishui a few days ago by bicycle. They had some thrilling experiences and narrow escapes in their journey, but were quite optimistic.

MAY 25TH.

We were fortunate this morning, for we were able to attend Mass in the beautiful new chapel that Father Strang just built, in Tou-kan-tou. Off to an early start, our boatmen seem the best on the river, for they outstrip all others, and we are soon in the lead.

MAY 26TH.

It was well that the officer's wife was with us, for through her we were first to register and take off in the morning. We are in the vicinity of Yungho, but it is too far to make a visit to the chapel. During the day we are on the lookout for some of the priests who are on their way by bicycle. In the afternoon we saw Father Steele as he sipped tea at a portable canteen near a crossing of the bus road. He was very tired and was delighted to see our boat where he could rest and partake of some refreshments. Hardly had he joined us when a plane swept down very close over the river and machine-gunned some oil drums that were being unloaded from trucks nearby. There was bedlam for a few minutes, as the people scattered to places of safety, but soon all was quiet, there were no casualties. We pushed on a short distance and made a stop at a village where we dined in the village inn. Here we were joined by more priests on bicycles. They put up at the inn and were off early to Lungchuan, while we proceeded leisurely in our boat.

May 27th.

The heavy rain made it necessary for the boatmen to halt early, and they show some concern for they must make the balance of the trip with high water; it will be strenuous going upstream. Our boat was the only one to attempt some of the rapids we faced in the last few hours. They are expert boatmen, but it taxed them to the limit to overcome the swift current against which they are pulling

May 28th.

While waiting by the bank, on the shore opposite the highway we heard a shout that we recognized as one of our priests, Father McGettigan. He was trudging along by bicycle and noticed some of us across the river. The boatmen agreed to row across and Father McGettigan who was almost famished and dead tired, was our guest for a few hours. When he was rested, he proceeded to Lungchuan, and promised to do what he could do about a quicker means of conveyance for us.

May 29th.

Again Father McGettigan's voice was a welcome sound. He came down by truck with a friend who would be coming back the same way a few hours later, and we would be in Lungchuan that night. His friend was as good as his word, and we arrived late that night at the Holy Cross Convent. This truck saved us several days on the river, for it was not until the following Tuesday that Annie arrived with our boat load of baggage.

Lungchuan became a refuge, not only for the Sisters but also for the priests. They came in from Kinhwa District, Tsingtien and Pihu and Sung Yang districts. All the Fathers excepting Father Morrison who was at Wenchow, Father Strang who came to Lungchuan after we had taken leave of the place, and Father Maurice who had taken refuge in one of his Missions. While at Lungchuan we had many alarms but no serious air raids. Rumours, some of them half truths and others mere figments of the imagination met us at every turn, what to believe? We tried to lose ourselves in our work, the sick came by the dozens and hundreds even, to the dispensary. Then it came, "Lishui has Fallen." The city was taken over by the enemy about a month after our departure. It was over five years since we first spoke of evacuating, and last winter some of the Sisters had gone to Sungyang when things looked serious, this time, however, we were well advised to leave.

Lungchuan will be invaded soon. This is what everyone is saying. We hear the invaders are as far as Tsingtien on their way to Wenchow, and have reached Pihu, coming in our direction. Rumours still persist, they are coming closer, they have returned to Sungyang. Maybe there are no Japanese at all. However, the fact is that the invaders were actually coming closer, and air raids though small are becoming more frequent.

We prepared to evacuate again. This time we have no river, so boats are out of the question. The enemy have attacked the neighbouring province, most of the roads are blown up. There remains but one thing to do, go into interior China, and there remains but one route to take. We must hope to get a bus or truck and take that one road out of the danger zone, and the way the trucks are being commandeered by the Military it will be no easy task.

A public Novena to our Lady of Perpetual Help was announced, we are going to ask her intercession for a way out of our difficulties. Each morning a Novena Mass was said, and in the evening, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Our prayers were answered, for on the day the Novena closed, through the courtesy of Mr. C. . . . of the . . . Company a truck was placed at our disposal that would accommodate seven passengers. Five Sisters were chosen and two priests. The Sisters were Sister Superior (Julitta) of Lishui convent, Sister St. Martin, Sister St. Kenneth, Sister St. M. Vianney and the writer (Sister St. Angela). Fathers McKernan and White were selected as business managers.

Monday, July 28th.

We were to leave this morning, but after spending the day waiting we returned to the convent with the idea that the trip was cancelled, as military officials had claimed our truck. However, at 10 p.m. we were called and after an hour's wait, our truck pulled

"A farmer sells us two ducks"

out, but only to cross a nearby bridge on the edge of the town. There we waited all night, expecting, of course, to move at any minute. Fathers McFarland, Turner, McGoey and Lyons remained with us until we started off at 5.30 a.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 29TH.

At Paitou, one of Father Venedam's missions, sixty li from Lungchuan, we stopped for a few seconds as there was an air alarm on. At Pujen our driver wished to stop for breakfast, and we had just put our chopsticks into our mien (macaroni) when there was a commotion. People dashed in every direction—one plane overhead. We followed the crowd and took shelter in an old mill. We remained at Pujen all day until 3 p.m. At PuCheng, Fukien province, an urgent alarm sounded just as we reached the station, so we made a non-stop run until we came to the company's garage in Shui Chien. We were all very tired, but it was too hot to sleep in the truck. A Mr. Wang very kindly fixed up two beds for the Sisters in the back room of one of the garages and though the beds consisted of doors laid on branches, we were so sleepy we heeded not its hardness.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30TH.

We were awakened by an alarm —followed the crowd to a place of safety. A woman told us that Fathers Boudreau, Steele and Morrissey who had left Lungchuan some days before us, had walked the 60 li to Kienyang. After the all clear we left for another small village a few li away. Here we met a Christian bus driver who gave us a room and prepared dinner for us. At 3 p.m. we were off again, but had a break-down which held us up for an hour. The heat was terrific. Arrived at Kienyang, we were more than surprised to find Fathers Boudreau, Steele, and Morrissey at the Mission, the guests of Father Devine, O.P. After a hurried supper, but one which we enjoyed immensely, we returned to the truck which was scheduled to leave in an hour's time. It did not leave on schedule and we spent the night fighting sleep and eating pears and hard boiled eggs. Father Boudreau and his two companions joined us here.

THURSDAY, JULY 30TH.

At dawn we were off again and arrived at Kienow just as the urgent alarm sounded. We all ran to the foot of a nearby mountain and hid in the long grass—and that grass was sharp. A lone plane came in sight and just as it did anti-aircraft fire shot up at it from all sides and one of the sides was just above us. Well, we decided to move out of there and crawled through the grass to a safer place. A few bombs were dropped on the city and the plane left, escorted by anti-air craft fire. Not waiting for the all-clear, we hurried back to the truck and started for Nanping. We had one stop for several hours and as the town was small we could find no place to rest but an old mill. Here we had dinner of macaroni. Arrived in Nanping around 6 p.m. and went to the Mission. Here the Spanish Dominican Father at the Mission was very kind to us, and had us rest in the convent. There are no Sisters in this convent but the Chinese woman was very kind to us and even did our washing. The priests stayed with the Dominican Father at the Mission, but at midnight our truck driver came to say that they were leaving at 2 a.m. Father White called us, and we hurried out the five li to the truck, to find no signs of life there and no preparation being made to leave. 2 a.m. and still there, so we spread blankets and went to sleep.

FRIDAY, JULY 31ST.

Up at dawn, but the truck did not leave till nine, and then only because of an alarm. What is more, we went only about 4 li and stopped in a village near an ammunition storehouse. The people, all from Chekiang, were extremely kind and generous, and supplied us with tea all day. It was hot, I mean the day, but so was the tea. They even gave us the use of their beds to rest on, and one offered us the use of his house in which to prepare our evening meal. We hired a man to buy chickens, and Father Steele bought onions and potatoes so we managed a good meal. After supper our guests cleared away the dishes and we fixed up our beds and we needed no crooning to put us to sleep. The Fathers slept in the truck, to guard the baggage, as they invariably did. Thank God, the evening is cool.

SATURDAY, AUG. 1.

All report a good night's sleep, even though it was roughly disturbed at 4 a.m. by the truck driver, as he wanted an early start. Sister St. Martin's fever is down. Fathers Steele and Morrissey still sick. For 20K (40 li) we went fine, but a breakdown we had and it seems we are to stay broken down for a while. The truck had to stop on the sunny side of the road. Father White went looking for water and luckily discovered a stream at the foot of the hill below the highway. No breakfast yet. Fathers McKernan and White went across the river and bought some meat and rice. Right on the highway we built our fire and cooked. It was hot, and we were hungry—some canned meat from Nanping. Spent the afternoon washing at the river side and resting—quite hot. Supper on the roadside—a basin of rice and another of meat. No place to sleep. Father McKernan barters with the old man on the ferry, and he brought his boat over and we managed to sleep comfortably in it. The Fathers used the truck, as usual.

(To be continued)

After Ten Years

By REV. E. MORIARTY, S.F.M.

The Heroic Romance of the Mission Among the Chinese in Vancouver, B.C.

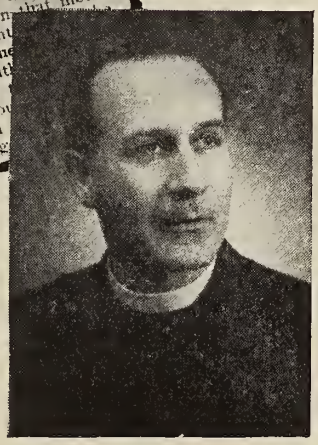
ON THE evening of October 15th, 1932, the "Empress of Canada" docked at Vancouver, B.C., and among the passengers who disembarked was a young priest just returned from the mission field of Southeastern China. He had left one China for another—for here on Canada's Pacific Coast was the second largest colony of Chinese in North America; and this latter was to be the scene of his future apostolate.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S Chinese Catholic Mission opened its doors on the Feast of its great missionary patron, December 3rd, 1933. His Excellency the Archbishop of Vancouver said the first mass there and blessed the house, and in the course of his sermon that morning he drew attent... singular fact that the single Chinese Cat... There were none ... What a marvellou... been wrought in ... that have just g...

"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good-will."—LUKE II, 14.

WHAT thoughts this angelic message will engender in the hearts of so many millions throughout the world at this Christmas season! How eagerly souls are longing for the peace of Bethlehem! Yet, the Christ-child is ready, waiting patiently to give us peace; but, once again men will not give Him a place to lay His head. As He looks out on this warring world how truly He can say: "How often would I have gathered thee—as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not?" Oh men of all the world, we earnestly pray, harden not your hearts, come let us adore Him, the Prince of Peace.

While we reflect on the condition of the world at this Christmas season, we, for our part, turn with grateful hearts to God to thank Him for His unspeakable gifts to us. Especially do we recall with joy in our hearts that but ten short years ago His message of "Peace on Earth" rang out in the hushed silence of a little mission chapel and, lo! the Christ-child was born again and priestly steps were heard beginning the quest for souls throughout the by-ways of Vancouver's Chinatown.



REV. H. SHARKEY, S.F.M.

REV. E. MORIARTY, S.F.M., Harbour Grace, Nfld.

For ten years this search for souls has continued and the first decade of our existence has brought with it (needless to say) its joys, its glories and its sorrows. God in His providence has blessed exceedingly this little section of His vineyard and as we kneel in thanksgiving at the crib we are not unmindful of the good Archbishop under whose fatherly guidance this mission has flourished; the zealous priest who bore "the burden of the day" together with his helpers and his worthy successor; the good Sisters who did so very much to lighten the burden; and our many, many benefactors. All these must be tendered the sincere and heartfelt gratitude of one upon whose unworthy shoulders has so recently been placed the task of carrying the torch of faith which they have laboured so zealously to enkindle.

No account of what has been accomplished among the Chinese of Vancouver could ever have been written were it not for the zeal and watchfulness of Archbishop Duke whose soul knew no rest until he found some means of bringing the message of our Holy Faith to the Chinese community of his episcopal city. It was with feelings of pride because they had been selected by His Excellency for this work, that the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society acceded to Archbishop Duke's request and appointed Rev. Hugh Sharkey to this all important work.

To this zealous priest, who gave unstintingly of his very all in the establishment of Vancouver Mission goes our heartfelt thanks, our deepest admiration and our highest praise. Mere words are but empty things to describe the hardships which the beginning of this work brought to the heart of this worthy priest in his efforts to

GREY SISTERS WHO HAVE LABOURED AMONG THE CHINESE IN VANCOUVER, WITH THEIR MOTHER GENERAL

Sister Anne Marie

Sister M. Marcella

Rev. Mother Estella, Mother General

Sister St. Joan

Sister M. Evelyn

Sister St. Oswald

Sister Mary Philip

Sister Francis Regis

Sister M. Philomera

Sister St. Hilda

Sister M. Gertrude

bring Vancouver's Chinatown to God. As he reads these lines and goes back in memory through the years, he, more than any other person, know the heartaches, the sacrifices and the uphill work which accompanied his efforts in sowing the seed that to-day has brought forth such encouraging results.

We who now witness the results of your labours are loath to trace this short history of the mission without a personal word of congratulation to Father Sharkey, a sincere "Thank you" for sowing the seed so well, and an earnest pledge of our high esteem for your self-sacrificing work for souls in this mission which will always claim you as its spiritual Father in God.

To the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, those faithful handmaids of the Lord, who from the very beginning accepted so wholeheartedly and so willingly the appeal made to them to share in this work for souls we owe a debt of gratitude which grows with each succeeding year of their loyal and generous service. Their self-sacrificing efforts for souls is but another glorious link in that priceless chain of loyal service, which stretches from that hallowed home which is their motherhouse in Pembroke, Ontario, out over the far-flung Pacific to the hills and valleys of Chekiang, China, back again to our own Vancouver on Canada's Pacific Coast and onward to the fair city of Toronto. In all these fields of missionary endeavour they have proven themselves zealous co-workers in Christ and angels of mercy to the souls of the aged, the unlettered and of suffering humanity. With all our hearts we thank you dear Sisters, especially for all that your work has meant to us here. We pray God to bless you exceedingly.

The priests' residence

Our debt of gratitude would be incomplete indeed were we not to mention the most valued as-

sistance given to our work almost from its beginning, by our kindergarten assistant Miss Violet Wong. Violet has remained faithful throughout the years, and her efforts in so many ways, have merited her a place in the history of our work which we cannot possibly overlook. On this occasion we tender to her as a slight mark of our gratitude for her loyal service, the sincere esteem and good wishes of the priests and sisters who have come to know her so well.

The actual story of the progress of the work in Vancouver's Chinatown is one which we know has been followed with keen interest by the readers of CHINA. To recall to your minds again, how God's providence has watched over this work let us drop in for a brief visit to the Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver as you knew it in 1933. At that time a none too roomy dwelling house at 572 E. Georgia St. served as a chapel, kindergarten and a residence for the mission personnel. Cramped as the quarters were and lacking in so many things, it was at least a beginning, and one that was so blessed by God that in 1934 a small building directly across the street from the mission house was acquired to serve as a kindergarten. This made the first property available for the privacy of a convent for the Sisters, a blessing which they have always appreciated.

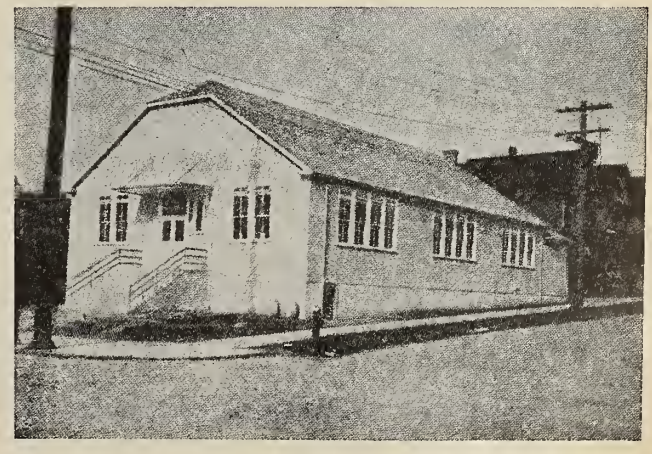
Later in 1936 the house at 568 E. Georgia, so long the object of covetous eyes because of its proximity and its suitability, was bought and converted into a priests' residence. This building still serves the same purpose today and for a few years it also served as a dwelling place for our Divine Lord until a more spacious chapel was made available.

The old kindergarten school, now the church

A high-light in the mission's history was the opening of a grade school in 1938. This school, is as far as we know, the only one of its kind in Canada which is solely for the use of Chinese children, offering schooling in all grades from kindergarten to High School. This school has done more for our work than any other single project. It has had its ups and downs, particularly when no other place was available, and school was conducted on the top floor of one of the city's banks. However, it did keep going with very happy results both from an educational and spiritual viewpoint.

The fall of 1939 and the early months of 1940 brought two signal blessings to Vancouver's Chinese Mission, namely, the opening of our new grade school directly across the street from the mission properties and the moving of the old kindergarten and hall to serve in a completely renovated state, as a mission chapel. With grateful hearts and as a fitting reward for their zealous efforts Priests and Sisters gathered to witness the solemn blessing of Church and School by His Grace, Archbishop Duke and to sing with him an earnest "Te Deum" for the many

MISS VIOLET JOAN WONG



Canada's only all Chinese school—St. Francis Xavier's at Vancouver.

blessings God had showered on their labours.

To-day with an enrolment of almost seventy children, our school is second to none in Chinatown and our mission thanks to those who have blazed the trail so well, is on a very sound footing. With every confidence and trust in God we look forward to the future.

To the priests who have done so much to forward this work I wish now to pay a well deserved tribute.

Father Roberts who laboured so whole-heartedly as Fr. Sharkey's assistant and who was Rector of the mission for a time, did much to tide the mission through the lean years when the going was so very hard. His good management in financial matters prepared us for many a rainy day. and incidentally, we have our share of rainy days. Father Roberts still lives with us at the mission, where he is carrying out a very splendid and praiseworthy work in directing the Holy Childhood Asociation.

Father Turner who came as mission Bursar in 1937 brought with him a youthfulness which became very contagious and attracted many Chinese young people to the mission. Father's memory will always remain a very hallowed one here, and as he labours in war-torn far Cathay, we know that the prayers and good wishes of all are with him.

To Father MacDonald, Father Turner's successor, goes our thanks for his zealous work and his friendliness which was always so evident. It proved such a big drawing card. May your work as a Chaplain in the armed forces be blessed in every way, Father.

The prairies gave us one of its best in 1941 when Father McCarthy succeeded Father MacDonald as Bursar. Father has proved and still is proving himself much more than a Bursar. His musical talent, his adaptability to almost any situation and his ready understanding of young people are indeed a boon to us all.

Father Moore's stay in Vancouver's Chinatown was a very

REV. J. McCARTHY
Calgary, Alberta

MOST REV. W. M. DUKE, D.D.,
Archbishop of Vancouver

REV. C. MacDONALD
Montreal, P.Q.

VERY REV. R. ROBERTS
Victoria, B.C.

REV. P. J. MOORE
Ingersoll, Ont.

REV. K. TURNER
Montreal, P.Q.

VERY REV. A. CHAFE
St. John's, Nfld.

short one, but his memory lives with us. His many contacts have helped the mission considerably and his priestly example lives on. We hope your health is considerably improved, Father.

To Father Chafe the second pastor of the mission who has left us so recently goes the sincere and heartfelt good wishes of everyone connected with the mission, as we follow him in fancy to San Domingo where he takes up his new duties as mission superior. Unfortunately poor health robbed us of a very earnest, understanding and inspiring pastor. Everyone has profited by your time with us, Father. May God continue to bless abundantly your work for souls.

In giving you this little word-picture of the priests who have known the mission through the years, dear friends, we feel that we are renewing old friendships with each and every one of our readers. To you especially, our good benefactors, who have made possible, the many seemingly impossible things which have confronted our work, goes our deepest and most sincere debt of gratitude. Without your help, this little story of God's coming to Vancouver's Chinatown could never have been told. Be assured that you are remembered daily at our mission altar, which is the way we can best remember you. Thank you, sincerely, for all your charity. It has meant so much to us. As you join with us on this joyful Christmas of our tenth anniversary in singing again our "Glory to God in the Highest", we earnestly pray that the "peace of the Christ-Child" may be with you always. . . .

"until the shadows lengthen,
and the evening comes,
and the busy world is hushed,
and the fever of life is over,
and our work is done."
(Words of Cardinal Newman.)

Bishop O'Gara Pays Tribute to Our Heroic Missioners

BISHOP Cuthbert M. O'Gara, Vicar Apostolic of the Passionist Missions in China, who had a narrow escape from a Japanese firing squad when Hong Kong fell on Christmas Day, 1941, paid tribute to the work of

MOST REV. CUTHBERT O'GARA
Passionist Bishop of Yuanling, China

Catholic nuns in China in an address given in Columbus Hall, Toronto, on Sunday, October 17.

Sisters of Charity from New Jersey and Sisters of St. Joseph from Pennsylvania, like the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ont., were sharing the labours of the missionary priests and were toiling and suffering and dying in the mission schools, orphanages, dispensaries, hospitals, women's catechumenates and social service centres, he said.

Referring particularly to their work in the Passionist Missions in Western Hunan province, Bishop O'Gara said he wished he could give his audience a picture of the work these great women were doing to-day in war-torn China.

Think of Others First

"They are literally there in the firing line," he said. "When the sirens scream for an air raid, they must empty the schools and the hospitals. Children must be got to safe places. The sick able to walk must be sent out. Special care has to be taken of the bed-ridden and the seriously ill. Precious medicines must be removed to the dug-outs. All this must be done before the Sisters can think of their own safety.

"When everybody else has been taken care of and the planes are zooming above, the Sisters crouch behind a wall and get final absolution. They wait for the bombs to fall and, amid smoke and screams, relay after relay of planes come over. Then, when the planes disappear, these same Sisters immediately go out into the streets with their stretchers, search the stricken areas, and pick up the wounded and the dead, oftentimes piecing together their torn bodies. These are brought back to the hospital and given such aid as is humanly possible. Some, indeed, are miraculously brought back to life, nursed back to a new life and given baptism before the Lord finally calls them.

"This has gone on month after month for years. This is the work that these American and Canadian Sisters are doing in China to-day."

Praises Canadian Missionaries

"I cannot speak of the effort the Passionists are making in China without saying a word about the Canadian Foreign Missionary Society of Scarboro and the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke," Bishop O'Gara continued. "These Fathers and Sisters a year ago were driven from their missionary field in Chekiang province by the invading Japanese. They trekked 1,500 miles, half-way across China in the blistering heat of summer until they found a haven in Yuanling, the heaquarters of the Passionist Mission. It was our privilege to welcome them—six Fathers and seven Sisters."

The speaker then went on to describe a personal experience which occurred after his six months' internment by the Japanese.

"I was making my way overland to the Mission when I was over-

(*Continued on page* 18)

Wanted — One Hundred Thousand Missioners for China

By MOST REV. PAUL YU-PIN, Bishop of Nanking

NEVER before have the 450 millions of people in China been better prepared to receive Catholicity than the Chinese to-day, the Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop of Sozusa and Vicar-Apostolic of Nanking, now known as the "Cardinal Mercier of China," told a meeting in Columbus Hall, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 16, held in connection with the first Canadian National Missionary Exhibition.

His Excellency attributed this condition in part to the fact that the war had brought about Christian-Pagan contacts which had spread a knowledge of the Catholic Church among all Chinese; to the devotion of the missionary priests and Sisters, including those from the Scarboro Foreign Missionary Society, the Mission Society of Quebec, Canadian Jesuits and other congregations; and to the logical development of fifty centuries of Chinese culture which, he said, was based primarily on morality and ethics.

At the same time, Bishop Yu-Pin warned his audience that the day of special privilege for non-Chinese in China had gone; that would-be missionaries must leave their superiority complexes, if any, at home; and must come to China, in the words of Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek as "comrades and co-workers."

"China is truly ripe for the harvest,"," declared the Bishop, who is now on a state mission to Washington, D.C. "Open to every influence from the West, they will receive what you will offer them, whether it be industry or the gospel of Jesus. Their culture has prepared them for this hour of grace. This culture, already ancient when Greece was born, is still vigorous. Its power of adaptability is proven by the fact that after fifty centuries it still lives. And, in contrast with the Greek and Roman cultures, it is

MOST REV. PAUL YU-PIN
Vicar-Apostolic of Nanking, China

pre-eminent for its ethics and morality. So pure has been our tradition that our classical works have been put in the hands of children without marring their innocence. From the earliest times we have been taught the doctrine of brotherly love—that "all within the four seas are brothers."

"Now China stands on the threshold of Catholicism," he continued. "She has come as far as natural goodnes can come. It is for us to lead her the rest of the way complementing her natural morality with our supernatural revelation of Christ."

Thinking Chinese are beginning to turn toward the Church, he said, because the war has shaken their faith in the current philosophies and pointed to the need of something nobler. He told his audience that within the last year a group of cultured Chinese had banded together to reconsider the values of life and that the trend of their thought was indicated by the fact that they had elected him, a Catholic Bishop, as their chairman.

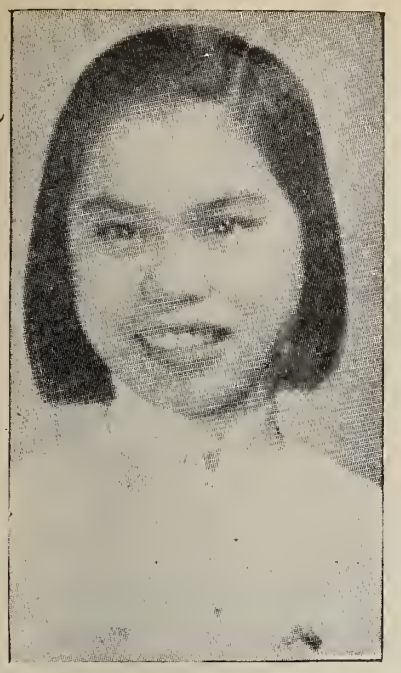
"Bishop," he quoted one of the pagan leaders as saying, "we do not see the necessity of religion. But if we should come to see its necessity, there would be only one Church to which we could subscribe, the Catholic Church."

The speaker described how the position of the Catholic Church, heretofore a little suspect from the nationalist viewpoint, had become better known since the outbreak of war. The long marches to the interior and the comradeship of army life had brought Catholics and pagans to a better understanding, he said.

"The splendid example of Catholics in China's day of sorrow has marked the Catholic as the patriot par excellence," he declared. "Nor is this knowledge confined to the rank and file. It has spread through the highest classes of China. I myself have heard pagan members of the People's Political Council speaking before the entire assembly in praise of the Pope and begging for closer relations with the Holy See.

"Never before has the charity of the Church shone so conspicuously as during these days of trial. When wave after wave of Japanese soldiers swept over the country, Catholic priests and Sisters were found at their posts, refusing to leave the people, tending to the sick and wounded, caring for the little ones orphaned by the war, drawing all hearts to themselves. Catholics had known this devotion always; the pagans had never realized before how genuine it is.

"China became indebted to the Church and the Chinese Government realized this indebtedness. It was my privilege to carry to our



A student at an American Catholic University helped by scholarship fund.

Holy Father the gratitude of China. For centuries to come the Roman archives will glory in the letter of the Chinese Government, thanking our Holy Father for the charity of the Church in China's hour of need, and particularly for her care of defenceless women and children.

"China has begun to know the Church. A whole nation — one quarter of all humanity—is standing at the cross-roads waiting for us to point the way to Christ."

In Canada there is one priest for every 1,500 people, Bishop Yu-Pin stated, while in China there is only one priest for every 90,000 people. And the prospects of additional missionaries, other than from Canada and the United States, are not bright, he stressed.

"The present labourers in the field are the old, veteran missionaries, whose days are now drawing to a close," he said. "Replacements will not come from Europe, for Europe will need her priests for her own reconstruction. They will not come from China for, though its seminaries have struggled to carry on the formation of a native clergy, the war has dealt them a blow from which they will recover only slowly. Nor will laymen come to the rescue. Catholic Action, organized on a national scale in 1933, has been completely disrupted by seven years of war.

"But the picture is not so black as it seems. For God has spared Canada and the United States for the future of the missions. I appeal to you then, priests, Sisters, lay apostles, to join us in the Christianization of China. We need you. We welcome you."

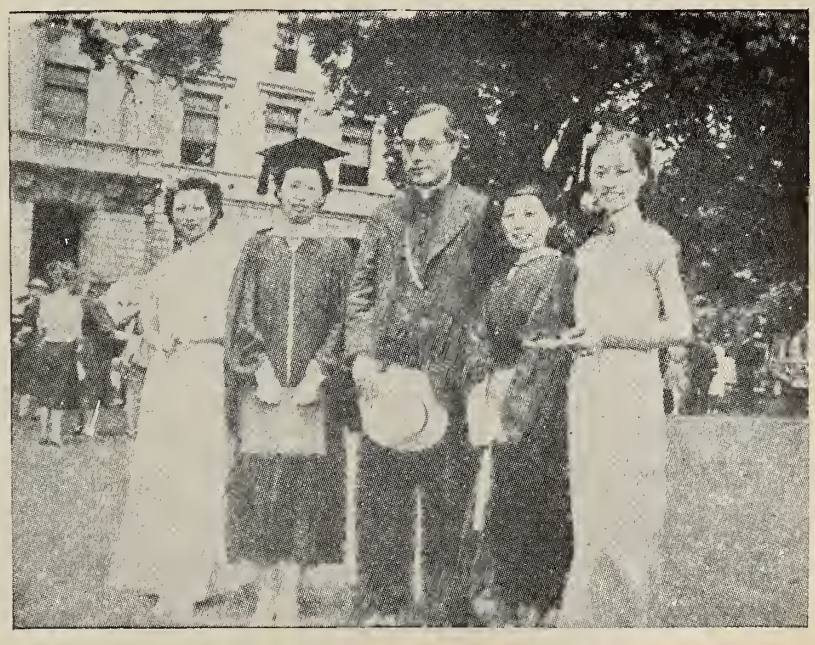
Before elaborating on the type of missioner needed for a new China, Bishop Yu-Pin paid tribute to the missionaries from Canada. "I myself have been a witness to the noble work of your Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, of the Mission Society of Quebec, of the Society of Jesus, of the numerous congregations of Brothers and Sisters. I have known those Canadian Jesuits who, victims of the Japanese within this very year, have poured out their blood for my people on my soil—a tribute to the missionary zeal of Canada."

"The missionary of to-day," continued the speaker, "will not be as his brother of ten years ago. A new China is being born; a new apostolate is about to begin; and we must furnish a new missionary. He must know the language, not merely to speak it, but to read and write it. He must become a Chinese to the Chinese. He must know stories, our allusions, our forms of politeness. The early Jesuits proved the wisdom of their preparation.

"He must become imbued with our traditions. He must study China sympathetically, her art, her literature, her morality, and her family life. Send us a missionary who is looking for the good in us, who will extend to us a true Catholic charity, and we in turn will follow him to the feet of Christ.

"It is obvious that the missionary should not bring with him any superiority complex, for the day of special privilege is finished. China is taking her place with the nations. She is one of the major allies. It is this consciousness of her equal right that marks the new spirit of China. This the missionary must respect. The man who would live in the past with the privileges of the past is doomed to failure. We must expect only the treatment that our Holy Father asks for his missionaries — common rights, not privileges. China, through her Generalissimo, invites us and welcomes us, but only so long as we come as comrades and co-workers.

"China will expect the missionary to instil the spirit of patriotism in his Catholics. This is the doctrine of the Church, but we have to prove it. Too often our missionaries have been accused of failing to foster patriotism in their schools. The war has, however, proved the falsehood of this charge. When the test came, our Catholics have been outstanding patriots. But we must banish from our institutions once and for



Bishop Yu-Pin with some Chinese graduates of American universities

all even the suspicion of such a shame. It is true that we are to hold ourselves aloof from politics, but there is a danger that we may shirk our essential duty of presenting an integral Christianity, which demands devotion to country as well as to God.

"Lastly the missionary must bring with him an open mind. He must not be a slave to traditions or traditional methods. For China is on the march; China is changing; and the new missionary, under penalty of stagnation, must change with her. If the missionary comes with less qualifications, he will be welcome. He will take his place among my people, truly not as a stranger, but as one who has become all things to all men, a Chinese to the Chinese. The field is white—450 million souls—the great mission of China is calling you to labour and to prayer that the Body of Christ might grow to its full and glorious stature."

"Some four years ago," concluded the Bishop, "I made my way through the battle area of China to the fighting front to bring the consolations of the Church to my soldiers. I also paid my respects of General Pai Chung-hsi, the commander of the troops and the religious leader of all the Mohammedans in China, a cultured gentleman as well as a great soldier. He ordered a demonstration in my honour. In front of the assembled troops, he said to me: 'You know, Bishop, we are told that there are 400 million Catholics, all of them intent on peace. In our country we have 400 million Chinese, equally peace-loving. If we could unite our 400 million Chinese with your 400 million Catholics, the future peace of the world will be assured.

In reply, I said: "I have a better idea, General. I want to turn the 400 million Chinese into Catholics, for with 800 million Catholics I am sure the peace of the world will be secured."

"What grandeur there is in the thought of adding one quarter of the human race to the Church. To-day Christ looks to China, to the field that has been ripening these thousands of years and He longs to gather in the harvest."

A Hearty Welcome to Our Repatriated Missioners

CHINA salutes our eight returning missioners, who arrived in New York on the Gripsholm early this month. Canada may well be proud of these heroic priests, who have suffered all the horrors of the far-eastern war.

REV. G. DOYLE
Toronto, Ont.

VERY REV. L. BEAL
La Salette, Ont.

REV. M. McSWEEN
Ironville, N.S.

REV. A. CLEMENT
Montreal, P.Q.

REV. F. DIEMERT
Mildmay, Ont.

REV. A. PINFOLD
Toronto, Ont.

REV. C. MURPHY
Sydney, N.S.

REV. M. MALONEY
St. John's Nfld.

Ambassadors of CHRIST

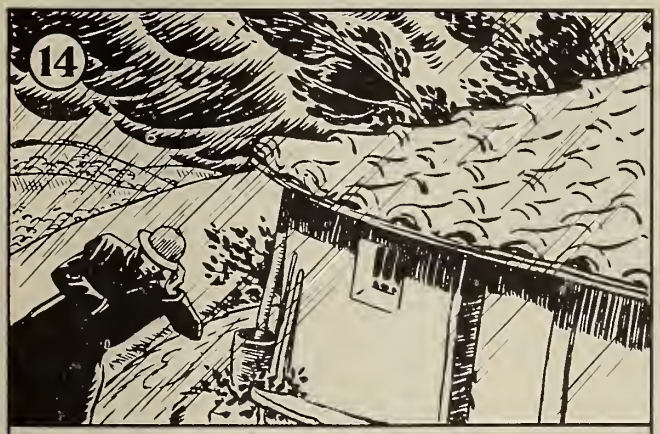
LIFE OF MSGR. JOHN FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR KEELOR

OLD CHRISTIAN AFTER BAPTISM, PRAYS THAT HE WILL HAVE A HAPPY DEATH.

A PLAGUE HITS HIS VILLAGE, AND THE OLD MAN LIES DYING IN HIS POOR HUT.

FATHER FRASER SETS OUT OVER THE MOUNTAINS ON A SICK CALL



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC RAINSTORM BREAKS. SCRAMBLING DOWN HILL FATHER FRASER TAKES REFUGE IN FIRST HOUSE AVAILABLE.

IT IS THE OLD MAN'S HOUSE. FATHER FRASER HEARS HIS CONFESSION, AND GIVES HIM THE LAST SACRAMENTS.

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XV—No. 11 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. December, 1943

My Dear Young Missionaries:

In a few weeks the Holy Season of Christmas will be with us once again. This is the one time of the year when the spirit of Christ is felt most strongly in the world. Men open their hearts to the Infant Saviour and behold the face of the earth is changed. If only they would keep those hearts open to Him our life on earth would be one long Christmas-tide. Pray then, my dear young Missionaries, during Mass and Communion at Christmas that the hearts of men who have little love for God will melt with love for the Baby Saviour of the world and that those hearts will never again turn Him out for greed, gold or sinful pleasure.

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I am asking a little extra effort from some members of the Rose Garden this month in the form of missionary effort among their own people in Canada. This endeavour will bring the souls of your friends, your parents and your own souls closer to God if you really put zeal and effort into it.

I appeal to all members in *Victoria, B.C., Hamilton, Ontario, Toronto, Ont., Sudbury, Ont.*, to start a campaign for the Religious Theatre of the Air. This is our own program on the radio and consists in a dramatization of the lives of the Saints. The program is at present heard on **only three radio stations: CHML, Hamilton, Ont.; CKSO, Sudbury, Ont., and the Victoria Station CJVI.** Consult your local radio page for the times. On all three stations this program is presented EACH SUNDAY and on the Sunday following Christmas Day we will dramatize the Nativity Play or The Birth of Our Lord at Bethlehem.

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Please do not forget to save your copies of CHINA so that from the series entitled THE AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST you may be able to take part in the essay contest on the history of our Society, during your summer vacation next year.

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Now a word to those of you who are making up your mind about what you will do next year when you graduate from High School. This message is addressed to both Boys and Girls. I invite you who are thinking about giving your lives to God as priests and Sisters to write to me. I will give you all the necessary information as to how you may apply for admission to the Seminary in order to prepare for the Missionary Priesthood or, in the case of the young ladies, how you may enter a Community that will train you for work in the Foreign Mission Field. Please take this message to heart and pray over it. Do not feel shy, I will answer your letters personally and will be only too happy to advise you. Christ's Army needs recruits NOW for the Foreign Legion to save the souls of those who as yet know not the Holy Infant Jesus, the Saviour of the World, whose birthday we are preparing to celebrate. What greater birthday present could you give Him than the offering of your heart and your life to assist Him in the salvation of the world?

* * *

May God bless you one and all. From your friend and Director: A happy, holy and a Merry Christmas.

FATHER JIM.

Since going to press The Religious Theatre of the Air has opened on the Hull-Ottawa Station (CKCH). This program heard on this station every Saturday night at 9.30.

NEW MEMBERS

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Marie Hickey, Helen Smith, Josephine Gerace, Stanley Comerford, Rita Sawyer, Gerard Brennan, A. Sullivan, Gloria Teriavillegar, Ana Gaynor, Theresa Heffer, Roy Matthews, Patricia Steen, John McDongall, Aline Faucher, Vincent Gibbens, Donald Ireland, Patricia LaPlante, Roy Greenaway, Betty Bnckley, Grant Bryant, Vera Gagnon, Arthur Burrows, Rose Marie Wiley, Jim Janassen, Marie Brady, John Boyle, Elsa Cardinal, Catherine Burnie, Bob Currie, Bud Giniblett, Eleanor Conlin, Jack Meagher, Charlotte Fairhart, Margaret Eyre, Ted Donald, Freda Bolahood, Margaret Kane, Geraldine Casey, Raphael Conlin, Natalie Moss.

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HOLY FAMILY SCHOOL, TIMMINS, ONT.

Grade V Girls

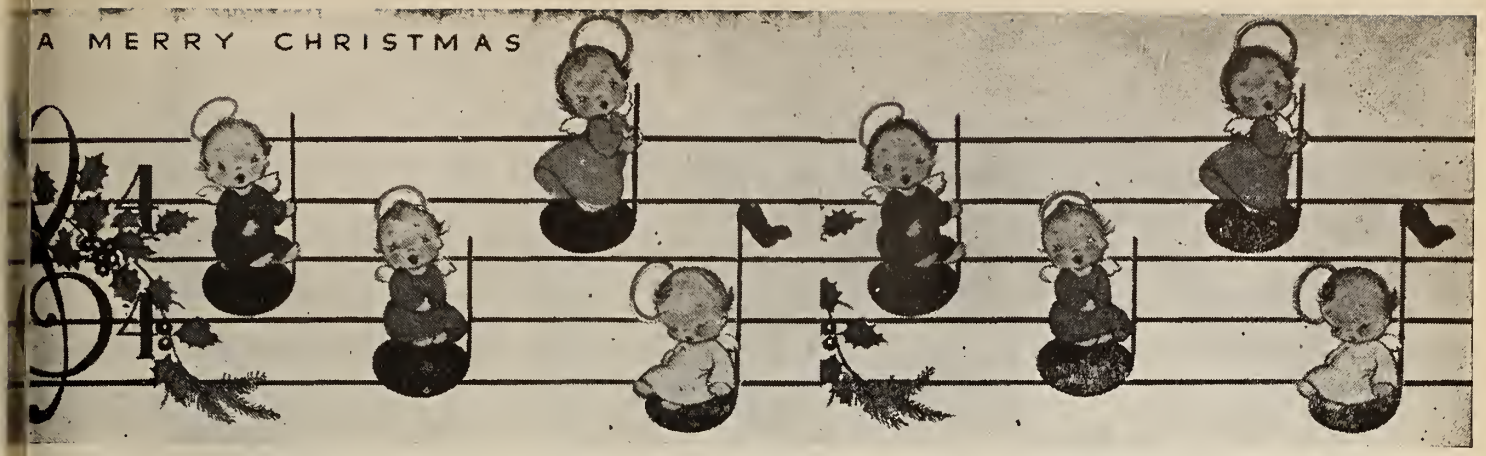
Viola Landers, Monica Holden, Evelyn Gillis, Rita Gauthier, Elva Gauthier, Doreen Fleming, Annie Durica, Betty Donovan, Elma Daly, Lorraine Clifford, Mary Bnrke, Grace Bruchman, Lois Brown, Coleen Brochir, Dianne Brewer, Olive Bilsborough, Patricia Belanger, Helen Belanger, Audrey Bazinet, Anita Adams, Annie Martan, Ruth Worth, Myrna Vaillant, Betty Tierney, Lucy Thomas, Mary Snllivan, Agnes Snllivan, Josephine Stanga, Audrey Smith, Annie Skalos, Janice Sherwood, Evelyn Rnddy, Gertrude Roscoe, Doreen Ormston, Mary Monk, Edna Monk, Marilyn Mick, Valeda Menard, Elaine McGee, Florence McPhail, Mary McDonald, Patricia McAdam, Rose M. Latonrnean.

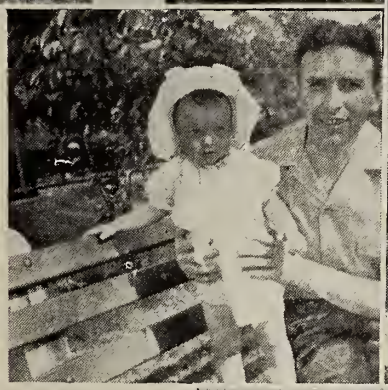
* * *

MOUNT SAINT BERNARD COLLEGE, ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA

Grades III and IV

Eileen Cogger, Consolata Cochran, Marie Chisholm, Jeanette Deon, Dorothy Deon, Gertrnde Foley, Teresa Grace, Mary Anita Kell, Mary Punch, Anna M. Snook, Catherine Smith, Estelle Sears, Irene MacDonald, Carmelita McDonald, Alma MacDonald, Margaret McIsaac, Wilena McInnis, Teresa McIsaac, Rita Snook, Claire McKenna, Mona McKenna, Christene McLellan, Catherine McNeil, Margaret Cogger, Anne Farrell, Eileen Landry, Mary Tutty, Bernadette McDougall, Rose McDonald, Phyllis McDonald, Charlotte McEachern, Joan McInnis, Rnth McNeil, Barbara McNeil, Veronica McPherson, Christena McPherson, Alice McPherson, Margaret McNeil.





(left to right):

1st Row—*Mary Joan Morford, Ottawa, Ont.; catechism class of Mrs. J. A. Maltais, Windsor, Ont.; Betty Davis of Fort William, Ont.*

3rd Row—*Helen Josephine McDevitt, Mary Elizabeth McDevitt and Susan Frances McDevitt of Dorchester, Mass.*

(left to right):

2nd Row—*Mr. Patrick Mullar and daughter, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; catechism class of Mrs. J. A. Maltais, Windsor, Ont.; Nellie Sears of St. John's, Newfoundland.*

1943 DEPARTURE GROUP FOR SANTO DOMINGO

ABOVE is a picture of five of our priests who left Toronto on the evening of November twenty-third, bound for Santo Domingo, there to labour among the Catholic Dominican people who are so badly in need of their ministrations. In the centre of the picture is Right Rev. J. E. McRae, Superior General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, and reading from left to right the priests are: Very Rev. A. Chafe of St. John's, Nfld.; Rev. J. Fullerton and Rev. J. Walsh of Toronto, Ont.; Rev. W. Cox of Glace Bay, N.S., and Rev. J. King of Tweed, Ont.

The departure ceremony took place in the chapel of the Seminary, where the Superior General addressed the departing priests and invested them with their crucifixes. It was indeed a beautiful ceremony, and one that will leave lasting impressions with all those who were present. Among the visitors who witnessed the departure were: Right Rev. Monsignor Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary; Rev. Father O'Brien, pastor of St. Theresa's Catholic Church; Rev. Cyril Egan and Brother Rogation. The investiture was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the traditional hymn of departure.

To Very Rev. Alphonsus Chafe, Superior in Santo Domingo and his four companions, we tender our sincere congratulations and best wishes, and we pray God that their work in the Dominican Republic will be abundantly blessed.

Rev. James Walsh, a member of the departing group, could not proceed south with the others, having contracted a heavy cold. We trust Father Walsh will soon be better and will be able to join his fellow priests in Santo **Domingo.**

Good-bye and God speed to them all.

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Bishop O'Gara Pays Tribute to Our Heroic Missioners

(*Continued from page* 11)

come by a serious illness. I had to go into a small and ill-equipped hospital. I had to undergo a surgical operation and I was at death's door. It was to the timely and providential arrival of the Grey Sisters in the town at that time and their prompt taking over of my nursing that I owe my life to-day."

Bishop O'Gara told how Sister Mary Daniel who contracted typhus while nursing wounded and sick Chinese soldiers in an abandoned temple, lay buried with Passionist Fathers and Sisters in Yuanling, far from the homeland in Canada and far from her mission in Chekiang.

"In the years to come," he said, "her grave will be a bond linking together the Canadians of the Prefecture of Lishui and the American Vicariate of Yuanling."

Missions Feel Fury of War

Missions throughout the world had felt the full fury of the war, the speaker said, and the labours of the missionaries, monuments of toil and blood and tears, had been beaten flat. Missions had been shaken to their very foundations and flocks had been scattered from their shepherds. The cost had been great and the fight had been grim. But Almighty God did not temper the storm for the missionary; but rather He tempered the missionary for the storm.

It's Time to Laugh!

"Do men ever go to heaven, mother?"
"Of course they do, dear."
"But I've never seen a picture of an angel with a beard or a moustache."
"No, darling, men only get to heaven by a very close shave."

The roads were icy, an elder of the kirk had lost his footing and was struggling to rise when the minister came along. "Ah, John," he remarked facetiously, "the wicked walk in the slippery places."
"So I see," replied John drily, "but I canna manage it."

Magistrate—"You're a danger to pedestrians. You'll not be allowed to drive for two years."
Defendant—"But, sir, my living depends on it."
Magistrate—"So does theirs."

"We don't care what you think; we want to know what you know," remarked the lawyer.
"Well, I may as well get off the stand then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I am no lawyer."

Waiter: "Sir, when you eat here you do not need to dust off the plate."
Customer: "Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire."

Rastus: "I said I'se joined the church. I'se a Baptist."
Sambo: "You ain't got no religion; I'se a Methodist."
Rastus: "Read yo' Bible?'
Sambo: "Course I does!"
Rastus: "Seen in there 'bout John the Baptist, ain't you?"
Sambo: "Yea, man!"
Rastus: "Well, go home and see if you can find anything in yo' Bible 'bout John, the Methodist!"

"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated."
"No, that can't be mine. My name is O'Brien."

Jackson: I want a tape measure.
Clerk: Want a steel one?
Jackson: Of course not! Do you think I am a thief?"

Mrs. Brown: "I've put your shirt on the clothes-horse, dear."
Mr. Brown: "What odds did you get?"

Student: Could one refer to the Venus de Milo as the girl who got the breaks?
English Librarian: Why not, may I awsk? It's an 'armless joke.

Hitler was making a tour of a German lunatic asylum. All the inmates lined up and, as soon as the Dictator appeared, stood smartly to attention and gave the Nazi salute. All, that is, except one man at the end of the line.
"Hi!" screamed Adolf. "Why aren't you saluting?"
"Don't be silly," said the man, "I'm one of the guards here, not one of the inmates!"

Mother was helping John with his arithmetic, and to impress it on his mind she said, "Now, John, take the Binks family next door. There's Mr. Bink and Mrs. Bink and the baby. How many is that?"
"Oh, that's easy. Two and one to carry."

A speaker before a woman's organization, talking on Persia, was telling how careless the men over there are with their wives, and said it was no uncommon sight to see a woman and a donkey hitched up together. Then he laughed and said that when he made this statement in a speech at Buffalo, one of the ladies in the audience piped up:
"That's not so unusual—you often see it over here too."

Lady: "You say your mother is ill to-day?"
Johnnie: "Yessum, sumpin's the matter with her throat."
Lady: "Well, that's too bad. She was well when I visited her yesterday."
Johnnie: "Yes. Ma said you always give her a pain in the neck."

"Hello, Smith, old man. Haven't seen you for some time."
"Been in bed seven weeks."
"Oh, that's too bad. 'Flu, I suppose?"
"Yes, and crashed!"

A traveling preacher was due to deliver a sermon at a Toronto church. Arriving at the church, he paused to read the sign in front of it, which said:
"Subject for this Sunday: Do You Know What Hell Is? Come and hear our new organist."

A minister preached a sermon on the duty of wives.
"There is, alas, a woman in this congregation who is often guilty of disobedience to her husband. To make an example of her, I will fling my book at her head."
He lifted up his book and instantly every married woman ducked.

Private—I know a good joke about crude oil.
Skipper—Well, spring it.
Private—It ain't refined.

Surgeon (as he passed the bed of a smiling but badly wounded soldier): "Anything I can do for you?"
Wounded Soldier: "Yes, doctor, perhaps you can tell me something I'd very much like to know."
Doctor: "Fire ahead! What is it?"
Soldier: "Well, doctor, when one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?"

"Willie," said his mother, "something tells me that you didn't go to church to-day. What was the text of the sermon?"
"The text was—er-let-me see—something about 'Wait a while and you will get a blanket'."
"Willie: There's nothing like that in the Bible. I'm going to call the minister and ask him."
She called the minister, who informed her that the text was, "Be patient and the Comforter will come."

"Now, why do the ducks go in to swim?"
Said Jonathan Quiz to old Bill Stout.
"From divers motives," said Bill to him.
"And for sun-dry reason they all come out."

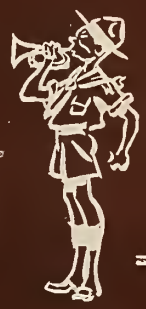
The
Scarboro
Foreign Mission
Society
wishes
all its friends
and benefactors

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Have you listed your Canadian missionary priests and Sisters among those to be remembered at Christmas time?

Your assistance to them would be the most desired gift to Jesus on His birthday —Dec. 25th.

CHINA



ARBORO BLUFFS ONT. JANUARY 1944

Our Repatriates from China Who Returned on the Gripsholm

LEFT TO RIGHT (SITTING): *Rev. C. Murphy, of Sydney, N.S.; Very Rev. L. Beal, of La Salette, Ont.; Rev. G. Doyle, of Toronto, Ont.*

LEFT TO RIGHT (STANDING): *Rev. M. McSween, of Ironville, N.S.; Rev. M. Maloney, of St. John's Nfld.; Rev. A. Clement, of Montreal, P.Q.; Rev. F. Diemert, of Mildmay, Ont., and Rev. A. Pinfold, of Toronto, Ont.*

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JANUARY CHINA 1944

VOL. XXV VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor* NO. 1

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Signposts

Our Sincere Thanks

On Thursday evening, Nov. 18th, a huge crowd, which filled not only the spacious hall, but every available space in the mission house, assembled at St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, 222 Simcoe St., Toronto, for the annual Bridge and Euchre of St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary.

In the absence of His Worship Mayor Conboy, his wife spoke to the gathering, with words of commendation for the work of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Conboy urged them to do all they could to help our valiant ally, the Chinese, one of the most cultured nations of the earth.

Mr. Geo. Chow favoured the audience with two solos, accompanied by Miss Angela Tone Breen, A.T.C.M. Rev. Fr. L. Hart, S.F.M., pastor of St. Anne's Mission, spoke a word of welcome to the gathering and expressed his pleasure at being able to permit the Auxiliary to hold their function at the Mission.

The door prize of $25.00 was won by Mrs. Wickett, Northcliffe Blvd. No. 871.

The huge hamper (with turkey) was won by Miss McDonagh, 221 St. George St. No. 4776.

The Christmas cake—by Mrs. Currie, 182 Roxton Rd. No. 4392, and small hamper with chicken—Miss M. McCann, 16 Orchard Pk. Blvd. No. 2900.

The Women's Auxiliary wish to thank their many friends who sponsored this party by donations, and also who participated by buying tickets.

Scarboro Foreign Missionaries Return to Canada

In good spirits after their 75-day, 22,000-mile journey, yet showing unmistakable signs of the strain of the past few years of war in the Orient, eight priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society arrived home on December 3rd, Feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Society. Very Rev. L. Beal, Society Superior in China, was the only real casualty among the number, being obliged to enter hospital immediately after arrival. The other priests will spend a prolonged vacation at home before resuming any mission activities in the homeland.

Father Beal and Father Gerald Doyle boarded the Gripsholm at Shanghai, Father Chas. Murphy at Hong Kong, while Fathers Michael Maloney, Armand Clement. Andrew Pinfold, Michael McSween and Francis Diemert travelled direct from concentration camp at Weihsien to Shanghai, taking seventy-five hours for a railway journey that normally is less than twenty hours. Remaining in Peking, unable to return on the exchange ship because of an already overfilled Canadian quota are Fathers Michael Carey, Joseph Murphy and Thomas McQuaid.

The experiences of some of the Fathers would fill a volume that may some day find publication. Father Charles Murphy, already known throughout America as the "Hero of Hong Kong", attributes his miraculous escapes under fire to the protection of the Little Flower, whose relic he carried on his person at all times while running the gauntlet of fire during the last tragic days of Hong Kong. He is planning to visit the relatives of Canadian soldiers to whom he ministered in their last hours and it will be a consolation to their dear ones to know that a priest could be with them as they breathed their last on battlefields far away. The Fathers all say that the Hand of Providence was clearly manifest all through their long and dangerous voyage back home. Each evening, both on the terribly overcrowded Japanese exchange ship and on the Swedish liner Gripsholm, the priests and Sisters assembled on deck at 7.45 to join in singing the beautiful Ave Maris Stella, Hail Star of the Sea, to invoke the protection of the Blessed Mother of God. From beginning to end, they said, the sea was as calm as a mill pond and but for that fact it would have gone hard with those who were desperately ill and crowded in pathetically inadequate quarters on the voyage from Shanghai to Portugese India.

All speak hopefully of the future of missionary work in China. The Chinese, they tell us, will never forget the fact that missionaries in free China have stood by them in their dark hour of suffering and despair and we join with them in the hope that the coming of peace may not be too long delayed so that the enormous task of reconstruction may be begun in the devastated areas of that unhappy country.

We Request Your Prayers for—

The deceased Rebecca O'Brien.
Francis McKernan (missing overseas).

Report FROM Lishui

The Editor Asks Father Boudreau Some Questions

QUESTION: What are the principal effects of the war on our Missions in China?

ANSWER: "Churches and chapels destroyed by fire and bombs; the dispersion of our 'Christianities' and prices reaching to the stars."

* * *

QUESTION: How great is the material damage to our property?

ANSWER: "Two-thirds of our Missions have suffered either total or partial destruction. By partial I mean reparable, but costly. In these two-thirds all church articles have been lost. Take for example the city of Lishui, the headquarters of our Prefecture. At the end of March of 1943 the men's compound received twenty-one bombs and fourteen direct hits. Our cook, *A-Tei*, was killed. The bombings lasted three days over the city and the surrounding countryside; the bombings would begin at seven-thirty in the morning and last until three-thirty in the afternoon—it was shuttle bombing without a let-up. Many surrounding villages suffered total destruction; the city of Lishui itself was two-thirds destroyed and fires raged for three whole days. The loss of life was not tremendous, due to the fact that people were accustomed to leave town early in the morning and return in the evening."

* * *

QUESTION: Father Boudreau, for our readers' sake would you explain just what you mean by "dispersion of our Christianities"?

ANSWER: "Bombing is something a person can never really get used to and the strafing is unbearable. The uncertainty of the feeling of not knowing when you are going to get hit, obliges us to curtail our ceremonies and to change our hours of services. Shortly after daylight we say Mass, and since we have no way of notifying our people because of lack of clocks and bells, our attendance is very low at times for the essential service of the Mass. The constant tension has driven the people to the country or forced them to move to other places farther away from the danger zone. In many of these places we lack either a chapel, catechists or priests. The poorer people are forced to become beggars like most refugees, and the wealthier open little businesses in their new-found homes, oftentimes in distant provinces.

"Because of the constant danger of air-raids we cannot open our schools for boys and girls: dugouts are few and as for those which we do have there is always the danger of being buried when bombs fall nearby. All these difficulties tend to keep the natives away from their home town and contact with them is a porblem."

* * *

QUESTION: This 'reaching for the stars' prices, Father, evidently points to inflation?

ANSWER: "The constant danger of Japanese returning to our district has caused much farm land to lie idle. Most people have gone to live in safer zones; idle farms mean less produce. The unbelievably high taxes make the farmer hesitant to raise cattle, pigs, sheep or chickens, for besides having to pay heavy taxes on these he has also to sell them at unbelievably low government prices. It is cheaper for him to raise enough for his own family than it is to produce for the market. Another reason, the farms are left with

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF $ .....

very old or very young, capable adults must go to war and fight for their country, shortening labour on farms. A further reason, the tremendous number of refugees drifting westward plays havoc with the problem of supply and demand; and yet another reason, soldiers must eat and must be served first. In some cases they seem to forget that plants must grow to a certain height and that pigs must be so big before they are eatable. And yet another reason, lack of raw materials for almost everything. It is common to see an individual walking down the street with a chunk of meat in his hands—maybe a pound or so, a smile from ear to ear. 'Where did you get the meat?' we ask. "At 'so-and-so's' at the back door." "How much?" 'Seventy-five dollars.'"

* * *

QUESTION: Seventy-five dollars for a pound of meat?

ANSWER: "A bargain at that. To eat meat in most places is an event. But all living is high, no matter what you buy. I recall in Kunming people paying sixty-five dollars for ten cigarettes. I priced Edgeworth tobacco at one time at $1,400 per pound. A fellow could get a nice Parker fountain pen if he were prepared to pay five or ten thousand dollars for same.

* * *

QUESTION: Interesting. Tell me, Father, how much would this Hamilton watch of mine bring in China to-day?

ANSWER: "About twenty-five thousand dollars. You must remember the way things are to-day in China. A fellow can paper his room with ten-dollar bills and it costs less than wallpaper. Lots of money being printed and dished out. No more fifty-cent pieces, one-dollar bills and few five-dollar bills. When you buy anything it begins at fifty dollars. I had a haircut one day and it cost me forty-five dollars. When the Sisters and priests were evacuating Lungchuan, for the use of one truck to take them to their destination at Kweiling, the cost was to be ONE QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS, for it was seventy-five dollars per kilometer. The whole thing sounds like a Fairytale. The Missions are the hardest hit of all financially.

"I had a haircut one day and it cost me forty-five dollars."

* * *

QUESTION: Then according to you, Father, the missionaries are really having hard times.

ANSWER: "Yes, most Missions to-day have reduced all possible help—closed down all 'out-missions'—missionaries bunch together where they can—often do their own cooking—eating bare essentials. Mission activities in general, schools, orphanages, hospitals, dispensaries, asylums are tried to the extreme.

"Take the Spanish Missions, for example, in Fukien Province, no revenue is coming in, no assistance from abroad — they have been forced to close the seminaries, schools, dispensaries and so whatever could be sold without being detrimental to their essential work was sold.

"Prayer builds up the spirit and keeps men spiritually alive, but money runs the Missions."

YOUR WILL It is never too late to do good. See that your Will is properly made, and that it includes a remembrance for the Missions. Our legal title is: The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

What CIVILIZATION OWES TO CHINA

by

RT. REV. MSGR. G BARRY O'TOOLE
PH.D., S.T.D.

THE term *optimist* is derived from the Latin *optimus,* which means the *best.* An optimist, therefore, is one who prefers to see what is best in men and things, to dwell on their perfections rather than on their flaws and shortcomings.

If it is unrealistic not to recognize the fact of evil in the world, it is equally unrealistic to see only the evil, ignoring the evident good. The searchlight of our attention is under the control of our free will. "If on a snow-white wall there is only one little blemish, I may turn my attention to it and neglect the rest." Yet if I make it a practice of doing this, I deserve to be called a pessimist and to have my judgment of others discounted as uncharitable and unfair.

The Chinese people have been in an especial sense the victims of such unfairness. In America, the name of China is too often associated with laundry tickets, opium dens and the "dark and devious ways" of "the heathen Chinese", so indispensable as the villain in all Hollywood films having a Far-Eastern setting. Nor has this unfortunate popular impression been weakened by the morbid pen-pictures of Pearl Buck, whose *Good Earth, Sons* and so forth present the seamy rather than the cultured side of the Chinese life.

That such caricatures should pass current for portraits reflect less on Chinese culture than on our own. The ignorance it implies is doubtless due to the fact that American textbooks crowd into a few pages the history of China's three millenniums of literary glory, but if our ignorance on the subject is excusable, it is not a thing in which we can take pride.

Americans, on the other hand, know more about Japanese culture, which they find easier to appreciate. The Nipponese have adopted most of the inventions of Western civilization, which is why we are prone to regard them as "civilized" in contrast to the Chinese, who are sometimes spoken of as "semi-civilized".

Accordingly, to the average American it comes as a distinct surprise to learn that Japan was originally civilized by China and that whatever culture the Japanese did not borrow from the West they owe to China.

Japanese painting is largely an imitation of Chinese painting as Japanese architecture is an imitation of Chinese architecture. The same holds true of nearly every phase of Japanese culture when compared with its counterpart in Chinese culture. The Japanese still wear the same type of *kimono* that they imported from China during T'ang times (A.D. 618-906), whereas, among the Chinese themselves, costumes and fashions have varied notably from generation to generation. In Japan, one type or other of Chinese pagoda is monotonously repeated all over the land, whilst, in China proper, great originality in architecture is shown, so that it is hard to find two pagodas exactly alike.

Chinese culture and civilization have an unbroken history of more than thirty centuries. In that vast stretch of time, the Chinese (to say nothing of their countless poems, dramas and novels) have accumulated a truly enormous literature, classic, historical, philosophical — so enormous that Sinologists have succeeded in classifying only the classic literature, leaving it to future scholars to systematize the rest.

Among Americans, however, the strictly cultural achievements of the Chinese are apt to excite less interest than the outstanding contributions which their civilization has made to the West.

Paper, for instance, without which our modern libraries and schools would be impossible, is a Chinese invention, imported into Europe by the Arabs. This invention dates back to the latter half of the first century of the Christain era and is ascribed to the Mar-

quis Ts'ai-Lun, Chamberlain to Emperor Ho Ti (A.D. 89-105) of the Eastern Han dynasty. The Marquis (Hou) Ts'ai is said to have made paper "from the inner bark of trees, ends of hemp, old rags, and fishing nets."

In A.D. 751, the Arabs at Samarkand took certain Chinese prisoners and forced these to teach them the art of paper-making. The Arabs brought this art to Spain towards the middle of the 12th century, and from Spain it was exported to the rest of Europe.

Printing, too, is a Chinese invention that has proved to be of incalculable importance to world civilization. This art developed out of the art of seal-engraving which the Chinese had practiced from the earliest period of China's history, as also out of the Chinese practice of taking "rubbings" from stone inscriptions.

Block-printing is a well-known Chinese invention—credited to the politician, Feng Tao (A.D. 881-954). What is not so well known is that printing with *movable* type is also a Chinese invention. The inventor, therefore, of movable type, was neither the Hollander. Lourens J. Coster (1370-1440), nor the German, Johannes Gutenberg (1397-1468) — as we Westerners commonly think — but a Chinese block-printer named Pi Sheng, who first used *movable porcelain* type for printing, during the Ch'ing Li period (A.D. 1040-1048) of the reign of Emperor Jen Tsung (1023-1063) of the Sung dynasty.

In the "Meng Hsi Pi T'an," a work of the Hsi Ning and Yuan-Feng periods (1068-1085) in the reign of the Emperor Shen Tsung of the Sung dynasty, written by a Chinese author named Shen K'ou, we read:

"During the Ch'ing-Li period (1041-1048), a man of the people named Pi Sheng invented movable type. His method was to engrave characters very lightly on sticky clay and to mold same into small seals or stamps, each bearing a single character. These seals were baked so as to acquire the necessary hardness. An iron plate was already prepared on which was smeared a substance compounded of fir-glue, wax and charred paper. When there was printing to do, an iron frame was placed on the plate and within this frame were inserted these character-bearing seals until it was filled so as to form a block. The mixture being melted by the application of fire, a flat plate was pressed against the characters until they became perfectly level like a grind-stone. For the purpose of printing but two or three leaves this method is naturally cumbersome; but when there is question of printing ten, a hundred or a thousand leaves, the method is nothing short of marvellous for speed."

The Chinese later improved this method of printing with movable type in a framed matrix by substituting copper and lead type for the porcelain "seals". A century or two after, we find the Koreans using movable type made of bronze. Again, probably it was the Arabs who brought the knowledge of this invention to Europe.

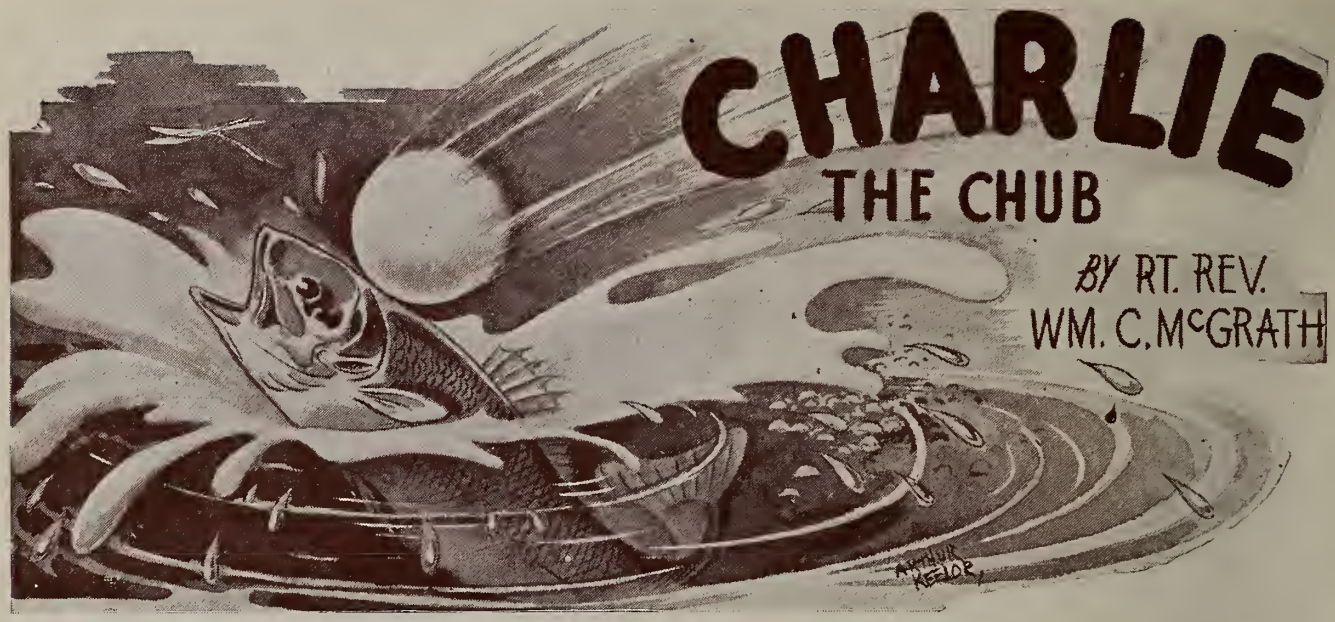
The mariner's compass, too, which enabled Christopher Columbus to discover America, is likewise an invention of the Chinese, one of whose traditions ascribe it to H'uang Ti, the Yellow Emperor (2697-2598 B.C.), another to Chou Kung, brother of the First Chou Emperor, Wu Wang (1122-1116 B.C.). This great Chinese statesman is said to have invented or, at least, utilized it about 1110 B.C., to enable certain envoys sent by Yueh Shang (Babylonians?) to return from China to their own country:

"It is said of old that the Duke of Chou invented it (viz., the chih-nan ch'e — "the south-pointing vehicle"). When the empire was under the regency of the Duke (envoys of) the Yueh Shang came to court, speaking through several interpreters. They brought presents of one white and two black pheasants, as well as one elephant tusk. As they were powerless to find their way back to their own country, Chou Kung having bestowed upon them two bolts of silk gave them five covered chariots, each furnished with a "south-pointer" (chih-nan). The Duke bade the men of Yueh Shang proceed thereby on their journey southward. After they had rounded the sea-coast of Fu Nan (Cambodia) and Lin Yi (Champa), it took them a full year to reach their own country. The Duke sent a mandarin named Yen Chiang to accompany them thither. He, too, was a year at sea in returning. He used the compass, but reversing his bearings."

This passage is translated from the Ku Chin Chu, a work written about A.D. 350 by its author, Ts'ui Pao who flourished during the Eastern Tsin dynasty (A.D. 317-419).

Were there no earlier testimony than this, one might be disposed to dismiss the above story as legendary, all the more so that no such embassy is mentioned in Confucius' Shu-ching ("Classic of History") or Szu-ma Ch'ien's Shih Chi ("Historical Records"). But this is not the case. Han Fei Tzu, a philosopher of the Legalist School (fa-chia), who lived during the last years of the Chou dynasty and died in 230 B.C., tells us: "The early kings constructed the 'south-pointer' (chih-nan), in order to fix the position of morning and evening." (Han-Fei-tzu, ch. II). And before Han Fei, a still earlier philosopher, Kwei Ku-tzu, of the fourth century B.C., speaks of the people of Cheng (K'ai-feng-fu) as having made use of the "south-pointing chariots" (chih-nan ch'e) in the importation of jade. (Cf. Kwei Ku-tzu, sec. 10). Not all of his small work survives, but in a fragment preserved in a Chinese cyclopedia of the tenth century (the T'ai-p'ing-yu-lan) Kwei Ku-tzu says: "The Su-shen offered a white pheasant to Wen-wang. Lest they might lose their way, Chou-Kung constructed the 'south-pointing chariot' to usher them." As Frederich Hirth suggests, Wen Wang (the father of Chou Kung) is probably confused in this passage with Cheng Wang (the nephew) for whom Chou Kung acted as Regent. Hirth also notes that, in his extant text, Kwei Ku-tzu speaks of "loadstone attracting a needle." (p. 4 B). Hence there seems to be no good reason for discrediting the tradition that the compass was an invention of early Chou times and that the Duke of Chou was its inventor. The compass appears to have been used by the Chinese for navigation as early as the Tsin dynasty (A.D. 222-420); for the Sung Shu ("Sung History") speaks of a chih-nan

(*Continued on page* 9)



HE was just a little fish. And he lived in the creek at Cedro Brook Golf Club, near the town called "Good". Many other little fish lived there, too, but they were'nt like Charlie. Charlie was different. He had a complex or a phobia or an allergy or something. And it was golf balls. How he *hated* golf balls. They just drove him mad, he often said. And many a time, during a tournament, he declared almost hysterically that unless somebody did something about these humans and their crazy game he would leave home and family and head downstream right smack into Lake Ontario.

But Charlie never carried out his threat and nobody took him very seriously. Fact of the matter is, he was afraid. He really didn't know just what lay around the corner, after the creek had meandered beyond the green and well kept fairways of his ancestral home.

Gloomy Charlie they called him, because he was always so down in the dumps. There was never any hope. If it wasn't this it was that. If the rain stopped for a few weeks the creeks were all going to dry right up and leave them flickering and floundering in the mud. If it rained for a few days at a time they would all be washed away into Lake Ontario.

Charlie wasn't always that way. He had been quite a normal child. As a frisky little fingerling he had swum and played and reached for flies with the best of them. In those early days he knew no fear, even while the golf balls were churning up the creek like depth charges. But now parent fish had only to point to Charlie whenever they wanted a horrible example. And thereby hangs our tale.

* * *

It was a bright sunny afternoon. The water was comfortably high and Charlie the Chub was bubbling over with energy and the desire to see something of the great world outside. He wanted to do something different, to live dangerously even for a day, to get away, just for once, from the drab and circumscribed environment of his little world. He drifted downstream, past the shady grove at the foot of the fifteenth tee, the lure of adventure beckoning him on. From upstream he could hear his Pa shouting, but that wasn't anything new. Pa was always shouting about something. Always warning about dire consequences that never seemed to materialize.

"Calling all chubs. . . . Calling all chubs. Watch out for K. of C. tournament now approaching third tee. All open water out of bounds, out of bounds. Keep close to banks. Stick in the mud. That is all."

To heck with the old man and his warnings, thought Charlie, as he slipped under the little bridge at the fourteenth and into the high walled gully beyond. Rounding the rapids below the eighteenth he was soon in the still water approaches to the danger zone, the great deep hole at the third. It was Charlie's first time so far away from home. He never knew there was so much water in the world. Lake Ontario, he said to himself, cannot be much *bigger* than this.

It was a little worse than he thought. All by himself, far from the cosy protection of home sweet home, he felt a little twinge of panic as golf balls splashed dangerously close, throwing up spouts of water and burying themselves under the mud. He took shelter in a deep hole under the overhanging bank and, as he lay there, he could hear the thundering man herd above. The earth was quivering under their heavy tread and now and then he could make out scraps of conversation. One man was saying that since they were both lost they might as well let Mullerton and O'Bonnor go through. The man waved his club as a signal and in less than no time two more balls had splashed close to the spot where he was hiding. By this time Charlie began to realize that maybe his old man had something after all.

The O'Bonnor man was now reaching out into the creek to retrieve his ball and was asking his companion *who* had invented this crazy game, anyway. Charlie wondered if he really wanted to know or if this was just some rhetorical question golfers ask when their ball is in the creek. Once before, near home, he had heard another

man ask the same question, only the man hadn't said crazy.

Mullerton replied that that was what he wanted to know, too. Anyway, he said, it really didn't matter much to him because he was sixteen already and any fool knew that you had to have even fives on the third or you wouldn't break a hundred. This, he said, was his last game, because he was giving all his golf clubs away that very afternoon. At first Charlie thought the Mullerton man was a bit rude but now he told himself that he must be a kind man, after all, to give a whole bag of clubs away. You can be so wrong about people, thought Charlie.

The next moment was the crisis in Charlie's life. A nice juicy fly was disporting himself on the surface directly overhead. He was hungry after his long swim and even though the danger had not yet passed, this was more than fish flesh and blood could resist. Quick as a flash Charlie made the plunge, straight as an arrow he streaked for the unsuspecting victim. And then—a deafening roar sounded in his ears. He was thrown clean out of water and as everything was going black he faintly heard the O'Bonnor man saying gosh darn it he was in again. You're in but I'm out said Charlie to himself and then he realized that this was a heck of a time to start being funny. He couldn't get below the surface, try as he might, and as he felt himself being carried helplessly down stream he realized that this was the end.

"You young fool, You silly young fool." It was his father's voice and it seemed far away. It was late and dark and quiet now and the golfers had all departed. "You're lucky to be alive, that's all. We found you washed up on the edge of the sand and the third creek is half full of golf balls. One of them must have clipped you on the snout."

"You're telling me," Charlie replied.

Charlie recovered, slowly. But his old elan had completely vanished. He moped and sulked around the old home and every time a golf ball splashed near he almost went into convulsions. He was gloomy and depressed most of the time and, on the whole, there didn't seem to be much hope. The summer of 1943 had been unusually dry and the water in the old creek got warmer and more stagnant as the days went by.

"It will be all over by September," he declared.

"You mean the war," ventured a cheery little chub beside him.

"I don't mean the war. I mean us," replied Charlie. "We're licked, I tell you. We're marooned already. In another week we'll be floundering in the mud."

"It's that golf ball that hit you on the head, young feller."

Old Wall-eye, the Creek philosopher, had tuned in on the conversation.

"Take my advice," he was saying, "and keep your miseries to yourself. You're no help to the general morale. I've been around these here creeks longer than Bill Ferr and I ain't been cornered yet, sonny. First thing you know you'll be as bad as some of these humans. The kind that are always crossing bridges and getting het up about disasters that never happen."

The rains came next week. For three days the heavens were opened and the little rivulet was by now a respectable stream.

"What did I tell you?" asked old Wall-eye.

"This rain is driving me mad," replied Charlie. "If it lasts another hour we'll be washed half way to Rochester."

(All names are fictitious—Editor)

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What Civilization Owes to China

(*Continued from page* 7)

chou ("south-pointer boat") as in use during Tsin times.

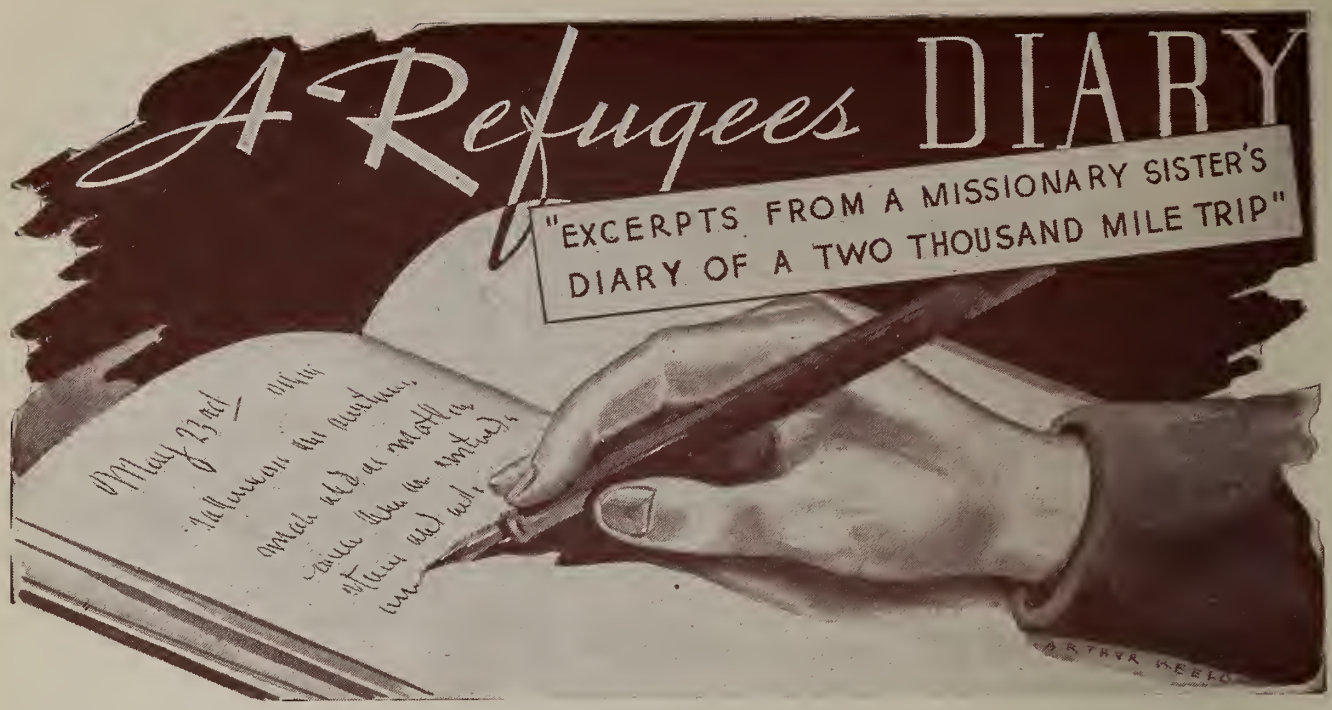
There are other Chinese contributions to world civilization, such as sericulture, porcelain-ware, tea, etc., but let those enumerated suffice to show how much our modern world owes to China.

Chinese culture, which has seen the rise and fall of many other national cultures and civilizations, itself lives on with a sort of perennial youth. The cultures of other ancient peoples can now be studied only fragmentarily in the surviving monuments of history and archaeology, but in China the history of the past is repeated in the living record of the present.

More than that, China's civilization repeats in a sense the civilization of mediaeval Europe; for it, too, is a civilization of popular arts and crafts. It still has its guilds of skilled artisans and craftsmen who do exquisite handiwork at a production cost lower than that of our trumpery furniture and machine-made gadgets. Because their civilization is unlike our own ugly, standardized, mechanized civilization of oil, coal, electricity and steel is no reason for belittling it or speaking of the Chinese as "semi-civilized." Chesterton, after commending Browning for his selection of a mediaeval rather than a modern character to represent the man of intellect in his Paracelsus, observes:

"It is a remarkable fact that one civilization does not satisfy itself by calling another civilization wicked; it calls it uncivilized. We call Chinese Barbarians, they call us Barbarians. The mediaeval state, like China, was a foreign civilization with this supreme characteristic, that it cared for the things of the mind for their own sake. To complain of the researches of its sages on the grounds that they were not materially fruitful, is to act as we should act in telling a gardener that his roses were not as digestible as our cabbages. It is not only true that mediaeval philosophers never discovered the steam engine; it is equally true that they never tried. The Eden of the Middle Ages was really a garden where each of God's flowers, Truth and Beauty and Reason, flourished for its own sake and under its own name. The Eden of modern progress is a kitchen garden."

One Chinese invention we failed to mention is that of gunpowder. If we mention it now, it is not so much for its own sake as for the light it throws on the national character. The Chinese showed not the least interest in the possible military value of this discovery. They used it for making firecrackers—to amuse people, not to kill them. In fact, throughout their long history of over thirty centuries, with the exception perhaps of one or two brief periods, they have been a characteristically peace-loving people, averse to waging any wars of conquest.



SUNDAY, AUG. 2.

They stood on the river bank—four of them—farmers all. They wanted to cross the river to the village, but how could they with us sleeping in the ferry? The sun was not up yet, and we were not anxious to rise before it did come up. What to do? One of the men politely told us to remain under our nets. He and his friends would ferry us across the river and when their business on that side of the river was done they would row us back. Nice of them, but we could not fancy five sleeping Sisters afloat, so we voted on disembarkment, which we did. A wash up in the river, then breakfast of fried pork and rice. The day is hot and we find a cool spot in a tea house. After dinner the truck driver tells us that a new engine is being brought from Kungchuan and that we leave that night. To-night comes but no engine with it. We prepare supper—more rice and pork. It is dark when all is prepared and we sit around the truck and take our rice by candlelight. The old boatman comes along to see about renting his craft again. Another night under the stars, cradled in the little boat and rocked to and fro with the waves. Sleep we all did, and the truck driver's announcement that the new engine had arrived was our call to get up.

MONDAY, AUG. 3.

The priests helped to remove the old engine and replace it with the new one. It took hours to do it, but finally we boarded the truck and were off. We hoped to reach Kungchuan early in the day, but we hoped in vain. After only a few hours' run we stopped again, right in the middle of the road, right in the sun. Broken brakes is the verdict this time. We find a cool spot in an old temple, four sick people are lying on the floor in the shadow of the Buddah. They are refugees, and Sisters give them some quinine. We find macaroni and tea and peanuts in an inn nearby. Then comes the call to the truck again, and we move on a few more li. Yet, another halt. No house, no food, but a passer-by tells us that there is a big town five li up the road. The driver decides to have the truck pushed and sure enough we make five li and stop right at the small bus station called Mei Lichan. The station master gives us tea. When the day cools off a bit we will go over to the town for supper. Supper in a small inn—very good and very clean too. We look for a place to sleep but there was "no room in the inn". We return to the station and the station master kindly offers us the small waiting room. The Fathers fix up our nets and spread blankets on the floor and we are tired enough to enjoy the hard floor. At 2 a.m. or so we are startled by a poultry yard noise and to our amazement and amusement we find that others share the room with us. Perched on a ladder behind the door are a dozen or more hens and roosters.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4TH.

The roosters crowed us out . . . we were up and if they understood human language they knew just how we appreciated their vocal efforts. We have breakfast in the station, candied rice and canned milk. Before noon the mechanic returns from the repair shop with the broken brake band and we board the truck for another while.

We have not come very far. Once again we find ourselves perched on the road side, in the sun, too. Our driver seems to be allergic to shades and trees. This is the repair station for the salt trucks—the other four are already repaired. We look around for a place for dinner and a woman offers us her coal oil stove and her rice pot. She tells us where to find water. From passing farmers we buy vegetables and Father White goes round looking for meat. He returns with two geese. Another woman offers us two mats and we set up our bowls and chop-

sticks in them, and enjoy another open air meal. After this a man offers to find us sleeping quarters. Fathers Steele and McKernan are a little sick to-day, also Sister M. Vianney. Sisters St. Martin and St. Kenneth are called to visit some patients in the village. We take our nets and blankets and go with our newly-found friend to the room he has furnished for us. It turns out to be the rice bin in the overcrowded home of a wealthy man. It is so hot and the rice bin naturally has no windows, we cannot sleep, so welcome the first ray of dawn when we can get out to the open again.

Up very early. We return to the truck to prepare breakfast. Afterwards we spread our blankets in the shade by the roadside and rest. We order rice and vegetables from a man going to town some li away. We are to leave this afternoon they say, but somehow we doubt it. Trucks and cars are flying past all day. Mrs. Ma passes in a private car. We wonder what has happened, for she told us she would not leave Lungchuan. Father Maurice buys a paper and we read of the danger to Sungyang. We wonder about our priests and Sisters in Lungchuan. It is rumoured that we are to remain here for several days. We are desperate for cold water. A man shows us where there is a spring some distance away, and we take our coal oil can stove and rice pot to a shady place near the spring. A passing farmer sells us two ducks and Sister St. Martin and Father White pluck them. No firewood so Father Morrissey pulls the dry branches from the trucks, served as camouflage. Dinner almost served when the driver calls us to come immediately. We are to leave right away. Evening comes, still here. Two more ducks for the evening repast. One of the book company's men cooks the rice for us, another cleans and cooks the ducks. It is 9.30 and we are still sitting beside the fire waiting for supper to cook up. A pile of stones is the fireplace where the ducks simmer. It is hot, where to sleep? There are a dozen or more empty trucks on a nearby lot. We asked for one of them, and Father McKernan fixed up two nets in one and we climbed in. There was some breeze.

THURSDAY.

The truck proved the best bed yet. We washed at the spring and then started breakfast. Another pair of ducks are steaming up, and as soon as Fr. White shaves they will be "basined" and the rice goes on. It is still very hot and the men still seem undecided about moving on. Sister St. Kenneth and Sr. St. Martin are off to the village to visit some sick people there. Rice half cooked, bowls, chopsticks, and what not all over the ground. The driver urges us to get moving—he's going in ten minutes. What a scramble. More camouflage comes off the trucks (don't get caught, Fr. Morrissey) and the fire is vigorously encouraged to blaze up. (Ducks are pulled apart, wings and drumsticks find ready consumers. The precious bottle of lard is spilled, and the driver helped to pick things up, and when we start to prepare our next meal, it is going to take St. Anthony himself to find things for us. All the party are fine now.

Srs. St. Martin and St. Kenneth return with the news that one of their patients from the nearby village (the truck driver's sister) is very sick. The driver decides to take her on the truck to our next stop, Yungan, where there is a clinic. Sr. St. Kenneth advises against moving the patient on the truck as she is too weak to travel. After the rush and skimish we are sitting on the roadside for things to move. The driver has gone to see his sister, and returns to tell us he will bring her along anyway, and he does. Sr. St. Kenneth sits in the front beside her—we are off again.

We did not get very far this time, and we are on the roadside again, right in the boiling sun. The driver did not see a truck coming and crashed into the mountain side to avoid a head-on collision. We have just to sit around and wait till the truck is put into moving condition again. The sick woman is quite exhausted. Sister fears she will not be able to finish the trip to Yungan.

11.30 a.m. Yungan is reached and true to our colours, we stop not without something happening. The front wheel of our truck goes through a wood-covered ditch into the street. Sr. M. Vianney is quite sick. We are invited to the clinic where the driver has taken his sister. There we run into several former Lishui people. They tell us that it is impossible to find sleeping quarters in the town. The city is crowded with refugees from dear old Chekiang. While waiting for the sick, an American woman (Mrs. Chen), comes over and invites us to the Protestant Mission. She has been in Yungan several days and is getting some dental work done. She herself had some trouble finding room and therefore understood our plight. She obtained two large rooms for us in the Girls' School on a hill overlooking the city. We expect to remain here for some days. She is most gracious. Took us to her house for lunch and sent her daughter, Ruth Ellen, to shop with us. Fr. White has gone down to the city to find some food, and Fr. McK. has gone in search of water.

FRIDAY.

A former Lishui patient came to visit us this forenoon. He told us of the bombing of Lungchuan. We are worried about the Sisters and priests there—we have had no word from there since taking leave of Lungchuan. The school housekeeper permits us the use of her kitchen. The soldiers who occupy the other side of the house keep us supplied with water and a little pin money from Fr. McKernan gives them the idea that we are to have lots of water at all costs. We had an air-alarm but no planes. Mr. Andrew Ling, formerly of the Chekiang branch of the Post Office in Lishui, comes with his wife to see us. He offered to arrange for seats in the Post Office truck for us, but we expect to leave on Sunday.

SATURDAY.

Mrs. Chen's daughter, Ruth Ellen, brings us bean milk every morning. Srs. St. Martin and M. Vianney have gone to the clinic. The truck driver just came to tell us that his sister died during the night; he is not certain of leaving Sunday, as he must attend to the funeral.

(*To be continued*)

Ambassadors of Christ — *Life of Monsignor John Fraser*

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR

(To be continued)

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XVI—No. 1 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. January, 1944

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

It seems so short a time since last January and yet another whole year has come and gone. The war is still raging throughout the world and I doubt if great multitudes of those men whose hatred of God and neglect of His laws which caused the war, have done very much, if anything, to ask His pardon. Until mankind comes to love God more and love one another as the children of God, the world will know no lasting peace.

Therefore, I plead with you, My dear young missionaries, to do something to help this awful situation; to do something to turn the hearts of men to their Heavenly Father. This was my plea in my Christmas letter to you and it is my plea also this month. I am asking you to begin right in your own homes. ASK YOUR PARENTS TO RECITE THE FAMILY ROSARY EVERY EVENING WITH THEIR FAMILY, THAT THE WORLD MAY COME BACK TO GOD AND THAT WE MAY SOON HAVE PEACE.

Throughout history Our Blessed Mother has been the great defender of the Church of Her Divine Son. She is pleading with us to-day to get on our knees and pray to God. The "Rosary of Mary" will, if formed into a cordon of prayer, encircle the globe and catch, as in a net, the hearts and souls of her children who are forgetful of her. Her only wish is to make men love God, and she asks you to plead through her with Her Son, The King of Kings and The Prince of Peace. *He* is the Lord of the World! If every home in Canada, every Catholic home, would make the Daily Rosary a part of its daily life, happiness for the home, peace for the world would not be long in coming to this Vale of Tears.

* * *

Very recently eight of our priests returned on the Repatriation Ship, the "Gripsholm". They were all interned by the Japanese Authorities and were exchanged for Japanese Internees in North America. They have undergone great hardships and trials, so I know you will all remember them in your prayers and not forget their Missions across the Pacific Ocean. These Missions are being cared for by other priests of our Society who have not been interned. You will read about their experiences in coming issues of CHINA. * * *

Some time ago I appealed for cancelled stamps of the higher values (five cents and over). So far I have not received enough. I appeal again as we would appreciate them very much and they would help us greatly in our work. You see, we sell these stamps to Stamp Dealers and the money we receive for them we use for one or other branch of our many activities. NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS OF ANY VARIETY ARE WELCOME. * * *

In the first paragraph of this letter I have asked you, our Young Missionaries, to pray for world peace. That in itself is a missionary activity. The work of your missionaries in China is greatly handicapped because of the war, and so we look forward to the days of peace for large numbers of conversions and new enterprises in the Orient for the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. Your prayers for peace will help to make these Christian objectives possible. Please put all your zeal and energy into this "plea for the Rosary" in your home—when you succeed, write and let me know.

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

The Mail Bag

Melba Ward, Fredericton, N.B.

I saw the pictures of the poor Chinese people. I wish I knew how to cheer them up. I am only ten but I can realize how the poor people and children suffer. . . . I am going to save a little amount of money for the people of China.

Add a frequent prayer to that little gift of money, Melba, and you will cheer the hearts of the Chinese people.

* * *

Danny Sullivan, Trenton, Ont.

I am sending a little donation of five dollars for the China Missions and babies of China for Christmas as I want them to be happy, too. . . . I will pray for them every day.

You have the answer there, Danny.

* * *

Barry McGrory, Ottawa, Ont.

The teacher asked me to write to you and ask you to send me some copies of that prayer (Rose Garden Prayer). About forty-one copies of it so we could say it in school daily.

You have them, Barry.

* * *

Anita Walker, Reserve Mines, N.S.

Enclosed you will find another donation from the Harmony Nine.

What, again!

* * *

Pupils of Grade VII, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.

We, the pupils of Grade VII, have raised five dollars which we place at your disposal. . . . We pledge ourselves to the Daily Prayer and Monthly Communions.

And what more could we ask!

* * *

Grades III and IV, Mount Saint Bernard College, Antigonish, N.S.

We read with great interest the story of "The Sick Call to Dolu" by Father Sharkey, and took the resolution to pray every morning for the Missionaries as St. Rose School did with such wonderful results.

Thank you and may God bless your efforts.

* * *

Grade VI Girls, St. Patrick's School, Ottawa, Ont.

On Tuesday we offered the following prayers: Masses heard, 25. *Communions,* 15. *Spiritual Communions,* 100. *Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament,* 50. *Sacrifices,* 50. *Ejaculations,* 500. *Rosaries,* 75.

We thank you all sincerely!

Mount Carmel School,
New Waterford, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

Our Class of Grade VII Girls have organized a Mission Club called the "Commandos-for-Christ". Every day a different row goes to Mass for the Chinese Missions. We say the Collect from the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith every day in school. On our Bulletin Board we have pictures that the late Father James McGillivray sent home from China. We'd certainly like to be able to do as much for the Missions as he did.

We want to get one year's subscription to CHINA starting with the September issue. Also we would like forty Mite Boxes so we can fatten them up for Christmas.

We pray to Our Lord to bless your work for Him and for souls.

Your Young Friends,

Grade VIII Girls,

(per) Teresa Donovan, Secretary.

May God bless your work for Him and for souls.

* * *

23 Aldershot Street,
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a little girl only five years old. I have a sister and two brothers members of the Rose Garden, but they tell me that I am too young to join the Rose Garden as I cannot go to Holy Communion. . . . But there is something I can do and that is to send a donation for the Missions, so here is my first small contribution ($2.00). I hope you will accept it even if I'm not a member. I hope to be one some day as soon as I am old enough to receive Holy Communion.

I don't know how to write so I have to get someone to write this note for me. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Your new, little friend,

Nellie Sears.

P.S.—If you will accept this small donation I will send another soon.

You have my letter by now, Nellie.

A Thought for the Month from St. Monica's School, Toronto.

PRAY FOR THE CHURCH

SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

SAVE FOR ETERNITY

Thank you pupils of St. Monica's School, Toronto. Father Jim invites other "Thoughts for the Month" from schools or individuals.

1153 King St. E.,
Kitchener, Ont.,

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We, the pupils of Grades 5 and 6 of St. Joseph's School would be very glad if you would please send us the Pledge Cards and Mite Boxes. We are interested in your missionary work.

* * *

St. Michael's Academy,
Chatham, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

I am enclosing a Money Order for ten dollars which we collected in our Mite Boxes. This is the fruit of many little sacrifices made for the Missions.

THE ACCOMPANYING SPIRITUAL OFFERING WILL SHOW YOU THAT WE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF OUR WORK FOR THE CHINA MISSIONS.

Your Little Friends,

Little Flower Missionaries,
Grade IX.

Spiritual Bouquet for China Missions

Masses	619
Holy Communions	366
Rosaries	765
Stations	551
Visits to Bl. Sacrament	738
Little Sacrifices	661
Hours of Study	854
Prayers for Peace	2,079
Ejaculations	4,792

* * *

Father Murphy Sends a Special Message to the Children of Canada from the Children of Lishui

Father Murphy, Director of our school at Lishui, has recently returned to Canada for special medical treatment. He still hears the cries and sees the sufferings of his beloved school children and asks you to join him in helping them.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I have just arrived in Canada directly from Lishui and you are the very first to receive any message from me.

Firstly I want to thank you ever so much from the bottom of my heart for all the wonderful prayers you have said and are still saying for the missionaries in China. Without those prayers everything we suffered would have been unendurable. We would have never been able to withstand our hardships if you had not begged Our Dear Lord again and again to help us in many special ways.

When I left Lishui there were many, many children without homes, without fathers and mothers, starving on the streets, begging a little rice to keep themselves alive. I cannot picture in mere words their suffering but only tell you that it is terrible beyond words. From them as their only representative here, I bring you their thanks for your pennies and material help, some of which has saved their lives. They thank you: they beg you to keep praying for them, that the Good God in Heaven may spare them more suffering. They have no more schools to go to, no new clothes to buy, many have absolutely nothing left in this world. Again I say, the children of *Lishui* thank you, the children of Canada, for your past prayers, material help and sympathy; they beg you for more.

Sincerely in Christ,

Father Harold Murphy

Stamps from the Following:

Junior Praesidium of Our Lady, Seat of Wisdom, St. Basil's Parish, Toronto, Ont.

Loretta Howlett, Goulds, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Gus Sears, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Marjorie, Betty and Patricia Howlett, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O Eternal God, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most Holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital
Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation.)

READ 'EM AND GRIN

Motorist (halted for speeding): "Please overlook it this time, officer, I was dashing to town to see my lawyer on urgent business."

Policeman: "That's fine. Now you have some news for him."

John: "Two months ago I had a little balance in the bank, but since our engagement—"

Jannette: "Don't be an old blueheard. Love makes the world go around."

John: "I know, but I didn't think it would go around so fast as to make me lose my balance."

For almost an hour the fussy woman had been badgering the shop assistant without making a purchase from the many fabrics shown. At last she said—"After all, I want muslin."

"You most certainly do, madam," the shop assistant agreed fervently.

Professor: "Well, I hope that lesson is perfectly clear."

Student: "Yeh, clear as mud."

Professor (absently): "Well, that covers the ground."

A young matron taking First Aid training had reached the resuscitation stage. One evening recently, returning from a Red Cross meeting, she observed a man, on a darkened side street, sprawled face downward.

"Aha," thought the matron, "Providence has sent me hither to minister to this poor unfortunate." Parking her car nearby she rushed over and began giving the treatment for resuscitation.

Presently the man stirred, looked up and spoke with great difficulty:

"Lady," he said, "I don't know what you're up to, but I wish you'd quit tickling me, I'm holding a lantern for a guy working down in this manhole."

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with the guide on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the hunters out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"Yes, all six of them."

"And are they all safe."

"Yes," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

Recruit: "The sergeant is always picking holes in me."

Corporal: "Well, you came here to be drilled, didn't you?"

A Sultan at odds with his harem
Thought of a way he could scarem;
He caught him a mouse,
Set it loose in the house,
Thus starting the first harem-scarem.

A charitable woman, much interested in a poor neighborhood, noticed that whenever she went through a certain street, a down-and-out man stood at the corner. One morning, feeling sorry for him, she slipped a dollar into his hand, whispering, "Never despair, fight on."

A few days later she passed the same corner, whereupon the seedy one rushed over, exclaiming, "Lady, you sure can pick 'em. Wow, what a parlay! Here's yer thoity bucks."

Teacher: "How old is your father?"

Tommy "Thirty-eight."

Teacher: "I'll have to give you home work more suited to his age."

Comments were being made about a singer:

Hostess: "Isn't he marvellous? Did you notice how long he held that note?"

Banker: "That's nothing! I've held one of his notes for five years."

Belle: "Do you really believe that some people can tell the future with cards?"

Nell: "Yes, my mother can. She took one look at my report card, and told me just what would happen when Dad got home."

"I hear you had a wrestling match with the top sergeant. What happened?"

"I decided to surprise him, so I jumps at him and grabs his wrist, and jerks his neck, like this, and before he knew what hit him—I'm flat on my back."

Mrs. Smith had died, and Dad wanted to put up some sort of memorial to her. A stained glass window in the local church being suggested, Dad agreed, and left all arrangements in the hands of the minister.

At length the window arrived, and was fitted into position. Dad, in an unusually excited frame of mind, set out to view it.

The minister escorted the old chap into the church and, with a flourish, indicated the window, which depicted an angel.

"How do you like it?" said he.

Dad gazed at it thoughtfully. "No good," he grunted.

"Why, what's your objection?"

"It ain't a bit like the missus."

Travelling Salesman: "You make a small deposit, then pay nothing for six months."

Cheep Skate: "Who told you about me?"

Amos: "I once had a beard like yours, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off."

Kale: "Well, my face once looked like yours and when I realized I couldn't cut it off I grew a beard to cover it."

Teacher: "Junior, explain to the class what a hypocrite is."

Junior: "A hypocrite is a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

The little woman had driven the grocer to distraction at the busiest time of the day, but finally he had managed to satisfy her.

"Do you know, Mr. Peek," she said, "when I came into your store I had a dreadful headache. I've quite lost it, now."

"It isn't lost, lady," said the exasperated grocer. "I've got it."

Visitor (in defense plant)—"Look at that youngster, the one with the cropped hair, the cigarette and trousers on. It's hard to tell whether it's a boy or a girl."

War Worker: "She's a girl and she's my daughter."

Visitor: "My dear sir, do forgive me. I would never have been so outspoken if I had known you were her father."

War Worker: "I'm not her father, I'm her mother."

Friend—"So you're setting your boy up in the bakery business."

Man—"Yes, he's so keen for dough and such a swell loafer that I'm sure he'll rise in the business."

"CHINA"
St. F.X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find $..... ., as a subscription to "China" for ..... years.

Name .....

New Address .....

Name .....

Old Address .....

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one).

Their Need is Urgent!

IN CHINA

Our Priests and Sisters are Refugees.

Homeless—Hungry.

Some still carry on amid the ruins of our own Missions.

Others are scattered far and wide, longing for the day when they may return to their work among their people now suffering indescribable hardships under the yoke of a cruel war invader.

★

Better days will come.

New little chapels will rise from the ruins.

Hope will live again in Chinese hearts.

For that blessed day we must prepare—now.

★

Dear readers and friends, we turn to you. On behalf of our young Canadian Priests and Sisters we appeal to you. In gratitude to God for the blessings we enjoy in our own beloved land, will you give something to those who have generously given all? Even the smallest offering will be most gratefully received.

- - - - - - -Tear out this coupon and mail today - - - - - - -

To the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Enclosed my offering for our Canadian Missionaries and the gallant Chinese people.

Name .....

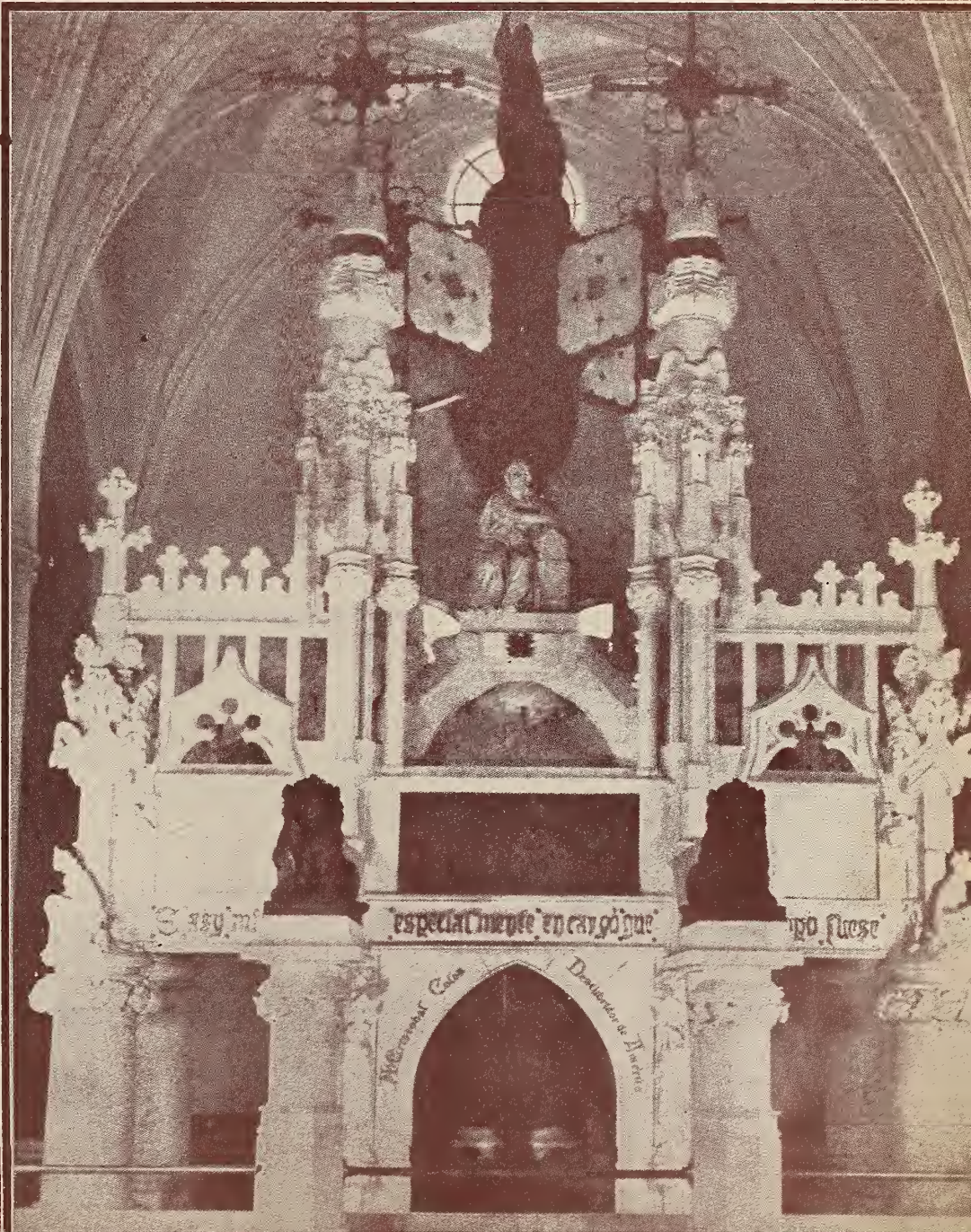
Address .....

.....

"For whosoever shall give you to drink a cup of water in my name, because you belong to Christ; amen I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." (Mark IX, 40).

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY - Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

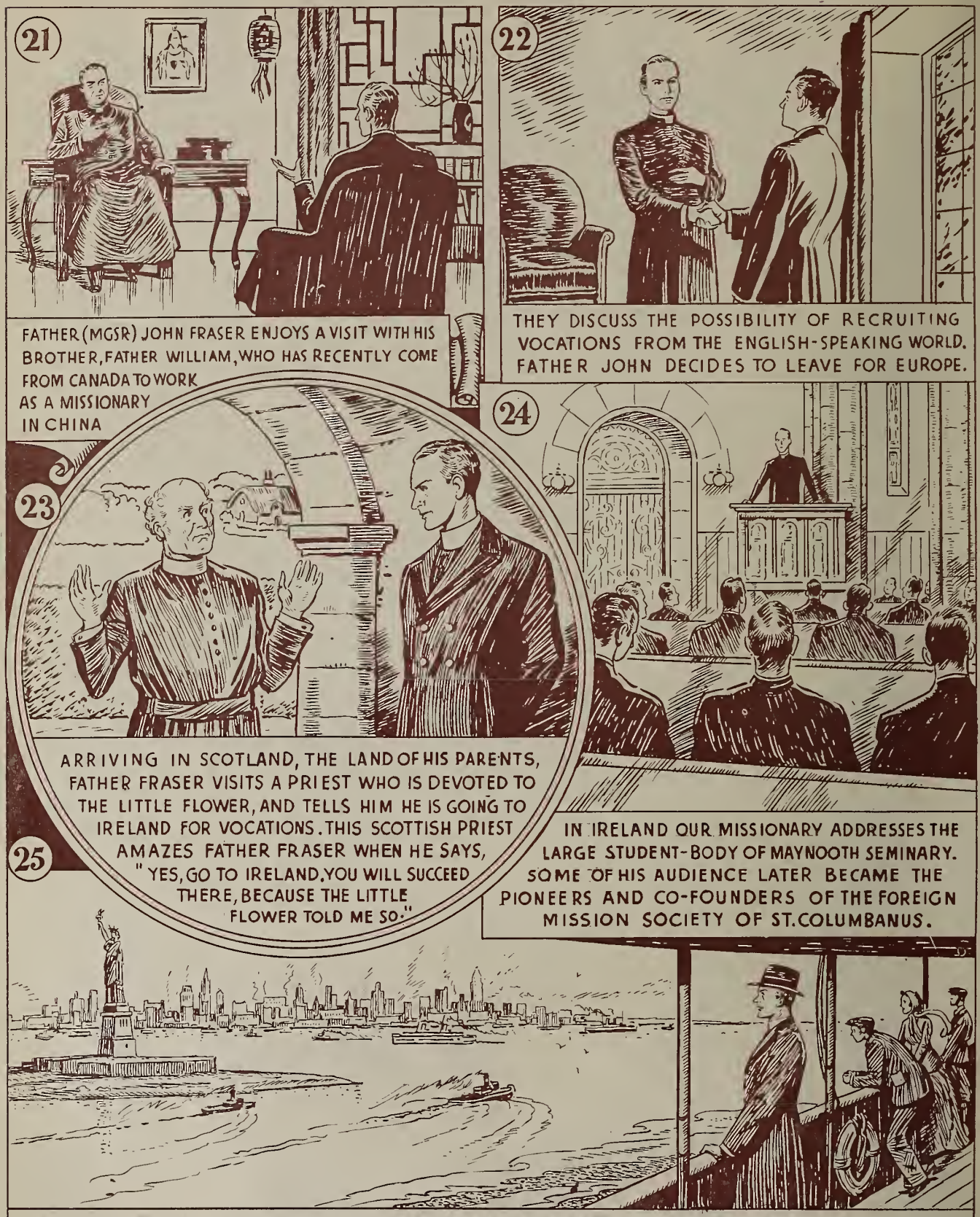
CHINA



CARBORO BLUFFS
ONT
FEBRUARY 1944

Ambassadors of Christ — *Life of Monsignor John Fraser*

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR



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Signposts

Broadcast Told of China's Many Martyrs

CHUNGKING, China, Dec. 31—The Chinese Catholics have been tried in the fire of martyrdom and have not been found wanting. Countless Chinese, even in the past century, have offered their lives for the love of Christ and His doctrines. Thousands have been proposed for beatification. In 1929 alone the Sacred Congregation of Rites introduced the causes of 2.418 martyrs from one section of the China mission.

These facts have been revealed by the Rev. Cormac Shanahan, C.P., editor of the China Correspondent in Chungking, in a broadcast to give the Catholic soldiers some idea of the heroism that has planted the faith of Christ deep in the roots of China.

One of the Chinese proposed for beatification is Paul Hsu Kwang Ch'I, who is an ancestor on the maternal side of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo of the Chinese republic. Paul Hsu Kwang Ch'I lived more than 300 years ago.

Refusal to trample on the cross won for Peter Wu Kewh Sheng of the Province of Kweichow a martyr's crown. This was the same Peter who was denied Baptism because of his fiery temper. He turned that temper into a blaze of zeal for Christ, and finally won admission to the Church after he had first instructed and prepared for Baptism 128 relatives and friends.

"In the district of Chinchow," Father Cormac relates, "about a hundred miles from Peiping there is a village church on whose walls are engraved the names of 1,800 martyrs from that one village." It is not more than 20 years, the priest points out, since the Communist struggle in China "when Catholics were put to death. Priests and people: simple village men, women, catechists, children —Chinese young and old died together."

To-day nearly four million Chinese Catholics live strong in their faith, which they have grasped deeply. They live, Father Cormac says, "reverently in spite of the paganism around them, and they know that they are ready by the thousands to lay down their lives for their faith as their fathers did. The Catholic faith is not a foreign religion in China. The word of Christ has taken root."

Please Pray for Our Deceased Friends

Mrs. Delia A. Murphy.

Sister Mary Bernard (Grierson).

Sister Mary Rosamond (Ferrigan).

Norman McQuaid (brother of Rev. Thomas McQuaid, S.F.M.). Norman was killed in action in Sicily on December 9th.

Rev. Earl Grant.

Mr. Belanger, father of Rev. A. Belanger of the staff of St. Augustines Seminary.

Mr. Ryan, father of His Excellency Most Rev. Joseph Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton.

MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE.

Our Sincere Gratitude

To B.M.F. of Guelph, Ontario, for the ransom of a Chinese baby in honor of the Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague.

To C.J.C. for the generous donation sent us for the work of the Church in China.

Request Granted

Mrs. J. P. Martin of Victoria, B.C., wishes to publish her thanks to Our Blessed Mother and the Little Flower, in thanksgiving for a great favor received through their intercession.

We Gratefully Acknowledge

A generous donation to our mission work, given by a friend in thanksgiving for a favor received. Promise to publish.

A Most Hearty Welcome

CHINA extends a most hearty welcome to the Bell Family of Shanghai, who have but recently arrived in the United States on the repatriation ship Gripsholm.

Many a fervent prayer for their safety was offered up during those dark days before and after the fall of Shanghai. God be praised for their safety.

May this family, which so often befriended our missionaries in China and whose home was always open to all of us, find in the United States that peace, happiness and success they all so richly deserve.

COVER

The tomb of Christopher Columbus in the cathedral of Ciudad Trujillo, in the Dominican Republic.

During this month the Dominican Republic will celebrate the centenary of its independence.

Saludos Amigos!

A SINCERE TRIBUTE TO THE DOMINICAN PEOPLE ON THE CENTENARY OF THEIR INDEPENDENCE

ON the island of Hispaniola, which Christopher Columbus discovered on the fifth of December, 1492, lies the Dominican Republic. It is the cradle of our Catholic Faith in the New World and the seat and source of Spanish-American culture.

In what is now Ciudad Trujillo, the capital, there was opened to the public the first University in this western world—that of St. Thomas Aquinas, on October 28th, 1538. This University still carries on. And on Dominican soil was raised the first Christian altar in this hemisphere, when on the 6th of January, 1494, Spanish priests offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In Ciudad Trujillo one may still see the first stone monuments erected by the Spaniards, monuments representative of the civilization and culture which the discoverers and colonizers brought to the new world.

It was from Santo Domingo that Cortes left for the conquest of Mexico; Diego Velasquez for the conquest of Cuba; Juan Ponce de Leon for the conquest of Puerto Rico; Alonso de Ojeda for the conquest of Tierre Firme; Pizarro for the conquest of Peru; Rodrigo de Bastidas for the conquest of Santa Marta and Balboa for the discovery of the Pacific Ocean.

This month of February in this year 1944, the people of the Dominican Republic celebrate the centenary of their independence. President Trujillo Molina and the Dominicans may well be proud of the great progress made in their country in education, hospitalization, commerce and industry. A member of the Allied Nations, Republica Dominicana is playing a vital and generous part in the cause of peace and the rehabilitation of the world.

On the opposite page are different scenes in the Dominican Republic. Up till a few years ago, Canadians knew little or nothing of our good neighbor to the south, but out of the present global conflict has arisen a new friendship and solidarity between the Canadian people and those of the Spanish-American countries. That friendship will grow and strengthen in the post-war days, and will usher in an era of greater prosperity and understanding between the two nations.

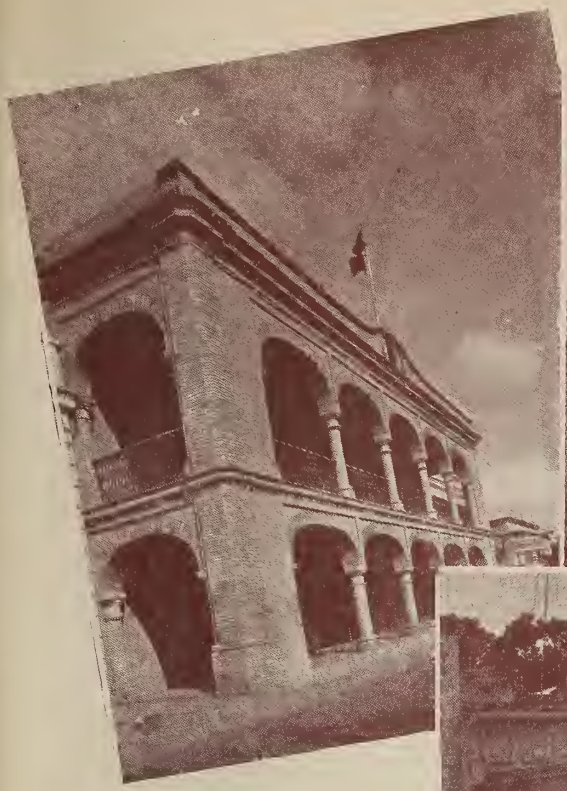
At present six priests of our Society are laboring in the Dominican Republic, where there is a tragic lack of padres for the large Catholic population. Father Hymus who has been working in Santo Domingo for some months past, has just recently been joined by Fathers Chafe, King, Cox, Walsh and Fullerton. All are at present busying themselves with the study of the Spanish language. They are actively engaged in parish work and speak very highly of the kindness, hospitality and charming character of the Dominican people.

On this happy occasion of the centenary of the Republic we add our small note of praise and best wishes to the full American chorus, with a sincere and hearty "Saludos Amigos".

May the years in store be years of prosperity and peace for this great Catholic Republic of the Carribean. The next hundred years do indeed belong to the nations of this western hemisphere, and the tide of empire moves steadily westward. In 1492 Columbus discovered the now Dominican Republic. May we in the years to come discover more fully this beautiful and gracious land of Santo Domingo, seat of our Catholic heritage, source of Spanish-American culture, land of great wealth and wondrous possibilities.

May God abundantly bless the land of Our Lady of Altagracia, the Land Columbus Loved.

CHINA



UPPER CENTRE—*President Trujillo Molina.*

★

UPPER LEFT—*One of the modern municipal buildings in the capital.*

★

UPPER RIGHT — *A main thoroughfare of Ciudad Trujillo.*

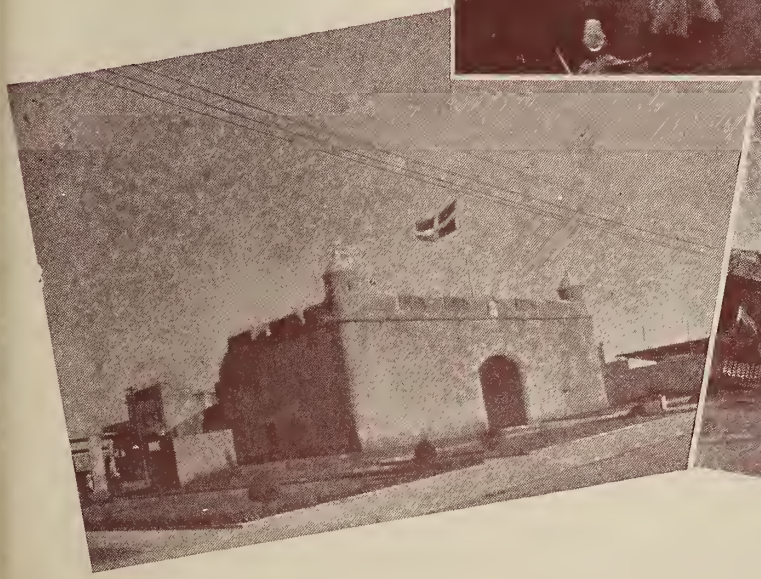
CENTRE—*A procession through the streets of the capital.*

★

LOWER LEFT—*Where the declaration of independence was signed.*

★

LOWER RIGHT — *A beautiful highway in Santo Domingo.*



A DESPATCH from China recently announced the death in Shanghai of a very colorful and interesting friend of mine. The man was Trebitsch Lincoln, *alias* Abbot Chao Kung; known to his Shanghai circle as The Abbé, to the world at large as spy, renegade, fanatic, crackpot, Member of Parliament, Minister of Religion, adventurer and humanitarian. It was at the home of the Editor of the Shanghai Catholic Review that I first met the Abbé. In his grey-brown Buddhist robes, with huge strings of beads, long beard and close-cropped hair, he looked like something out of Lost Horizon. But a discussion with Abbot Chao Kung, with no holds barred, would soon convince you that you were in contact with one of the most alert and brilliant minds of our day. Our meeting became quite a regular feature, every Monday afternoon. Other Shanghailanders gradually joined the little circle and soon we had quite a representative group of literary folk, enlivening the conversation and lingering over the inevitable "spot" of tea. I always looked forward to those little weekly sessions. There would never be a dull moment while Abbot Chao Kung held the floor.

* * *

The Abbé seemed to take an especial delight in Latin quotations from the Fathers. He would reel them off faster than the average mortal could begin to translate them. And he confessed to two pet aversions. Theology—and the British Empire. As the Abbé saw the situation, the world could have managed along quite nicely without either or both. Of all theological pronouncements, his special obsession was the Athanasian Creed and he positively inveighed against "the colossal smugness of Athanasius" and his "*absque dubio in aeternum peribit*"—"Tell me, Padre, how does Athanasius know that *any man, without doubt, will be lost forever?* Do *you* know? Does *anybody* know? There are hundreds of millions of people here in China who never heard of your Catholic Deposit of Faith. that *sine qua non* of eternal salvation. Are they all lost, *absque dubio?* What about that poor rickshaw coolie who pulled you through the streets of Shanghai this very afternoon? Does he belong irrevocably to the Legion of the Damned? As I see it, Athanasius wouldn't concede the poor devil even a fighting chance.

* * *

We did our best to reassure the Abbé. Neither Athanasius nor any other Catholic theologian, we said, would necessarily consign the poor coolie to eternal perdition. A man of the Abbé's keen intelligence would surely recognize the difference between formal heresy and invincible ignorance; between those who should and did know better and those who had never had a chance. If the coolie lived and died a pagan he would die with his real destiny unfulfilled, since God wanted *all men* to come to the knowledge of the truth, but he was guilty of no formal heresy, like those to whom the words of Athanasius were addressed. St. Thomas Aquinas, greatest of all our theologians, had taken care of this coolie when he said: *Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat gratiam suam*, if the Abbé would excuse my Latin. God does not deny His grace to the man who does what in him lies. But Abbot Chao Kung still "couldn't see" the Athanasian Creed.

* * *

Fiction is dull beside the facts of Trebitsch Lincoln's life. Born in Hungary, of Jewish parents, he became, at the age of twenty-four, one of the most brilliant speakers in the British House of Commons. He had been adviser to Ludendorff in Germany prior to 1914 and was a marked man in England after the outbreak of war. Finally, he had to leave the country and, not long after his departure, his son was hanged for treason. He was not permitted to return, even to see his son who was awaiting death and "this inhuman barbarism of the British Government" evoked a bitter hatred of England that undoubtedly motivated some of his subsequent political activities.

* * *

From England, the ex-Member of Parliament went to Canada, where he studied for the Protestant Ministry, was duly "ordained" and worked for a few years in a parish in Montreal. But he found his clerical associates "too narrow, bigoted, petty. They really had nothing to offer" he once confided to me. And so, "to get away from such religion", the Abbé sought refuge in Buddhism, journeyed to some remote Shangri La in Forbidden Tibet and studied under the old Buddhist masters. Why hadn't he given Catholicism a trial? Well, he had studied our

theology and decided that it was "turning simple faith into casuistry." He was convinced that the Pope was the only religious leader to whom bewildered humanity could turn, but there *were* no real Christians, anyway. "The mad Nietzsche was right, Padre. The only Christian died upon the cross."

* * *

From China he made several journeys to Japan, where his intimate association with political higher-ups aroused the suspicion of several European Governments. They queried the sincerity of Trebitsch Lincoln's Buddhism and promptly declared their countries out of bounds to the thundering Abbot. But he managed to secure a temporary bridgehead, some place in Europe; lectured in Austria and along the French Riviera till he became "sick to the soul" of the "emptiness and frivolity" of the socially elite. "You know, Padre, those stupid, impossible dowagers, all money and no brains. They begged me to remain and set up a sort of Buddhist social clinic. But what they wanted was not real thought or serious study. Just an escape. Escape from themselves, from the boredom and *ennui* of their empty, frustrated lives." So the Abbé said good-bye to all that, backtracked once more for China, this time taking with him ten "serious minded" young disciples; "souls seriously in search of truth" who were to study under him at his Monastery in Tientsin. Two of the disciples were women. But, alas, *La Donna e Mobile*. Both committed suicide after a few years and by the time I met the Abbé, seven of the original ten had abandoned the quest for truth in favor of more lucrative and tangible pursuits somewhere East of Suez.

* * *

Abbot Chao Kung knew the European situation as nobody I had ever encountered. As far back as 1937, two years before the outbreak of the present war, he made a pronouncement that we all discounted (as who wouldn't?) at the time, but which I have remembered ever since. He asked me never to quote him while he lived, for reasons which I never questioned, but I am now released from my promise. "Padre," he said to me one day, "you are an intelligent young man, even if a trifle naive, altogether too idealistic and, like so many Catholics, fundamentally *doctrinaire*. But you have little or no inside knowledge of European affairs. You believe largely what the man in the street believes, because your sources of information are controlled by political propagandists. You read the papers and swallow the fatuous prattle of crooked diplomats and wishful thinkers. Let me ask you a question now, to see if I am right. What do *you* think of the alliance between France and England? How will it shape up in World War II, which is just around the corner?"

* * *

What did I think? My opinion, surely, wasn't of much consequence in the eyes of Trebitsch Lincoln. I muttered something about the German menace and the Maginot Line and quoted Churchill, who had thanked God for the French army, "the strongest army, Abbé, in the world to-day." He smiled indulgently, almost wearily.

"My dear Padre, what else *could* you say? It is what they are *all* saying. But, believe me, it is false, tragically and dangerously false. Listen now to what an old Buddhist monk has to say and remember it after he is gone. France, my dear sir, is doomed. The handwriting is on the wall for those who have eyes to see. France is *so corrupt*, so politically rotten and morally depraved that NO POWER ON EARTH CAN AVERT HER IMPENDING DOOM. And England is so blind that she cannot see it coming. Mark my words, *France will yet drag England to the very brink of defeat and destruction*. From the collapse of France will follow, as the night the day, the loss of Indo-China and the loss of Indo-China will imperil Singapore, the impregnable outpost, the Maginot Line of British defence in Asia. A few years from now, my good young friend, wherever you happen to be, just think of what I am telling you now." *That prediction*, we repeat, *was made in* 1937, two years before the present war, five years before the help rushed to Singapore proved too little and too late and it was discovered that the world's greatest guns were pointing the wrong way.

* * *

Some of the Abbé's equally sensational conjectures seem worthy of consideration. He believed that Hitler, whom he knew intimately, would die insane. He might even be insane now, but Trebitsch Lincoln wasn't quite sure. The French were going to "overrun Canada by peaceful penetration" and more power to them, because the Scotch and Irish farmers were running to "sterile and inglorious bachelorhood" which was "treason to posterity." The Irishman's aversion to early marriage, and in many cases to marriage at all, was "chiefly for economic and partly for 'theological' reasons." Their insecurity complex was, without doubt, a throw-back to the penal days. The future now had to be assured, lock, stock and barrel, before they would take the matrimonial plunge, while the French, "with edifying and commendable abandon", trusted in God and did their duty. The Irish, he maintained, were still half Manichean in their outlook on marriage and seemed to regard bachelorhood as a virtue.

A third World War would be the beginning of the end for the White Race. An orgy of mutual destruction, with the then-perfected methods of scientific slaughter, would pave the way for the supremacy of the colored races, yellow, black and brown. America might not survive many centuries more, while China, for sure, would be one of the great world powers of the future.

* * *

The Abbé claimed that all too many Americans died long before their time, worn out from "nerves" and hypertension, and that, by and large, we missionaries were wasting our time in China. What we needed was a little of the Buddhist spirit of detachment, contentment, quiet, peace, cooperation with the inevitable. We were all too highly geared to tackle the nerveless Oriental and the "irresistible force" of our Apostolic Mission zeal was expending itself against the "irremovable object" of Oriental apathy. The mountain was in labor but only

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Ballad o

REV. L. G. FITZGE

My goodness! who'd a thought it, when young Frank went off to Boston,
And left me livin' all alone, in Bonavista Bay?
But he got good edjacation, livin' with his mother's uncle—
That was nearly thirty years ago—He's forty-two today . . .
And he's managin' a branch here, fer a firm in U.S.A.

Now I'm livin' in the City here, with fine things all around me;
With clothes galore and fancy grub, and money in the bank;
All the same, I can't help wishin' that he'd left me where he found me;
I'm too ole a man for gaiety, and never used to swank . . .
And I'm tired o' pretendin' that I like it here, to Frank.

Now he's Francis Daly, Junior, and he calls me Dad and Father,
Somehow, I'd kinda sooner when he used to call me Da;
He wasn't like a stranger there, at home in Sandy Harbor,
The three of us were happy then—May God be good to Ma.
And what care I for servants, talkies, bridge and prattle . . . Bah!

I am lonesome in the midst of crowds: and poor with worldly riches;
How foolish, all this struggle and this worry seems to be!
The rush to get to Nowhere, and the strain to finish Nothin!—
All the senseless strivin' tenseness, in the faces that I see . . .
But it all can't buy Contentment—that's the strangest thing to me.

They just bought me a Tuxedo, but they won't get it on me, though;
Just think what Uncle Neddy Green and Skipper Joe would do!
If they saw me silk pyjamas, all bedecked with Chinese dragons,
And the coloured scent the barber used to give me a shampoo . . .
Or the dinner coat I had to wear at gran'daughter's dayboo.

Just think o' me, who used to be at home, "Ole Dog Hood" Daly,
Bein' told by grown up wimmen that I'm "Just too, too divine"—
If that gets home I'm finished with me mates in Sandy Harbor . . .
Though I'm strong and straight, come May the Eight, I'll then be sixty-ni
But—I'd never live to raise again this ole white head o' mine.

But no one sees that hereabout: they think I should be happy;
So I left me friends and fishin' gear, to give their plan a try . . .
But the North keeps on a-callin'—I can see it's no use stallin'—
Keeps a-tuggin' at me heart-strings, till a mist comes to me eye;
And I only wish they'd learned to let a sleepin' Dog Hood lie.

Now I'm sittin' in an easy chair, and gazin' at the fire,
Before a green-tiled fire-place; where the servants call me "Sir"—
But I miss me flour-barrel chair, and barrel-over cooker;
And the smell of birch; and cracklin' of dry juniper and fir . . . .
And the appetizin' odour of a good salt water tur.

Wha's one cup o' tea, to the likes o' me, in fancy egg-shell china?
Her doves, and chicken a la mud—or any furrin' dish—
Like noodles, lilac sherbot, apertifs and bullyun,
Mackey rooms and sparrow grass? When all I do so wish
For doughboys, brewis, fresh cod's heads . . . or a bit a watered fish.

The smells and sounds of Newfoundland are not here in the City—
The smell of bark and oakum, and the new bass rope and twine;
Of pitch and tar in Springtime, and the scent of hay in Summer,
And the burnin' turf in Autumn, and the tangy smell of brine . . .
Ah! that makes revivin' incense for this sad, ole heart o' mine.

The hearty hail from loaded skiffs, all racin' for the Harbor,
And sinkin' to the gunnels with fresh, squirmin', lashin' cod.
The music of accordeons, across the Gut in Summer,
The happy song o' ploughmen, turnin' over new Spring sod . . .
And the merry sounds o' Nature—all proclaimin' Nature's God.

Dog Hood Daly

, St. Brendan's, Nfld.

Raindrops on the cottage roof, the rooster's call at dawnin';
Seas that thunder on the beach, dwies on the window pane;
The howl of dogs at midnight from far off, adown the valley;
The motor-boats at daybreak, and the rattlin' of a chain . . .
Oh, I'd give a thousand years of this, to know it once again.

I can see the schools of caplin now, that roll along the beaches,
And the gleamin' shoals, where herrin' sparkle in the midday sun,
The leapin', silver salmon in the clear pools in the river,
And the evenin' star atwinklin', all alone, when day is done . . . .
Oh! I wish you'd see—at least fer me—that, this is LIFE, my son.

For the roarin' seas on headlands are forever callin', callin',
And the skies above the Sugar Loaf, where carded clouds are curled;
The sunsets, red and amber, where the sun sinks in the ocean,
To wash the day's grime from his face—where lathered foam is swirled,
And groom—another day to cheer—that top-knot o' the world.

I still can hear the old church bell, on silent Sunday mornin's;
When a Sabbath hush is over all, and everything is still;
And the honest, hearty neighbours quietly talk of fish and weather,
After Mass and Benediction, grouped around the Chapel Hill—
Or on Sunday evenin's saunter to the ruined water mill.

"Young fella boy! Don't lose it", punctuatin' ole come-all-yees,
With a bulls-eye to the wood box, at the end of every verse . . .
Crude and backward, you may call it—just an outport bumpkin's pastime:
But—it never hurts our neighbor, our salvation nor our purse . . .
And I know of City pastimes—that are certainly much worse.

Can you blame me if I'm dreamin' of me room in Sandy Harbor?
Of me skiff, beached underneath the flake, fornenst the empty stage;
Of the wood-pile and potaty ground, beside the white-washed cottage;
And the horny handed "Skippers"—tough, but mellowin' with age,
Who yarn and arg' for hours . . . and then, end up in a rage.

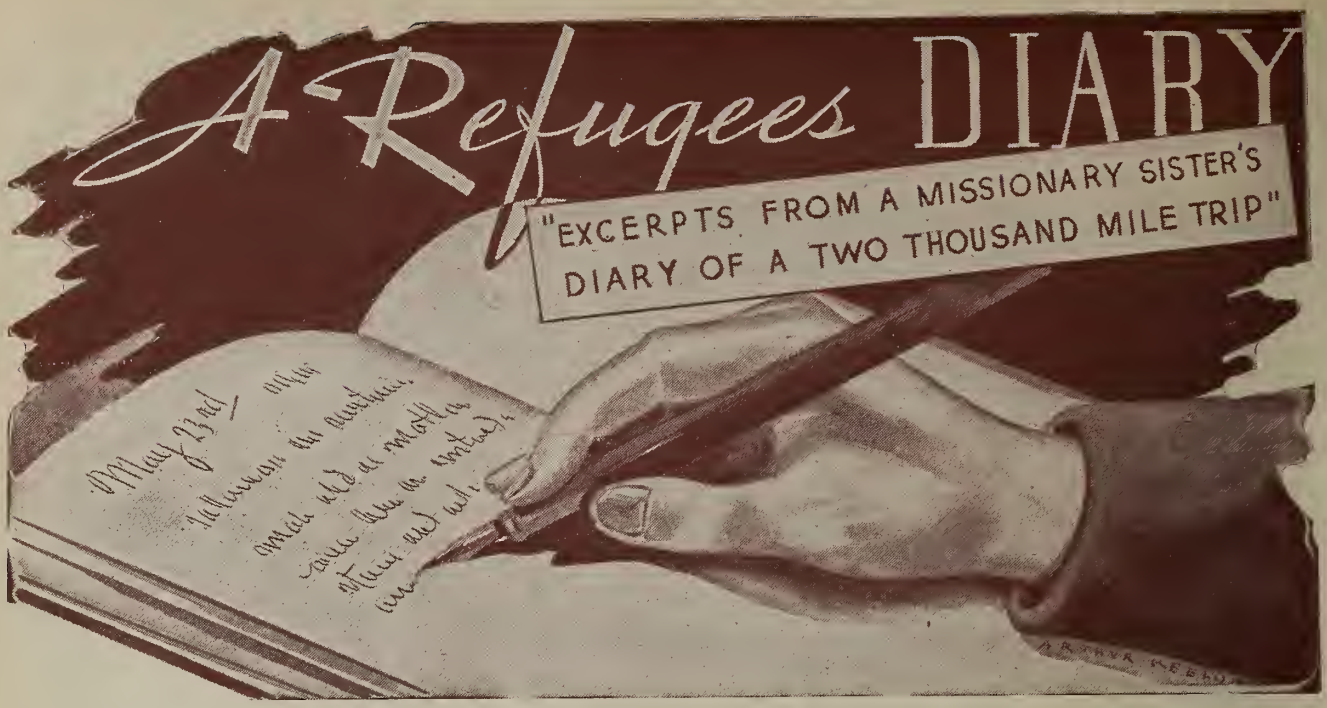
I wonder do they miss me—me ole lobster pots and killicks.
The wood-horse and the cellar, the ole stable and the store;
The punt, I built two year ago, just purposely for gunnin',
And the little ole hack kitchen, where the kittle sang of yore?
Do they whisper—"Where's our lover? Will he see us any more?"

I am comin' back, ole cottage—tell the lobster pots and killicks—
Your faded walls, me cracked ole chanties, never did annoy;
I'll clear your garden path of weeds, and mend the picket fences;
And hathe me cramped and stifled soul, and chuckle like a boy,
And I'll live to be a hundred, in your clean, sweet, simple joy.

Yes, I'm comin', ole white cottage—tell me gunnin' punt and kittle—
Back, to the woods and harrens, where the hare and hull-moose roam—
Back to the peaceful meadows, to the skiff moored on the collar—
Back to the cleansin' breezes—purified by ocean foam . . .
I could kiss the very beach rocks in my sea-girt, outport home.

Father Gray, our pastor, told me—and it seems the good man knew it—
(And thank God! I took his counsel then, and did not sell a thing)
"Old oaks can't thrive in flower pots, and whales can't live like gold fish;
This is not good-bye, ole sea-dog: I will see you in the Spring" . . . .
Yes, Please God! the month of May will hear my corkin' mallet ring.

Then I'll breeze again before the wind, asingin' at the tiller,
Racin' Uncle Ned and Skipper Joe, across the Harbor Bar;
In this sport for kings I'll revel, fearin' neither man nor devil—
Where the sea gulls dive fer herrin', like a swiftly fallin' star . . . .
I'll be smokin' good black baccy . . . . Not a twenty cent seegar.



SUNDAY.

Still no sign of moving on. No Mass to-day as none of the Fathers has a Mass kit. Mrs. Chen invites us to the Methodist Church for Service. While out for a stroll this morning we meet two young ladies looking for a Mission. They are refugees from Canton. They have been here in Yungan for several weeks but had never found any trace of the Catholic Church in all that time. They were disappointed when we told them that we were only passing through. After leaving them we met an old lady. She made the Sign of the Cross to show that she was a Christian and then told us in flowing language how glad she was to have the Mission move back to Yungan.

MONDAY.

We are supposed to move to-morrow.

TUESDAY.

Sr. St. Kenneth has a high fever, Malaria. Frs. Steele and White some fever also.

WEDNESDAY.

Sr. St. Kenneth's fever 104 all day. Mrs. Chen decides to call her brother-in-law, a doctor. He comes and gives her a quinine injection. Others all well. Frs. McK. and Morrissey run into Frs. Hudswell and Lyons, while shopping for dinner. They arrived last night. They are welcome guests at our hillside home. They give us all the news about Lungchuan. The other Sisters left a few days after we did. They are now in Kienow, the guests of the American Dominican Sisters. They left Lungchuan just before the heavy bombing, and are waiting in Kienow for transportation. Both Fathers had a fairly good trip and expect to continue on a military truck on Friday. We are scheduled to leave to-morrow, that is Thursday. Sr. St. Kenneth's fever is down.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13.

The driver comes to tell us he is ready to leave at six a.m. We went down town to buy some food for the trip, salt, sugar, etc. While there we met Mr. Chang who handles the business of moving the trucks and he tells us that the truck will move outside the city because of fear of alarms and that it will leave at 4 a.m. We packed our baggage and slept a few hours. May have to walk to-morrow. Bid good-bye to Frs. Hudswell and Lyons.

FRIDAY, AUG. 14.

On the roadside again, after walking the five li to the truck, and in the sun, too. Frs. Hudswell and Lyons pass us on the military truck. I wonder how many more five li we are going to do to-day. It is not our truck this time, but one of the others has decided that when it left Mr. Ford's factory it was not expected to cover such rough roads as those of Fukien Province. We are all sleepy, we were called out at 2.30 a.m. and after a walk (each carrying a stub of candle), which seemed miles and miles long we arrived at the truck about dawn. Another passenger and his wife had taken a fancy to our truck and just had parked themselves and their baggage on board. We tumbled in as best we could and off we went, but we didn't go far. Everyone is in high spirits to-day, and we are reconciled to the roadside. We are certainly seeing China inch by inch. Now we are off again, now we are off the truck again, no trees in sight and plenty of sun. Not a drop of water to drink, and we are so thirsty that the muddy water lying in the rice paddies looks tempting. We are hoping to reach Chanting to-night. We would so love to have Mass to-morrow — Our Lady's Feast Day. Three hours pass and we are still sitting motionless. Here comes the mechanic. Thank God we will get going at last.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15.

The inevitable has happened—we are not on but off the roadside this time. Fr. White is being treated by a Chinese Quack, and Fr. Steele is working on Sister Superior's arm. Our truck turned over into a ditch just two hours

ago. Thank God, none killed, though for a while we all thought ourselves dead. Frs. Steele, McKernan and Morrissey were not slow in getting over the shock of their tumble and they pulled the rest of us out from under the crates and boxes of machinery. The driver's month-old baby came out of it without a scratch. Fr. White seems to have a broken shoulder bone—the doctor is trying to fix him up, but he is too weak to take much treatment now. Fr. Steele comes to his aid and puts a bandage on his shoulder and eases the pain considerably. Sr. Superior may have a broken wrist. There is no public bus today, otherwise the wounded could go to Kanchow, where a foreign doctor resides. Our baggage is scattered all over the road. Fr. Boudreau, who had jumped off his seat on top of the cabin of the truck, has taken charge of it and having some Chinese pile it neatly on the side of the road. The station master gives us the waiting room in the station to rest in. A hundred or more coolies are working frantically to get the truck out of the ditch.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Late this evening we arrived at Pang Kou. The truck is pretty well battered up and none of us enjoyed the drive over the mountains from Kutien where we had turned over. Twice it stopped before reaching the top of a very steep grade, and once skidded back some fifteen feet when the brake would not hold. After the accident, with the truck just barely holding together, and loaded to more than capacity, we did not trust it too much. We all got out and walked up and over the mountain roads. Some of the climbs were too steep for the loaded trucks, so we had to walk a few hours. We all feel safer on two feet than on four wheels now. No need to coax us to walk the hills now, Mr. Driver, we'll walk any time you think there is anything even resembling a grade from now on. The police are in for our passports. We are in a good-sized room in a small inn. To-morrow we expect to leave at daybreak—for where we do not know until evening.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16.

Arrived at Chanting early in the afternoon. All are very tired. We slept but little last night, the inn was so noisy. We had a long hold-up here on arrival due to passports. Here at the Mission, Fr. Lodding, O.P., and Fr. Flaherty, C.M., gave us a warm welcome. We were surprised to find Frs. Hudswell and Lyons here. The Sisters, three Dominicans, are the essence of kindness. They even loaned us their clothes, for our own are far from their original whiteness. It is good to sit down at a table again. Sr. M. Vianney is very sick, the Sisters lavish their attention on her. We would like to accept the Sisters' pressing invitation to stay and rest a few days, but the morrow must find us on the road again. Fr. Boudreau is taking the P.O. truck. Mr. Andrew Ling, Agnes and Mary are in it, too. Frs. Lodding and Flaherty put splints on Sr. Superior's arm, made from an old cigar box.

MONDAY.

This morning we had Mass in the Convent. At breakfast we were interrupted by an alarm, but no planes came. The Sisters took us out in the garden and we hid in the corn while some planes passed overhead some time later. After the all-clear we left for the truck again. Frs. Lodding and Flaherty walked to the truck with us. Fr. Lyons came on bike. Fr. Hudswell intends to take advantage of the Mission to rest a few days before going up by bike. Monday noon we stop for dinner at a small village on the border of Fukien and Kiangsi. We are tired and we have covered some pretty high mountains on foot this morning. We walked steady from seven till 11.30. Srs. Superior and M. Vianney, on account of their illness, were allowed to remain in the truck. The driver's wife and mother walked with us. Fr. Lyons has caught up with us and is joining us in some dinner. This afternoon, with some luck, we should reach Sui Chin.

We are stranded again, and I cannot say we are sorry. If the lights and livers are not shaken out of it, it is not the truck's fault. We have covered some very bumpy ground. Fr. McKernan was nearly thrown out of the truck. Wash basins and bedding bounced into the road. Fr. Steel received a bad jolt. We have no oil—what to do??? Fr. McK. decides to walk to Sui Chin. We decide to follow Fr. McK.

MONDAY NIGHT.

We walked for an hour or more when relief oil came and the truck picked us up. For an hour we moved fast, but stopped within sight of the city—no gasoline. Fr. Lyons caught up with us again on his bike. We walked into Sui Chin. Srs. Superior and M.V. followed later with the news that the truck would stay there all night and that our baggage was not safe. What to do? Go after it.

TUESDAY.

Sui Chin. We went after the baggage all right, an army of coolies accompanying us. It was dark, 12 p.m., but we made the return trip with the decision that a few days off the truck would be restful. A Christian woman prepares our supper, then brings us to our room. We walked through a block of ruins that once was a lovely Mission—the Reds had completely destroyed it some years ago. Srs. Superior and M.V. are to leave this morning in company with Frs. Steele and White for Kanchow. Fr. McKernan is trying to get a boat to take us to Kanchow. Fr. Lyons intends to leave in the morning by bike.

TUESDAY, P.M.

Frs. McKernan and Morrissey succeeded in getting a boat and we are on our way. An alarm and a few planes held us up for a while. The boat is quite large and comfortable. The boatman is preparing rice, but we prefer to do it ourselves.

WEDNESDAY.

A fine day for a sail, and a day to sail. At noon we arrive at a big town where the boatmen stop for dinner. We set out to find the Mission and at the city gate are stopped for passport inspection. What to do? Our passports are down in the sampan. The soldier directs us to go around the city wall and we did and had one long search for the Tien Chu Tang (Catholic Mission). We found an old catechist who gave us a bowl of mien (macaroni). We

asked him to buy us some eggs and chicken for to-morrow's meals. We are due in Yutu to-morrow evening. The boatmen were quite interested in our method of cooking chicken. They killed and cleaned them and cannot just understand why we do not eat the head and feet. At 4.15 we arrived at Yutu and found our way to the Mission. Frs. Mason and Cronin, C.M., received us warmly. After a very good supper the Fathers entertained us with their musical instruments. A little after 2 a.m. Frs. McKernan, Lyons and Morrissey will say Mass and immediately afterwards we must return to the boat, as we pull out from shore around four. Father Lyons intends to join us.

THURSDAY, A.M.

All on the boat slept late this morning. We had some time picking our steps to the boat in the wee sma' hours. Fr. Lyons' ~~boat~~ bike took a nose dive into the water, but the boatman rescued it. We shall have breakfast together—rice and chicken.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21.

We stopped at a small town for lunch. Fr. McKernan, on his way to the customs, runs into a pleasant surprise and rushes back to tell us that Frs. Curtin and McGettigan, with three Dominicans, Frs. Joyce, Devine and Br. Jordan are on the highway, travelling by bus from Kienow, bound for Kanchow. We hurried from our tea bowls and stepped fast. The Fathers stopped for lunch, too, and gave us some news of our Sisters and Priests. They laughed when we told them to announce our arrival in Kanchow that evening, for it seemed too far for a half day's boat trip. Fr. Devine had a thermos bottle of coffee and he gave us our first draught of that precious beverage that we had in years, it seemed. Our boatmen are working well, though we are held up by a heavy wind. At about five in the afternoon we change to a smaller boat, and in an hour's time we shall be in Kanchow. We arrived a little later than we expected, and Sister Vincent Louise of the Sisters of Charity welcomed us to her lovely convent. She had our dinner all prepared and our beds, too. She turned the Sisters' community room into a dormitory for the refugee Sisters. To sleep in a bed again, the second time since we left Lungchuan nearly a month ago—what a treat.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22.

To-day we met all the Sisters—Srs. Clara, Catherine, Emily, Eugenia, and Anselme. The Sisters are kept very busy in the hospital and dispensary. An air alarm does not mean so much here, and does not give one the feeling it does in good old Lishui. Frs. Reeves and McGoey arrive in town to-day. Sr. M. Vianney has been strongly advised by Dr. Wilson to return to Canada. Another alarm to-day and a few planes pass over (Sunday). Sr. Vincent gave us ice cream for dinner to-day and Sr. St. Martin said the long trip was worth while when ice cream entered into it.

MONDAY.

An alarm this morning. The Sisters make us feel so much at home. They have a beautiful chapel, the equal could hardly be found in America.

TUESDAY.

There is talk of leaving to-morrow. Another alarm. We pack for the road again, but there is nothing definite.

(*To be continued*)

●

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

(*Continued from page* 7)

the ridiculous mouse was born. It was as simple—and final—as all that.

* * *

I looked at the Abbé. And I was suddenly conscious of feeling very sorry for him. "Don't you protest *just a little bit too much?*" I asked him. "Too much about peace and quiet and the secret of happiness. It seems to me you have known little peace throughout your own troubled years. Would you take offence if I said something very personal?"

"Not at all, my dear Padre. Say anything you please."

"I think, Abbé, that you are a lonely and an unhappy man, one of the most lonely men I have ever known. You are in the wrong place, that's sure. That great mind of yours needs something more than negation and suppression and the escape that Buddhism provides for Oriental disillusionment. Let me tell *you* something about happiness. The little Sisters in our Lishui dispensary, surrounded by human suffering and disease, know more of happiness in one hard-working day than you have known in years. They may be expending themselves against your Oriental apathy, but there is a positive happiness, a transforming love of Christ, a lifting up of the human soul to God such as no Buddhist can ever know. If somebody were to ask me who is the last man in the world who would be content to vegetate and atrophy behind the walls of a Tibetan Monastery, I think I should say Trebitsch Lincoln. But you could have found happiness and fulfilment in the Catholic Church. Am I preaching too much? Am I boring you with my own 'Apostolic zeal' in your regard?"

"Quite the contrary, Padre. I regard you as a friend and I deeply appreciate your sincerity." And it seemed to me that as Abbot Chao Kung uttered almost the last words I ever heard him speak, the man who knew all the answers was suddenly none too sure of *himself*.

* * *

Well, the Abbé is gone. His colorful and turbulent career is at an end and he knows now, *absque dubio*, the answer to the riddle of life and death. Let the world pass judgment on Trebitsch Lincoln. There is so much about the man, as about all men, that the world will never know. It is not for us to make pronouncements as to the eternal fate of that brilliant, erratic, lonely soul that knew so little peace on earth. And one "Padre", whom he "regarded as a friend" will utter many a silent prayer that his soul may rest in peace.

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE SUM OF $.....

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XVI—No. 2 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. February, 1944

My dear young missionaries:

In this organization of ours there are three conditions of membership. First, daily recital of the specified prayer. Second, monthly Communion for Vocations for the Foreign Missions and thirdly, financial aid for the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

The most important of these conditions is the second one, monthly Communion for Vocations. You are urged to receive Our Divine Lord into your souls each month and while He is present within your soul, you must plead with Him to inspire young boys and girls to devote their lives to the Foreign Missions as Priests, Brothers and Sisters.

When you are praying to Our Lord speak to Him as you would to your earthly father or mother; tell Him how much you love Him and let Him know, from your own lips, that you are deeply concerned about His Kingdom on earth. Tell Him that this is the reason you have joined the Little Flower's Rose Garden. He loves the Little Flower very much and knows that she longed to be a missionary when she lived on earth. He fulfilled her desire by making her the Patroness of all Catholic Missions after her Canonization as a Saint. Tell Him, then, that you are a follower of Little Therese and that you want to help make missionaries by your prayers.

To you members of High School age, especially to those in fourth year, I plead with you to consider your future. The most important thing in life is to save souls. "For what does it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his own soul." These are the words of Our Divine Lord. Take them to heart and ask yourselves if you would not like to be a missionary. To boys, young men, in the last year of High School I appeal especially to consider a vocation to the Missionary Priesthood with the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, here at Scarboro Bluffs. Pray during the moments of thanksgiving following your monthly Communion that YOU may be chosen to go forth and preach the Gospel. This is the greatest gift that God can give you in this life: The Priesthood. Please think it over and if you decide that you may have a vocation write as soon as possible to *Father Rector, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.*

* * *

During the month of February the Holy Season of Lent will begin. It is a time of special prayer and sacrifice. Use it well and offer your prayers and sacrifices to Almighty God for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world. Only when all nations come to know and love Christ, the King of Kings, will world peace be possible.

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

The Mail Bag

Wilfred Gagne, 185 Colborne Street, Montreal, Que.

I am enclosing $1.00 for the poor Chinese children. . . . I belong to St. Ann's Parish and we keep praying for these children every day.

May God bless you, Wilfred, for your prayers and donations

* * *

Rev. Mother M. Pauline, Port Colborne, Ont.

Enclosed is a picture . . . taken for the Missionary Exhibition. . . . Enclosed also find three dollars for the Missions. . . . Father, we enjoy your Theatre of the Air on Sunday afternoon. We wouldn't miss it.

Well, many thanks for everything, Mother Pauline.

* * *

The Fewers, 97 Gower Street, St. John's, Nfld.

Here we are again after a whole year, turning up to greet you and the Priests of the Mission with our annual "mite" to help on the work in the Master's Vineyard. . . . You see, Father Jim, some of your "Buds" have grown up and have gone out into the business world, so now instead of the "Lowly Copper" they sometimes drop in even a quarter. . . . Wishing you and all the Priests at the Seminary a Happy and Peaceful Christmas. . . . Ted is with the Canadian Army Overseas.

I thank you all sincerely. Father Jim must be getting old if there are some of the 'Buds' grown and gone out into the world. I know the members of the Rose Garden will pray for Ted.

* * *

Nellie Sears, 23 Aldershot Street, St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

Thanks very much for your letter. . . . I can't tell you how glad I was to get your letter. You see, it was the first time in my life I received a letter, so I am going to keep it as a keepsake.

You have received another one by this time, Nellie.

* * *

Senior Pupils, St. Mary's School, La Salette, Ont.

We wanted to welcome Father Beal home and are doing it this way. We are adding five dollars to our fund for his work.

Father Beal certainly appreciates your interest and assistance. You have

probably had a visit from him by this time.

* * *

Dolo and Gerald Colford, Carbonear, Nfld.

Here we are with a little Christmas offering.

Not so little and I am sorry your name did not appear in the September issue of CHINA.

* * *

Pat and Larry Kelly, 1531 Donald Street, Fort William, Ont.

We say the prayer you sent us nearly every night, sometimes we do forget but we try not to.

And that is as much as anyone could do. Keep trying, Pat and Larry.

* * **

Winnifred Wilson, 3747 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you one dollar for your Mission.

Thank you very much, Winnie. You are a faithful Little Missionary.

* * *

Angela Hoskins, Carbonear, Nfld.

I notice you did not continue the story, "Murder in a Nunnery". I was very interested to find out who was the guilty one, but I must admit I did not like the title of the story.

I can assure you the murderer was NOT a Nun!

* * *

Marcella Mullins, Carbonear, Nfld.

We hear often from John and Pat, who are in the Navy. I know you are praying for them.

Yes, Marcella, I have recommended both John and Pat to Our Blessed Mother. Say the Rosary sometimes for them before the Blessed Sacrament.

* * *

Reggie Kay, Erindale, Ont.

I am sorry that I haven't written you sooner but as I am going to High School now, I have not much time after doing my homework. . . . I laughed till my sides were sore when reading about Father Hymus and his horse-back ride.

Father Hymus will laugh, too, Reggie, when he reads your comments.

NEW MEMBERS

St. Cecilia's School, Toronto, Ont.

Therese McFarland, Mary Helen McIsaac, Barbara McManus, Mary Ann Colman, John Bannon, Donna Bill.

* * *

Jean and Martha Molloy, Coe Hill, Ontario.

(Jean would like to hear from Agnes Molloy, Glace Bay, N.S. Like all Young Missionaries of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, they want Pen Pals.)

* * *

St. Paul's School, McKim, Minnow Lake, Ont.

Arthur Rivers, Arvella Cormier, Betty Zuber, Billy Stevenson, Carolyn Kampman, Eldon McDonald, Ernest Cormier, Gerald Gorman, Henry Edmon, Arthur Keen, Loretta Cormier, Joan Ellis, Charlie Cormier, Mary Jane McGovern, Robert Thibeault, Mary Marcotte, Virginia Franceschini, Harriet Olive, Vivian Stevenson, Helen O'Brien, Edna Zuber, Howard Nadeau, Iris Nesbit, Jimmy McInnis, Joan Legree, Martin Young, Michael O'Brien, Sheila Riley, Vernon McDonald, Victor Adams, Wilma Olive, Jack Fortier, Coline Whithead, Nora Young, Anna Mary Dominique, Richard Fellbaum, June Cook, Joseph Fortier, Ann Stokes, Betty Adams, Sylvio Stevenson, Mary Ann McInnis, Margaret Belfry, Mary Borton, June Benard, Robert Borton Ernest Keen, Mary Nesbitt, Iris Rivers, John Dominique, Olive Ellis, Daniel Thibeault, Raymond Theriault, Ann Ellis, Alice Dominique, Florence Olive, Doris Chenier, Roy Nolan, Agatha Stevenson, Frances Adams, Betty Sloan, Shirley Paul, John Adams, Joyce Nolan, June Young, John O'Brien, John Watson, George Young, Bernard Borton, Tom McGovern, William J. Stevenson, Helen Dominique, Kathleen Rannelli, John Belfry, Clifford Martel, Lucille Fortier, Theresa O'Brien, Shirley Stokes, Nicky Franceschini, Rita Thompson, Florence Thibeault, Patricia Adams, Betty Jane Boucher, Cecile Stevenson, Maurice Gravelle.

* * *

St. Theresa's School, Ottawa, Ont.

Grade III—Betty Bergin, Louretta Bradley, Helen May Clerouy, Dorothy Gibson, Maureen Hanrahan, Nancy Kelly, Gale Barrie, Douglas Deston, Jimmie Fay, Peter Ferrigan, Harold Gange, John Godmere, Francis Morrisey.

Grade V—Mary Bowes, Betty Ann Bowman, Carmel Butler, Hugette Charon, Gerald Doyle, Lois Gauthier, Doreen Gibson, Janet Markey, Catherine Pender, Teresa Smith, Jack Baisana, Wallace Burke, Allan Dacey, Billy Enright, Paul Ferrigan, Eugene Lacharice, Ronald Lake, John Maxwell, Barry McGrory, John McLean, Bernard O'Calahan, John Sims.

We invite all young men who desire the inestimable gift of the Holy Priesthood to write to us immediately.

YOU MAY HAVE A VOCATION!

★

WE WILL HELP YOU TO DECIDE!!

Address all communications to:

FATHER RECTOR

St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

STAMPS FROM THE FOLLOWING

Mrs. R. C. Carter, 42 Fairmount Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Miss Loretto Martin, Penetang, Ont.; Miss Ada Murphy, Emerald, P.E.I.; Miss Dorothy Arac, St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, N.S.; Loretta Howlett, Goulds, St. John's, Nfld.; Mr. M. J. Faherty, 230—21st Avenue, S.W., Calgary, Alta.; Miss Daphne Smith, Sydney, N.S.; Miss Alice Arsenault, Wellington, P.E.I.; Miss Marie C. O'Brien, Morell, P.E.I.; Rita Faller, Blind River, Ont.; M. MacDonell, Montreal, Que.; Miss L. McMahon, 2228 Addington Avenue, Montreal, Que.; Mr. Chas. Houston, 464 Hillsdale East, Toronto, Ont.

WE THANK YOU!

Preston Separate School,
Preston, Ontario.
November 29, 1943.

Dear Father Jim:

Congratulations to Scarboro Foreign Mission Society on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee! We were happy to celebrate, by viewing your exhibit at the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition which we attended on October 19. We lingered long at the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society's booth, for we found it doubly interesting, the scenes depicted there were so familiar, since we are readers of "China" and naturally we feel at home among Chinese scenes, then, too, we feel at home among the Fathers of your society. We love to call it "Our Society".

We adopted a new plan of praying for the priests. We cut out all the pictures of the S.F.M. priests which appeared in the October issue, placed the pictures in a bag and then selected our priest. All the pupils wanted one of the priests we know, so it certainly was a very exciting period.

May our visit to the Exhibition make us more mission minded, and may vocations to the mission field bloom among our Crusaders.

We would like to say "Merry Christmas" personally to each Father, and we would appreciate a remembrance in your prayers.

Yours sincerely,

C.C.S.M.C.

READ 'EM AND GRIN

Man: "How much is this hat?"
Clerk: "Fifteen dollars, sir."
Man: "Where are the holes?"
Clerk: "What holes?"
Man: "The holes for the ears of the jackass that would pay that much for it."

There once was a bulldog named Caesar,
Saw a cat, and he thought he would teasar,
But the cat was too sly,
And she scratched at his eye,
Now Caesar just seaser and fleasar.

The prize for timely advertising should go to the London barber, who, cleaning up the rubble left by a near bomb hit, declared himself open for business with this message. "I've just had a close shave—how about you?"

Sarge: "Why did you salute that truck driver?"
Rookie: "That wasn't a truck driver. That was General Hauling. Didn't you see the sign?"

The six ages of man:
6 months—all lungs.
5 years—all ears.
14 years—all hands
21 years—all muscle.
45 years—all paunch.
60 years—all in.

Sergeant (striding into the squad room): "All right you — — lazy apes, fall out."
The soldiers grabbed their hats and swarmed out—all but one who continued to lie on his bunk blowing smoke rings.
Sergeant (roaring): "Well?"
Private: "Well, there were a lot of them, weren't there?"

Larry: "What was your sister so angry about?"
Harry: "She sent me to the drug store to get some cold cream, and I got ice cream. It was the coldest they had."

"Have you really shown me everything you have in the shop?"
"Not quite, madam. We have an overdue account of yours on our books, if you would care to see it."

"Tell the court how you came to take the car."
"Well, the car was standing in front of the cemetery and I thought the owner was dead."

Yachtsman: "If this squall continues, I shall have to heave to."
Girl Passenger: "What a horrid way to put it."

Old Lady: "What's that ugly insignia on the side of the bomber?"
Sgt.: "Shh! That's the commanding officer looking out of the window."

A little boy went to the drug store for some pills.
"Anti-bilious?" asked the clerk.
"No, it's my uncle," was the reply.

A sailor entered a restaurant and ordered some soup. After a good look at it he called the waiter and asked him what it was.
"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.
"Well, I'm blowed," replied the sailor, "I've been sailing on soup all during the war and didn't know it."

A squadron observer was called in by his commanding officer after an air raid and asked if he had been nervous during the attack.
"No, sir," was the reply. "I was cool as a cucumber."
"I'm glad to hear that," smiled the CO. "It appeared that you may have been a little rattled when you called in that there were 27,000 bombers coming over at 18 feet."

A tourist stopped his car at a country filling station and asked for some gas. To make conversation he said to the graybeard attendant: "MacArthur is doing great work, isn't he?"
"Who is he?" was the reply.
"Why, man, don't you read the newspapers?" said the tourist.
"No," was the response. "I don't read the papers or listen to the radio."
"In that case," said the customer, "give me four new tires and fill up the tank with high-test gas."

Preacher: "If there is anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand."
Brother Pete stood up to the astonishment of all.
Preacher: "What's this, Brother Pete, you like sin?"
Brother Pete: "Pardon me, I thought you said gin."

Friend: "So now you and your son are carrying on the business together?"
Owner: "Not exactly. I run the business, and my son does the carrying on.

A Scotsman went into a telegraph office to send a wire, and was told that he had to pay for the message, but that his name went free. He thought it over for a while, but then said in a broad Scottish accent: "Ye may or may no think it, but I'm an Indian, and my name is 'I won't be home till Saturday'."

The invited guest was being shown to his bed in the haunted room by his host's faithful but rather sinister-looking retainer. At the door of the room they paused.
"B-b-by the way," said the guest, "has anything—er—unusual ever happened in connection with this room?"
"Not for over 50 years, sir," said the servant hollowly.
"And what happened then?" asked the guest with a sigh of relief.
"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared at breakfast the next morning," came the reply.

Judge (whispering before case opens): "Your wife accuses you of terrorizing her."
Defendant: "Well, Your Honour, you see she always tries to—"
Judge (interrupting): "I don't care what she does. As man to man, tell me how you go about it."

The pastor was compelled to ask his parishioners for a payment on his salary.
One Old Skinflint: "I didn't know you preached for money."
Pastor: "I do not."
Old Skinflint: "I thought you preached for souls."
Pastor: "I do, but I can't live on souls; and if I could, it would take a good many the size of yours to make a good meal."

Bride (starting usual formula): "Thank you so much. We'll think of you every time we eat out of it."
Guest: "It's awfully nice of you to say so—but won't it be a little difficult eating out of a vacuum cleaner?"

Two veteran marines were bragging about their old outfits.
"Why, our company was so well drilled," said one, "that when we presented arms, all you could hear was slap, slap, click."
"Pretty fair," said the other, "but when our company presented arms you could hear only slap, slap, jingle."
"Jingle?" asked the first. "What did that?"
"Our medals."

Make Some Sacrifice

DURING THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT FOR THE MISSIONS

Your missioners in far-off China go homeless and often hungry, seeking shelter from the cold of the winter in the shambles that were once their missions. They look to you for help and consolation. In them and in their suffering, Christ once again treads His weary way to Calvary.

No Lenten sacrifice or offering will be more acceptable in the eyes of God than your kindness to His poor missionary priests and Sisters.

Lent is a season of prayer and penance. Pray for our missioners in far away Lishui. Make some sacrifice of your usual pleasures and give the savings to these heroes and heroines of Jesus Christ.

★

THIS LENT . . .

THINK OF THE MISSIONS . . . PRAY FOR THE MISSIONS . . . GIVE TO THE MISSIONS

CHINA

GOOD ST PATRICK PRAY FOR US

SCARBORO
LUFFS ONT.

MARCH
1944

READ 'EM AND GRIN

"You must tiptoe upstairs, and take a look at little Mary before she is asleep," said the proud mother.

The visitor followed up to the nursery. The two grown people looked in; there was the little girl, on her knees beside the bed.

"Isn't that a picture!" whispered the mother fondly, "Innocence, saying its prayers to its Heavenly Father."

Just then the little girl's voice floated out to them: "Where in de dehbil did I leave dat dolly?"

The bridegroom, who was in a horribly nervous condition, appealed to the clergyman in a loud whisper, at the close of the ceremony: "Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?"

The clergyman replied: "Not yet but soon."

Saleslady: "So you think you don't want this new green dress? Why not?"

Maundy (of ample proportions): "No, suh! Not me! Ah'd look too much lak a ton o' coal in a lettuce patch."

"Now, Bobby," said the teacher, "tell me where the elephant is found." The boy hesitated for a moment, then his face lit up. "The elephant," he said, "is such a large animal it is scarcely ever lost."

Betty: "Did you hear about the fellow who stayed up all night figuring out where the sun went when it went down?"

Oliver: "No, what happened?"

Betty: "It finally dawned on him."

Cavalry Recruit: "I don't like the look of this horse's head, sir."

Sergeant: "Oh, don't worry. You'll soon get over that!"

Joe: "Is your face dirty, or is it my imagination?"

Betty: "My face is clean, but I can't tell about your imagination."

Definitions:

Water—a colourless fluid that turns black when you wash your hands.

Banana Peel—a food particle which brings the weight down.

Strategy—means of not letting the enemy know you are out of ammunition by continuous firing.

Here are some howlers:

Period costumes are dresses all covered with dots.

Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives. He wrote tragedies, comedies and errors.

"Mother," said a little boy after coming in from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked the mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was nailing on his back feet."

"How come you don't like the girls?"

"Oh, they're too biased."

"Biased?"

"Yes, biased. It's bias this and bias that till I'm broke."

"I hear that the people who have taken the Manor are frightful swells."

"Yes. They're the sort of people whose family tree goes right back to the time when they lived in it."

"Come, come, you shouldn't refuse to lend me money. One friend should always be willing to help another."

"I know, but you insist on always being the other."

The Saner View

Repairs were being carried out on the roof of the asylum by a local builder who had asked for an inmate to assist him.

All went well until lunch time, when the builder's assistant clutched him round the neck, and, with a terrible laugh, said: "Come on, lets jump off."

The builder was frightened almost out of his life, but suddenly he had an inspiration.

"Oh, rats!" he replied. "Anybody could do that. Come down and lets jump up."

Tombstone Dealer: "How would just a simple 'Gone Home' do for an inscription?"

The Widow: "I guess that will be all right. It was always the last place he thought of going."

The keeper discovered a stranger fishing in a private stretch of water and ordered the offender to draw his cast. The angler obeyed, and it was seen that his hook was baited with a piece of carrot.

The keeper burst into laughter and said: "If thats the bait you use, you can't do any harm. Get on with it!"

Several hours later the two met outside the private grounds. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the keeper, looking at the basket full of trout. "You didn't catch all these trout with a piece of carrot, did you?"

"No," replied the sportsman. "I caught you with that!"

Editor: "This isn't poetry, my dear man. It's nothing but an escape of gas!"

Hopeful Poet: "Something wrong with the meter?"

"What do you think you're talking about?"

"I don't think—I know."

"I don't think you know, either."

Professor: "You can't sleep in my class."

Student: "If you didn't talk so loud I could."

"The best thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with a nervous complaint, "is to stop thinking about yourself and bury yourself in your work."

"Good Heavens!" said the patient. "I'm a concrete mixer."

A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity.

"Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

Willie (promptly): "Brotherly love."

Doctor: "Only members of the family may see him. Are you a relative?"

Girl: "Oh, yes, indeed. I'm his sister."

Doctor: "So glad to meet you. I'm his father."

When a certain nobleman was being escorted to the guillotine during the French Revolution, he annoyed his guards on the long walk from the jail to the execution by complaining about the miserable rainy weather. He kept this up for some time until one of the men said, very loudly, "You should have no cause for complaint. Look at us; we have to walk all the way back."

It was the young usher's first big wedding and he had to evict an old lady from the reserved seats. Nervously he tapped her on the shoulder and then said with a rush: "Marden me, Padam. You're occupewing the wrong pie. May I sew you to another sheet?"

The people of India are divided into casts and outcasts.

Norway's capital is called Christianity.

Lipton is the capital of Ceylon.

Tennyson wrote a most beautiful poem called "In Memorandum".

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Signposts

Congratulations

CHINA offers its sincerest best wishes to Most Rev. Gerald Murray, C.S.S.R., D.D., Bishop of Saskatoon, who has just been named by Pope Pius XII, the Bishop Coadjutor of the Archdiocese of Winnipeg, with right of succession. Sincerest congratulations.

* * *

Remember Our Deceased Friends

Mrs. Catherine Frances Russill.

Sister Anna Maria Towle of Maryknoll.

Lt. Hugh Morgan of Saint John, N.B.

Sister Imelda, Mount St. Joseph. Peterborough, Ont.

* * *

Our Sincere Sympathy

CHINA offers to Rev. Jack McGoey, S.F.M., and the McGoey family, its deepest sympathy on the sudden loss of their dear mother, Mrs. Josephine McGoey.

Mrs. McGoey was an indefatigable worker for the Missions and a member of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary of our Seminary, from its very inception.

Remember her in your prayers. May her soul rest in peace.

* * *

News Reaches Us from Monsignor Fraser

The following letter, dated December 17th, 1942, has only now reached the seminary. This is the only communication received so far from our beloved founder, Monsignor J. M. Fraser.

* * *

Welcome Home

As we go to press, we are happy to announce the safe arrival home of Rev. Father Jack McGoey, a member of our Society.

Father McGoey has been in our mission field in China, all through the present war.

We trust that his health will soon greatly improve and that he will enjoy a rest well earned.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY CANADA
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.(Address)

FROM: RT. REV. J. M. FRASER. 95 ARZOBISPO. MANILA. P.I.

Dec.17, 1942

On my way to China a year ago I stopped off here for what i thought would be a few days, but on account of present conditions I have been marooned here ever since. I am well, and enjoying the hospitality of the Archbishop of Manila at his palace. I am not altogether idle. Besides doing a lot of spiritual reading, I give religious instruction to the pupils(some of them Chinese) of a Catholic Academy, and other work in the sacred ministry. I have received no letters from anywhere. Tell me the news from home and the Missions. If you have any Masses to spare I would be grateful to get some. You may write through the Red Cross Society through whose kindness I am sending this.

Yours fraternally,

J.M. FRASER J. M. Fraser

a Refugees Diary

EXCERPTS FROM A MISSIONARY SISTER'S DIARY OF A TWO THOUSAND MILE TRIP

WEDNESDAY.

Went shopping, prices quite high. Frs. Morrissey and Lyons continue to Shao Kuan by bike.

THURSDAY.

Planes pass over. Fr. McAuliffe arrived.

FRIDAY.

More talk about moving to-day, but nothing definite.

SATURDAY, AUG. 29.

Two alarms to-day, planes pass over. We are to leave at daybreak.

SUNDAY.

Mass at 4 a.m. and farewell to Sr. Vincent Louise and her religious Sisters. We have spent ten very happy days with them. A long rickshaw ride leads to the truck. It is now noon and we have been sitting behind the truck for six hours. Frs. Curtin and McGoey have joined us. There is some trouble about the arranging of visitors on the truck, but it is finally settled after our baggage was packed in and out of the truck twice. We move on two li, and are now resting in a cemetery, the only place around which affords any kind of shade. Frs. Joyce and Devine came out for a rickshaw ride and were surprised to find us. They thought that we had gone for hours. Fr. Joyce returns for some water and something to eat. The driver says that we shall leave at midnight and that we must remain in the truck, or others will take it. Sr. Vincent sends word of invitation to return to her convent, but it is far and it would only disturb the Sisters at this late hour.

Monday at midnight, the hour of departure. A telegram is brought out to the driver saying that the truck will remain in Kanchow, as it is not necessary for the machinery to go any farther, but the plant will open in Kanchow. It is necessary to return to the city. Have dinner in a small restaurant, and then return to the cemetery and wait till the all clear is sounded.

TUESDAY.

Slept in the truck last night. Bought cake from a travelling baker. The driver is still not sure of going. We return to the Convent. Sister Vincent and the others welcome us back. We slept all afternoon, and will retire soon after supper, all are so tired.

WEDNESDAY.

Mass at 4 a.m. After breakfast we again covered the long distance to the truck. Strange, the driver is all set to go, and in no time we are off. Waiting for you, he had the nerve to say. Stopped for dinner, but had no time to go to the Mission here at Tatu. Arrived at Nanyung, Kwantung Province, about 3 p.m. Here we must change for the public bus, as our truck can go no further. Only a small mission here, but no resident priest. He hears that we are in town, and rushes in to meet us, and helps us to get rooms in a Chinese inn. Fr. White meets a Major Ting, who offers to obtain tickets on the bus. He had studied in America and spoke English fluently and was glad to see us and use English again. He is very kind to us, and leaves a couple of soldiers on guard over our baggage while we are at dinner.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 3.

Slept late this morning. There is an alarm, but no one seems to heed it. There is hope of all getting away to-morrow.

FRIDAY.

The Fathers said Mass in the small chapel. Some Hongkong refugees were present. It was nine when we left the Mission and after a hurried breakfast Major Ting went along with us to the bus station. The Major took care of our tickets, saw that our baggage was placed on the bus, and saw us off at two o'clock. He sent along a guard to see us safely to Shao Kuan, our next stop, and the beginning of the railroad. The bus set up no speed record. It was an old charcoal burner, but we finally reached our destination. 8 p.m. Shao Kuan. It is very dark. We light candles and find our way down to the boats. We must cross the river to the Mission. 10 p.m. We knocked for some time on the outer Mission gate. We were surprised to find a little Mexican girl open the gate for us. The Sisters with some Christians came to welcome us. They were very kind to us. They prepared baths and supper for us. Sr. M. Vianney is very sick and tired.

SATURDAY.

Mass in the Seminary chapel. Afterwards were introduced to

the Bishop and the other Fathers. German and Italian Salesians Sisters visited us after breakfast. At present they are living in the country looking after a home for the aged and the orphans. After dinner we are on the road again, but we are going to meet a train. The station is not far from the river. It is the first time in many years many saw a train, let alone ride in one. We have a large compartment all to ourselves. Sharp at six o'clock we are to leave and we are due in Hengyang at 4 in the morning. The train ride is very comfortable.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Hengyang. We are nicely settled in the Mission hospital. We arrived at 5 a.m. and had some time finding the Mission which is quite some distance from the station. After an hour's walk we come to the river and are ferried across to the Mission. Air alarm (even in here), and just as we landed our hearts nearly skipped a beat when we heard a plane overhead. The people around told us not to be frightened, as it was an American transport taking off for Chungking. Fr. Glass welcomed us to Hengyang. Mass in the convent chapel, planes and anti-aircraft overhead making a terrible racket. After Mass more planes, 18. Met Bishop O'Gara. He seems quite low. Three Sisters in the hospital, all Italian, so we can converse in Chinese. Doctor advises Sr. M. Vianney to go to bed. The Sisters ask us to prepare Bishop O'Gara's diet. An American plane flew very low over the city, and it was a real thrill to run out stare up looking a plane right in the face again. When will we be able to do that in Lishui?

MONDAY.

Sr. M. Vianney very sick to-day. Fr. White having trouble with his shoulder which turned out to be a dislocated shoulder base.

TUESDAY.

Doctor advises Sr. M. Vianney to return to Canada immediately.

THURSDAY.

Shopped to-day. Srs. St. Kenneth and St. Martin out on a sick call to see a doctor's wife who is very bad with dysentry. Fr. McGoey went to the air field and brought back news of a plane for Sr. M. Vianney. She may be able to leave for Kunming by transport. The sooner she leaves the better, as the doctor does not think she can improve in health here.

OCTOBER 2.

Late at night a note came from the air-field that a transport plane would arrive in the morning, and leave soon afterwards for Kunming, and that the Sisters, (Sister M. Vianney, ordered home by the doctor, and Sr. St. Kenneth as her nurse), could go in it. Fr. McGettigan is at Kunming and has also been ordered by his doctor to go home, so we hope he will be ready to join the Sisters and fly to India with them, thence to America. We slept little, busy most of the night, writing letters home, and helping the Sisters to pack.

OCTOBER 3.

Feast of the Little Flower. Up early to see the two Sisters off. The Captain in charge at the air field sent the station bus to meet us and drive us to the air field. The transport had not arrived, so we waited, and were treated very kindly by the officers and men at the air field hostel. We had dinner at the pilots' table, and soon after dinner the transport arrived. The station bus took us out to the field. There was no time lost, and the Sisters stepped into the plane for their first air ride. . . . God speed them on their way home.

No news came from the Sisters for some days, but no news was good news.

OCTOBER 11.

Bishop O'Gara and Fr. Quentin, C.P., left by plane for Yuanling. The Bishop is much better then when we first met him here a few weeks ago. He has kindly invited the Sisters to Yuanling for the duration of the present troubles.

OCTOBER 14.

Telegram from Kunming saying that Fr. McGettigan and the Sisters had left by plane for India, and later letters came from them, telling of their safe arrival in Kunming, and of the pleasant trip they had. Weeks later letters came from India telling of their safe arrival in Calcutta. The Sisters are guests of the Loreto Sisters, and Fr. McGettigan is at St. Thomas Church on the same street. The probabilities of a plane trip home are none too bright, but there was hope of a boat. Sr. M. Vianney was receiving treatment at the hospital there from a skilful physician, and reports are favourable.

OCTOBER 18.

On our way to Yuanling, on the invitation of Bishop O'Gara. Left this evening by train for Changsha. The station at Hengyang was packed with soldiers, and as we went on board the train it was raining heavily. We have obtained tickets for a compartment for the six-hour run to Siangtan where we change to boat. At midnight we arrived at Siangtan. It was raining heavily still as we found our way to a small inn. We have a small room, and one bed for three Sisters, but we are so tired we could sleep standing up.

OCTOBER 19.

Woke very early and started for the boat in the rain. We must take a small sampan to the big boat which is to take us to Changsha. We are due in four hours. At Changsha, Fr. Druetto met us at the wharf and took full charge of everything. He is well known and speaks Chinese fluently. At the Mission he served us coffee. Mother Cana and Mother Thebault, Canadian Franciscans of Mary, came to the Mission and took us to the Convent. These good Sisters, so busy themselves, had a beautiful room prepared for us and a lovely hot dinner ready for us. It is good to see more Canadians. The Sisters have a lovely hospital and orphanage.

MONDAY, NOV. 9.

Boat leaves at 4 a.m. Mothers Cana and Thibault stayed up with us until 10.30 p.m., when we left for the boat. It was a long rickshaw ride through Changsha's ruins to the river edge. Our boat is crowded and we had to crawl over the sleeping passengers to get to our cabin. We have our blankets spread on the benches and they are calling us to dreamland.

TUESDAY, NOV. 10.

Wakened at daylight — boats everywhere. No sign of moving yet though numerous tugs and steam launches are whistling their way through the river traffic. 3.30—It is very hot, and we are steaming up and will be pulling out from shore soon. No reason

(*Continued on page* 13)

Dog Fight OVER CHEKIANG

RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH

ASCANT ten minutes ago the warning had flashed across the wires. But already the steady roar of fifteen motors was shattering the pre-dawn stillness of the little town of Lishui, nestling snugly among the towering mountains of Chekiang. Ready for the take-off! The boys had lost no time. As Squadron Leader Tommy Graham gave her the gun and his sturdy little Mustang headed for the runway, he was conscious of feeling profoundly grateful to the Chinese Grape Vine Intelligence Service in occupied China, that alert and ubiquitous underground organization that still defied the eternal vigilance of the Japanese Gendarmerie. Not once in the past two years, he told himself, had his squadron been taken unawares. Chungking—Kunming—and now Lishui. Always the same. A warning in the nick of time. The exact location and often, as in this instance, the exact *number* of the enemy formation out to perpetrate a sneak attack upon some unsuspecting little Chinese town. "Calling Lishui airport—Calling Lishui airport." From somewhere at the other end of the line the "ghost" information had been relayed to the nearest Chinese telegraph. *"Eighty Mitsui bombers, fighting escort twenty Zeros, heading for Lishui. Left Hangchow airdrome half hour before dawn."*

Still twenty minutes to go, thought Tommy, before they would be roaring in over White Cloud Mountain. But by that time he and his fourteen "veterans" of the China war—"Chenault's fighting fools"—would be poised and waiting at ten thousand feet.

Bring 'em on. The bigger the formation the better. His new Mustangs — of whose existence in China he hoped the Japanese were still blissfully unaware — could outclimb and outmanoeuvre any Zero and half those lumbering Mitsuis would be cold turkey before they knew what hit them.

The dawn patrol, every sense at the alert, dodged in and out of the light cloud formation at ten thousand. The landscape below was taking shape in the first gray glint of morning as Tommy eagerly scanned the outline of Bah Yuing Sau. "Pass word—the Mikado." He was speaking into the Inter-Com. "If you want to know who they are, they are *gentlemen* from Japan." For there they were, easily visible to every member of the Mustang Squadron, a pretty sight as they streamed in over White Cloud, an answer to a fighter pilot's prayer. Low-flying bombers, in tight formation, wing to wing as they skimmed the range, the escorting echelon of Zeros about a thousand feet above them. Taking no chances, thought Tommy. Playing safe—just in case. But piously hoping for a little Pearl Harbor as they sneak in to eliminate the Lishui airfield, this latest threat to the Japanese homeland. Well, the boys might have something to say about that. Squadron Leader Graham cheerily waved the signal for attack as he banked vertically and peeled off with throttle open wide.

Coming in at four hundred, all guns blazing, the Mustangs blasted the startled bomber formation into a scurrying covey of wild confusion. As he roared skywards for another run, Tommy could see satisfying evidence of the deadly effectiveness of their surprise attack. Smoke-trailing victims were spiralling down to the waiting mountains, but he was far too busy for any accurate count just now. Responding like aerial thoroughbreds to every touch of stick or throttle, the speedy Mustangs had gained their ceiling for the second time before the Zero wolf pack had completely recovered from its surprise. And another avalanche of fury spelled flaming doom for death-laden bombers below. The Zeros bored in as the Mustangs levelled after their second dive. But this new crop of Japanese airmen were by no means the seasoned veterans of earlier days in China. They afforded scant protection to the hard-pressed bombers, now abandoning any pretence of formation and scattering, every man for himself, in an inglorious *sauve qui peut.* Against the fighting fools in these new demon fighters, pilots who had manned rickety crates against the best Japan could put in the air, they could do little more than hazard a desperate delaying action as the remnant of the blasted bomber squadron headed frantically for home.

A hundred mile run netted Tommy one more smoking Mitsui before he discovered that his machine-gun belts were empty. From nowhere, three Zeros were suddenly upon him and their hail of fire riddled the Mustang from propeller tip to tail. It was touch and go. A wild few minutes of spins and spirals, loops and screaming dives. But he had managed to shake them off, thanks to the amazing stamina of his incredible machine and, as he straightened her out for home, Tommy began to appraise the extent of the damage. Landing gear jammed solid; cockpit a shambles; one wing tip dangling and his motor coughing and sputtering as if the end were near. And only now was he conscious of something more sinister, unnoticed in the wild excitement of the chase. That sharp, searing pain below his right shoulder blade. His head was swimming. . . . One of those bullets, he told himself, must have. . . . Darkness—and he slumped forward at the controls.

It couldn't have been more than a minute, he thought, before he came out of it, just in time to hear the labouring motor give its final splutter and go dead. But that dangling wing tip had thrown the machine into a spiral. His dizzy spell had cost him four thousand feet of precious altitude and he knew now that he could never make Lishui. The details of the Chinese landscape were clarifying all too rapidly for comfort. The ominous mountain tops; the narrow Wenchow River, meandering among the foothills like a ribbon of silver in the bright morning sun; the muddy, terraced rice paddies, tier upon tier along the mountainside. All offered scant encouragement for the inevitable emergency landing. He would be lucky, in fact, to clear the rooftops of that little village looming dead ahead. There was nothing for it but to attempt to set her down in one piece on that shallow stretch of water about twenty yards from shore. The villagers crowded the narrow streets, waving and cheering encouragement to the foreign birdman as he dipped precariously and braced himself for the impact. That sharp pain . . . again. That dizziness. Suddenly the whole scene was so fantastically unreal. The cheering—so remote—coming from far, far away. Of course. He saw it all clearly now. *This wasn't China . . . this was home . . . his last great game for North-Western . . . twenty yards . . . only twenty yards for that vital touchdown . . . but his feet were weighted with lead . . . he would never make it, he knew . . . the whole Notre Dame eleven was piling in upon him with a strange, surging roar . . . and that pistol shot . . . it was so very loud to-day . . . told him that the game was over.*

* * *

"Sorry, coach . . . something seemed to go wrong . . . that awful weight . . . don't take it too hard . . . I just couldn't . . . why, what's wrong? . . . you . . . you look so different in that black robe. . . ."

"Take it easy, Tommy. Don't try to tell me any more just now."

This wasn't *the coach.* This young man he had never *seen* before. And it *was* China, *after* all. No mistaking this Chinese house and that mosquito net around the bed. He had seen mission Fathers in other parts of the country wear those long black gowns. . . . Yes, he remembered now . . . the air battles . . . the crash landing near shore. . . . Somebody had carried him to a Catholic Mission.

"Well, Father, I guess I did make that twenty yards, after all."

"Yes, Tommy. But you're a lucky man to be alive."

"You know my name. . . . How could that be?"

"Because by now, Sqadron Leader Tommy Graham, you are just about the most famous man in the Province of Chekiang." The priest smiled as he extended his hand. "I'm Father Craig Strang, pastor of the little village of Pi-Wu-Ka. It's a pleasure to shake

the hand of a man whose little outfit has just been decorated by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Twenty-eight Mitsui bombers and eleven Zeros, all before breakfast. It isn't a bad bag, in any man's country."

"And the boys . . . ?"

"All safe, Tommy. Three Mustangs downed but all pilots, including yourself, landed behind Chinese lines. Your pals were seen parachuting to safety near Yunhwo and it seems your fighting fools really got going when four Zeros tried to machine-gun the boys as they floated down to earth. All four Zeros, in flames, reached the rice paddies ahead of them. By the way, Tommy, the phone from Luishi airdrome has been going crazy for the past hour. The lads told me, among other things, to be sure to give you a message as soon as you came to. They said you would understand. It was something about 'gentlemen from Japan' and they said to give their best regards to the 'Lord High Executioner'."

"Nice work, gang." The weight had lifted. Tommy Graham could relax. With a smile of happy relief he sank back into the pillows and suddenly realized that it was good to be alive.

Father Strang unfolded the rest of the story. How the Generalissimo's citation had been posted on the wall of the mission compound and the Mayor had called to pay his respects and extend an offer of every possible assistance.

"You know, Tommy," he went on, "it isn't every day in the year that Pi-Wu-Ka has the honour of caring for so famous a man. It looks right now as if half the town were assembled in our front yard, laden down with presents of every description. Most of those poor people haven't seen a decent meal in months but they managed to dig up some food, somewhere, for the *mei-quei-fee-ying-chia*, the American flying man. There's rice, eggs, two chickens and many kinds of Chinese medicine. They say you must get better, because you came all the way from your home in America to help the people of China and the people of China will never forget. Take my word for it, Tommy. They won't, either."

It was the tenth day of Tommy's convalescence. Three of his flying pals had joined him on the verandah of the mission residence at Pi-Wu-Ka. "You're to come with us for a visit to Lishui this afternoon," they informed him. "Father Strang has arranged things and you'll just sit in a comfortable sampan for a smooth ride downstream. There's mighty little left of the Mission down there, but we want you to meet MacIntosh and Turner, two of the priests who have been through the blitz and are still carrying on at what is left of the old stand."

It *was* a pleasant ride. And save for the ruined and desolate villages that lined the river bank, grim reminders of China's desperate struggle for survival, the countryside seemed strangely at peace on this bright September morning. But the Lishui Mission *was* a shambles. Father Turner had arrived by bicycle from Dolu, sixty miles away, where he was carrying on in his half-ruined residence among a simple country people whose little mountain village had been completely wiped out. The natives had offered resistance, he said, when Japanese troops began to carry away all their livestock and all their rice. A few embattled farmers, with their obsolete old muzzle-loaders, had sniped at them from the surrounding hills and the Japanese, in retaliation, had put the torch to every house in the village. Forty-eight people were now living in what was left of Father Turner's house and he had just sold two overcoats in Wenchow for the fabulous price of two thousand Chinese dollars. Not so fabulous, he said, when you considered the inflation. It would be about enough to feed those people for four days.

For Tommy it was a decidedly new experience. True, he had met missionaries before, but not exactly missionaries of this sort. These men seemed to speak his language, like the boys of his little Mustang squadron. The casual observer would have said that Fathers Turner and MacIntosh hadn't a care in the world, but Tommy had good reason to know otherwise. What he wondered was why in Heaven's name they were still sticking it out in this desolate no man's land, whose scorched earth was once a green and fertile countryside. Father Mac at one stage of the blitz had been the sole inhabitant of Lishui for days on end, living in what was left of the battered house that even now boasted of neither doors, roof nor windows. Twenty-two bombs had dropped in the front yard, he explained, and those heaps of rubble across the garden had once been a hospital and a dispensary.

Strange people, these Catholic missionaries. Surely they didn't *have* to hang on here. As for himself, orders were orders and he had a definite job to do. But it was beyond him to figure out just what those men hoped to accomplish with the work of years gone up in smoke and squalor and desolation surrounding them on every side.

"You'd be surprised, Tommy," was Father Strang's smiling reply, when the former gave voice to his perplexity. But the answer was accompanied by such obvious assurance, such quiet and unruffled confidence—in something or somebody—that Tommy felt completely at a loss.

"We may go into all that, Tommy, when you're feeling a bit better. No preaching at you now because we haven't much time before the Chinese banquet being held in honour of yourself and the boys. The Mayor is going all out. His scouts have been scouring the mountain villages for food and we are holding the affair in the lower storey of our school, the only large building left standing in Lishui."

It was quite an affair, Tommy thought, as the fifty-odd guests were seated around little tables scattered throughout the hall. A ghost banquet, Father Strang had termed it. Not even a shadow of the old days, he said. Only six courses, and poor ones at that, as against twenty or thirty—sharks' fins and birds' nest soup thrown in —in the days when food was available. There was rice, salted beltfish, a few eggs, a green vegetable, watermelon seeds and peanuts for dessert. "Maybe you're lucky at that," whispered Father Mac. "In the good old days you boys might have had to start the show by eating roosters' heads."

At the end of the meal the Mayor rose to his feet. "*Kan Bey*," he declared, as he held out his

glass of rice wine and spoke a few words in Chinese. His friends rose, to a man, and their glasses of wine disappeared in a single gulp. "It means," explained Father Strang, "that he is ordering 'bottoms up' in your honour. Any man who can't polish off his glass will lose face and be considered a sissy."

The Mayor spoke at length. To-day, he said, they were happy to have with them the friends and saviours of China. First of all the Canadian Fathers, who were standing by the Chinese people in their hour of trial and whose charity had already saved many thousands of lives throughout the Province of Chekiang. The Fathers were giving a glorious example of self-sacrifice that China would long remember and they were in China in obedience to the orders of their Commander-in-Chief, a fact the flying men would undoubtedly understand. Their great leader, Christ, had said two thousand years ago that it was the duty of His followers to go into every part of the world and share the blessings of Christianity with every people under the sun. The Mayor admitted candidly that he had not known this fact for very long. He had often wondered, he said, just why the foreign Fathers and Sisters came to China. But the war had shown him the unquestioned heroism of the missionaries and he had been at pains to investigate and study something of the Christian religion. The Fathers had shown the Chinese people that they were prepared to *live* their religion, and *that*, in the Mayor's estimation, was the acid test. All over China to-day the missionaries were bringing hope and consolation into lives darkened by the despair and horror of war.

As for the intrepid aviators, their honoured guests to-day, China was at a loss for words to voice her gratitude and appreciation. The flyers themselves could see the havoc and desolation wrought in the little town of Lishui in those dark days when China had no defence against ruthless terror from the skies. But now it was so different. Now, hope was alive again in Chinese hearts. The people were returning. New homes were rising from the ashes. The people felt safe wherever the wings of the foreign birdmen and their Chinese colleagues hovered in China's skies. Only a few short days ago a hundred Japanese planes had soared over one-time defenceless Lishui. To-day thirty-nine of those planes were charred and blackened ruins among the mountains and rice paddies of the countryside. Speed the day, continued His Worship, when, from end to end of China, there would not be a spot where the Japanese would venture an attack upon the helpless *lao-pao-shing*. To those brave warriors of the skies still guarding Lishui he and his friends wished good luck, good health, good hunting. To their valiant leader, wounded in China's defence, a complete and speedy recovery. The Mayor was deeply sorry that the banquet was so unworthy of the occasion. And this, he assured them, was not just the old-time Chinese politeness. Food was scare, and poor. But that was of small consequence. It was always fair weather when good friends got together and what really mattered was the spirit of friendliness and solidarity between East and West, so beautifully exemplified in Lishui to-day; so happy an augury of a better and more understanding world in the days of peace to come. Father Strang made an appropriate reply and, amid bows and smiles and hopes of further reunion in a victorious China, the guests took their departure.

* * *

"Well, Tommy, it won't be long now. You're just about as good as new and I suppose you'll soon be up there again, making it tough for another pack of Zeros."

There was trouble — again — in China's famous Rice Bowl area and the little Mustang squadron had been ordered post haste to beleaguered Changteh. Regretfully, Father Strang was bidding Tommy good-bye.

"The sooner the better, Father," he replied. "And, believe me, not for all the world would I have missed this happy interlude. I have learned more in this past month than you may possibly realize."

"I never suspected you were learning things, Tommy. Our concern was to get you well and back to fighting trim. Maybe we're just selfish. As the Mayor said, we all feel safer when you boys are in the air."

Tommy smiled. "This isn't

(*Continued on page* 11)

"Father Strang was bidding Tommy good-bye".

The BEAR FACTS

ARCHIBALD SNODGRASS

★

READING TIME 1½ MINUTES

THE bear was gaining rapidly. As he lumbered into the clearing, a mere ten feet behind me, I told myself that *this* was the end. But no. What ho! Directly in my path lay a large hollow log. Large *enough*, did I ever hope, to crawl inside. Small enough, that was sure, to afford a haven from my murderous pursuer. Would I make it???? Read next month's CHINA. No . . . I mean I'm still so all excited. Keep right on now. (I'll make it O.K., but thanks for being worried.)

The monstrous paws were reaching for the kill. The razor-edge talons were caressing my shoe leather, sending cold chills up, down and crosswise along my bristling spine. Frantically I dived for that opening and skidded non-stop five feet inside just as nine hundred pounds of bear crashed like a block-buster upon the shivering log. "Archie, you made it," I told myself. "That tip was right out of the horse's mouth. Snodgrass, my boy, you're saved."

Exhausted and terrified by now, my breath coming in shorts, I mean short pants, I could almost feel the sharpness of that searching paw. It reached and clawed at the inside, for hours it seemed, before Mr. Bruin decided to call it a day. Cheated of his *prey* (Archibald Snodgrass, in person, to you) he finally gave the log a few vicious spins for good measure and, with a deep growl of disgust, crashed off noisily through the woods.

A drizzly rain was falling but, I ask you, was I moving outside now? The water-soaked log was beginning to swell and soon I found myself clamped tightly, imprisoned as in a vise. As I lay there, while the pressure racked my aching bones, my guilty past was bared before me. The things I might have done; the chances thrown away; the sad story of what might have been. And then — like a flash — it came. The thought of CHINA. *"That stupendous, colossal, incomparable little magazine,"* I heard myself repeating, over and over, between teeth now clenched from pressure of swollen wood. "Illustrations by Keelor; joke page that rolls 'em; real live mission stories and the first half-almost—of Murder in a Nunnery". And all—all—for a paltry FIFTY CENTS A YEAR."

"Archibald Mortimer Snodgrass" (my full name), I said to myself, "of all the low, poisonous, crawling creatures. Suppose you hadn't made this log. Where would you be now, with your CHINA expiry date at March, 1943, ONE YEAR OVERDUE?" Gee, did I ever feel small? And mean! And unnecessary! And . . . well, that's enough. That shrinking feeling possessed me. The more I thought the more I shrank. And first thing I knew the tension was lifting, the pressure on the log relaxed. I was now *so* small that I slid right out and headed happily for home. Never again, I was

"Pen . . . paper . . . do it now!"

saying. Never again. See if I don't do it right away.

"Why, Archie," cried my wife, "are you ever bedriggled—I mean draggled! And all wet, too."

"Pen . . . paper . . . do it now!" I heard myself shouting. "I've been all wet since March, 1943." So I sat me down, wet clothes be darned, and wrote to CHINA and enclosed *onè dollar* (get that?) and said pay me up for two years. I wanted to face things more peaceful like next time I tangled with wet logs and hungry bears.

That's all, dear reader. Except to implore you to learn from my horrible fate. Hunt up your CHINA. Now—this very minute. LOOK AT THAT EXPIRY DATE on the address label. If it's earlier than March, 1944, you're in no shape to take a walk in the woods.

Yours for paid-up subscriptions,
Archibald.

Murder in a Nunnery—Finale
or
What Happened After That
By Snodgrass

The first three months were the hardest. After that I cracked and bought the book. Don't let on to Father Sharkey that I ever told you, but the Nuns never done it. It was old Mrs. Moss, on account of the Baroness Sliema had made a will cutting off her son, that Crauford bozo, without a dime, so Mrs. M. up and knifed her (during Benediction, remember?) and buried the will. As we went to press, Crauford (the bozo) and Venetia Gozo were married and living happily on the old lady's dozo.

Now we can all relax,
Devotedly,
A. M. S.

●

Dog Fight Over Chekiang

(*Continued from page* 9)

exactly the place I should come to look for selfish people these days," he said. But he continued, in serious vein.

"What I have learned, Father, chiefly concerns missionaries and religion. I have always admired the average missionary, but I also thought him a bit strange, a bit escaped from life. The sort of person who leaned rather heavily on 'the book' and would smother you with texts on the least provocation. But with you and the other priests here it is all so different. We can talk to you, man to man. You are, I am sure, just as solicitous as anybody for our eternal salvation. But you don't set out to achieve it by getting in our hair. No preaching at a guy. No holier-than-thou-ism. And ready to do a man's job with the best of them. You have those boys of my squadron simply eating out of your hand. You ought to hear some of the things they say about you when you're not around. The funny part of it is that you sell yourself without trying. It was the non-Christian Mayor of Lishui, not the Pastor of Pi-Wu-Ka, who answered my question as to what the heck you were doing in this neck of the woods. And you have never even referred to it since then. You are on the go from morning till night with never a thought of self and half China seems to be coming round for food and medical treatment. You have only to look into the faces of those Chinese crowds to see what *they* think of the *Seng Vu*, as they call you. They realize that there is *somebody* who cares enough to be ready to die for them. . . . Ye gods! If anybody ever told me that here I'd be soap boxing and making pretty speeches about missionaries —of all people—I'd have told them they were crazy in the head."

"You're doing pretty well, Tommy. I haven't heard such a speech since that morning they brought you in here. You were doing a pretty fair job then of coaching the old home team. And, while we're on the subject, you and your boys aren't just pikers, you know. Not for nothing have you earned the title of 'Chenault's fighting fools'. Seems to me that when they are telling the story as to how China held on when there was no hope, there will be quite a chapter about Flying Tigers, and in particular one Tiger named Tommy Graham. You know . . . the fellow who makes these pretty speeches? . . ."

"Thanks, Father." Tommy was visibly touched. "I know you *mean* all that. But just now I want to follow this line of mine to some sort of conclusion. Did you ever stop to realize that you priests are making mission fans out of some of the toughest outfits on earth? The boys were saying the other day that they bet it was the same in the Solomons and New Guinea and North Africa and all those God-forsaken spots where our soldiers are making contacts with missionaries. After the war, a lot of the boys are going to think very differently about missions. I am thinking differently right now, so differently, in fact, that I believe that Mayor had something when he spoke about reunion in a victorious China. Do you follow me?"

"Not exactly, Tommy. I imagine that the day war ends will be just about your last day in China. Nobody wants the war to go on, but we'll all be genuinely sorry to see you boys pull out."

"Maybe some of us might be back, Father." Tommy hesitated a moment. "And not as members of any flying circus. You know, I have come to love those simple, heroic people of China. Never have I known folks so cheerful in the face of disaster. They've got me, I'll admit. And I want to come back. Tell me, Father Strang, and don't pull any punches. Could I become a Catholic and would I have a chance in ten thousand of being accepted as a student at your Seminary in Canada? I'm still only twenty-one. I hope I haven't spoken out of turn."

It was Father Strang's turn to be affected. "Tommy, boy, I know you pretty well. I see no difficulty whatever about your becoming a Catholic, if you yourself desire it. And if ever you want a letter of recommendation to our Superior-General, just apply to the Pastor of Pi-Wu-Ka, Chekiang."

The old impish smile had returned as Father Strang continued: "Want a tip?" he was asking. "Tell the boss that some day, when peace is with us once again, you might get hold of a second-hand Mustang and run him up to Father Venadam's Lungchuan Mission in fifteen minutes flat. Last time he was here on visitation it was a tiresome three-day trek across those mountains."

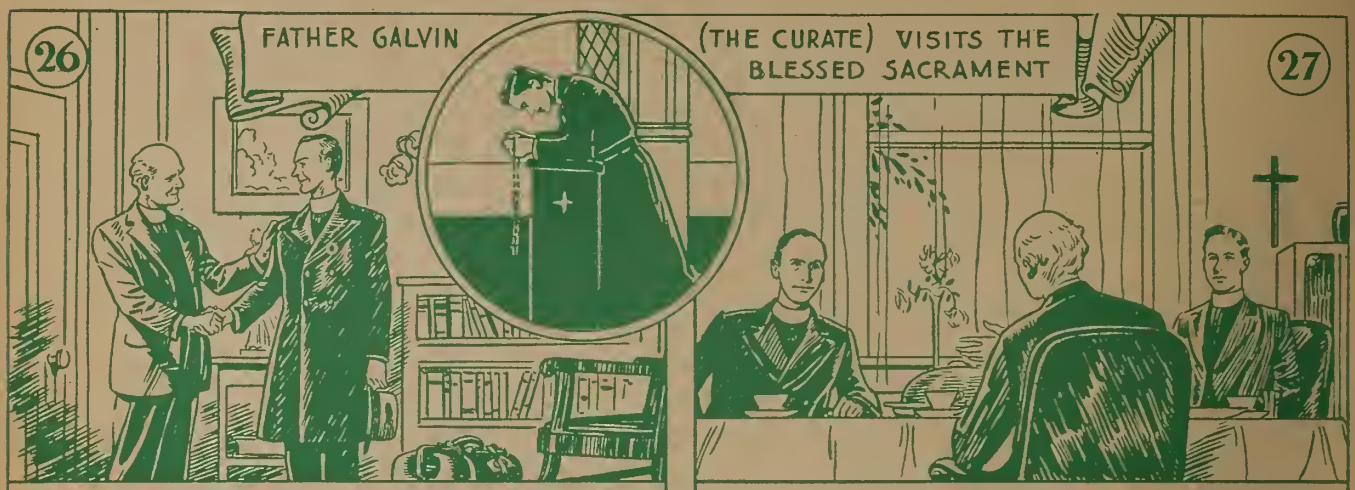
The sampan was waiting. The carrier was at the door.

"Good-bye, Tommy, and good luck. I hope we'll be seeing you again, in that *new, victorious China*."

Tommy's smile and hearty handshake were assurance that he hoped so, too.

Ambassadors of Christ — *Life of Monsignor John Fraser*

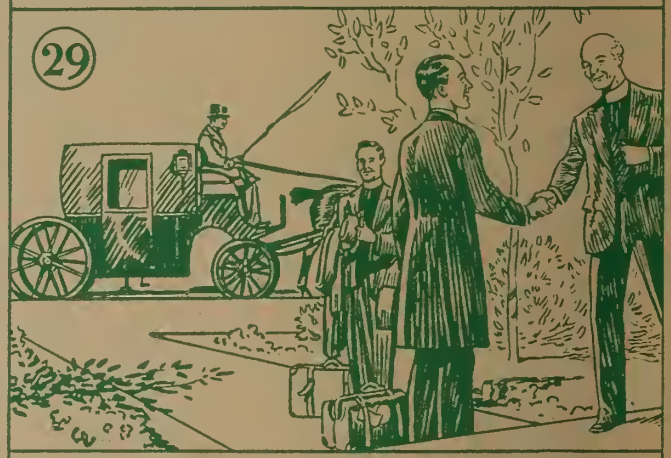
Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR



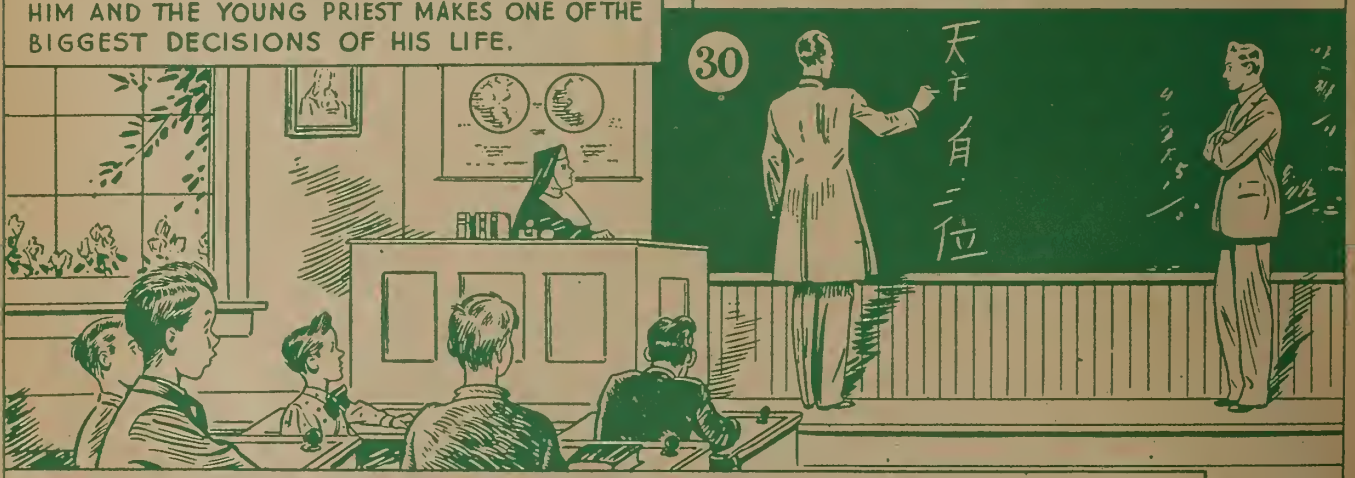
ON ARRIVAL IN THE U.S.A. FATHER FRASER PROCEEDS TO A RECTORY IN BROOKLYN. THE PASTOR ASKS HIM TO REMAIN FOR LUNCH AS THE CURATE IS INTENSELY INTERESTED IN MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

AT THE LUNCHEON FATHER FRASER TALKS ABOUT THE GREAT NEED IN CHINA FOR PRIESTS. FATHER GALVIN LISTENS INTENTLY AND WONDERS IF THIS IS AN ANSWER TO HIS PRAYERS

AFTER LUNCHEON FATHER GALVIN ASKS THE RETURNED MISSIONARY IF IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO GO TO CHINA. NOW. FATHER FRASER ENCOURAGES HIM AND THE YOUNG PRIEST MAKES ONE OF THE BIGGEST DECISIONS OF HIS LIFE.



THREE DAYS LATER, THE PASTOR BIDS FAREWELL TO FATHERS GALVIN AND FRASER AS THEY LEAVE FOR CHINA



ENROUTE TO CHINA, THE MISSIONARIES STOP OFF IN TORONTO. IN ONE OF THE PARISH SCHOOLS FATHER FRASER VISITS THE CLASS ROOM OF ONE OF HIS TEACHERS OF BYGONE DAYS. AS FATHER FRASER WRITES CHINESE CHARACTERS ON THE BOARD, THE YOUNG PRIEST REALIZES THE GREAT TASK THAT LIES AHEAD. "WHAT A DIFFICULT LANGUAGE I HAVE YET TO MASTER." HE THINKS.

A Refugee's Diary

(*Continued from page* 3)

given for the delay. A cargo boat with its deck loaded with coal has pulled up beside us and will likely be our companion boat. 6.30—Just finished supper, and it looks as though we are anchored here for the night in midstream. Apart from the boat hands we are all alone on the upper deck.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11.

Wake up to new scenes. The motor launch that is pulling our tug is having difficulties as water is too low. The crew are polling and we seem to be moving by inches only. Beautiful weather and we spend all day on deck. Several boats pass us, all overcrowded with passengers. There are also two Russians aboard.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12.

Water very shallow and we're making little progress. The river is very narrow and only one boat may pass at a time. It is interesting to watch the crew handle the boat. Ten of them are on shore pulling with a rope, while others are on deck polling. P.M.—We have changed rivers and are going against the stream. Strong wind against us, too. The river banks on either side are flanked with small straw huts! Hunan appears to be far more primitive than our Chekiang. At 5.30 we reached Yochow, a fairly good sized town. The river traffic is thick and we must anchor in midstream. We took a small sampan and went downstream about two li. Yochow must be Chinese Venice. We cruised through the streets in our small boat and arrived at the Mission to find the Priest gone on a sick call. The Catechist took us to the stores, but there was not much to buy except sausages at $42.00 per pound. The whole town appeared to see the foreigners, and they nearly tore our habits apart trying to see and feel the cloth in them. To get back to our boat we had to go through three junks and then take a sampan. There are several patients on board and we visited them before going to bed.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13.

Boats travelled greater part of the night. It rained heavily and was very windy. Steamed into Hunan Lake around nine—water rough. Small fishing boats bobbing up and down like tops all around us. Boat aground, and it is taking no little manoeuvring to move it. Evening—Moving slowly, strong wind, boat rocking. We spent the whole day on deck, muffled up in our blankets.

SATURDAY, NOV. 14.

Very cold and raining a little. We expect to reach Changteh some time to-night.

SUNDAY, NOV. 15.

Changteh. The boat anchored in midstream and we had to take another sampan to shore — air alarm on. Arrived at the Mission as the Bishop was about to say Mass. The chapel is small and quite crowded. After Mass, breakfast with the Bishop. Two Spanish Augustinian Sisters took us to their Convent. They have a large orphanage and school. We must converse in Chinese as they speak Spanish (and Chinese) only. After air alarm rang off we went up town to buy food for the rest of the trip.

MONDAY, NOV. 16.

Mass at 4 a.m. in Bishop's chapel. Left immediately after for the boat that takes us to Tao Yen — a small motor launch. Within ten li of Tao Yen we disembarked to a sampan as water too shallow for launch. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the Mission. No Priest resides there, though the Mission is quite large and there is a lovely church Frs. White and Hudswell made arrangements to see Gen. Ho, but must wait till to-morrow for he is ten li away from the city.

TUESDAY, NOV. 17.

Frs. White and Hudswell have gone to see Gen. Ho about getting bus tickets at the next stop. There is an alarm on now. We will remain here all day and leave early in the morning.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18.

Left by sampan this morning at 6. Boy cooked our breakfast, rice and pork. Arrived in Chen Chia around 2.30 p.m., and walked ten li to the bus station. The station master informed us that we must wait until the 23rd for a ticket. We took rooms in a nearby inn and prepared to make it our home for five days.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19.

The station master sells us one ticket, so Sister St. Julitta leaves for Yuangling. Slept little last night — bedbugs and fleas too much at large. People call us out to visit their sick, and this helps to fill in the time. There's always an audience around to watch us eat.

FRIDAY, NOV. 20.

Spent the day out walking and visiting the sick. Luckily we have fine weather. Fr. Hudswell left by bike for Wuki.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.

A fine day with nothing to do but wait. Several new patients applied for medicine.

SUNDAY, NOV. 22.

The station master permits us to board the bus to-day for Yuanling. It is a charcoal burner and stops every couple of hours to re-fuel. At Wuki station we were met by Sisters Sebastian and Carita of the Sisters of Charity. They took us to a Chinese house where they had sandwiches and coffee for us. Since leaving Lungchuan how many roadside meals we have had, but none of them ever came up to this 20-minute visit with these two Sisters. Fr. Hudswell also biked out (seven li) to the station. He told us that Fr. Cormac had phoned the bus station at Chen Chia I and asked that we receive tickets on Sunday instead of Monday. At 4.30 we reached Yaunling and what a welcome we received from the Sisters here (Sisters of Charity from New Jersey). We are so much at home already with these Sisters, who themselves have been through hardships far greater than ours. The Sisters lost their Convent by bombs a year ago and are living in a renovated Chinese house. It is not without inconvenience to themselves that they shelter us, yet they have given us their best.

MONDAY, NOV. 23.

We are getting acquainted with our new surroundings. It seems so strange to be settled after being so long on the road with no set abode. To be putting our clothes away in a cupboard again—to have a fixed address—it all seems queer after suitcasing for so many months and expecting to move on any day. . . .

* * *

So ends the diary of the Refugee Sisters, the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Prefecture of Lishui, Chekiang, China.

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XVI—No. 3 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. March, 1944

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

The month of March is the month of Saint Joseph, patron of the Universal Church, Canada and China. So you see, my dear friends, Saint Joseph should have a very special place in your religious life. Besides this three-fold patronage Saint Joseph has another and the greatest claim to fame, namely: he is the foster-father of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and spouse of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

As foster-father of Jesus and spouse of the Blessed Virgin, Saint Joseph becomes, in a sense, our spiritual father because Jesus is our Brother and Mary our Heavenly Mother. Therefore, you see, we ought to have a very great love for Saint Joseph and abundant confidence in his prayers on our behalf.

As patron of the Universal Church he is zealous for peace and justice for all. He was a working-man, a carpenter, therefore we may be quite certain of his particular understanding of the great need for social reform according to Christian teaching. As patron of Canada, he is deeply concerned with God's Church here and and zealous for its extension throughout the Western Provinces of our country. He prays unceasingly for all those outside the fold of his shepherd -foster-Son.

Then, finally, as patron of China: he is counting on YOU, Young Missionaries of The Little Flower, to assist him in the tremendous task of bringing China and her people to the Kingdom of God. He asks you to work and, above all, to pray for the salvation of souls, everywhere! Saint Joseph, Guardian of the Harvest-fields of Christ, make us zealous, like yourself, for the Glory of God and the salvation of souls!

Pray then, my friends, especially during the month of March to our father, Saint Joseph, that he may obtain from his beloved, foster Son, Jesus Christ, peace for the whole world, spiritual and material blessings for Canada and a torrent of grace for the people of China that Christ may be recognized by all men as the King and Lord of the world.

* * *

During the Holy Season of Lent you will see our Mite Boxes in your classrooms. You know what they are for — so do all you possibly can to help us rebuild our missions in China and continue the work of educating young men for the foreign missionary-priesthood. The young men in our seminary are your fellow students from Canada and Newfoundland, get behind them one hundred per cent. by helping find the funds to train them for the greatest work on earth, the salvation of souls. During Lent: PRAY FOR THE CHURCH, SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS, SAVE FOR ETERNITY!

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

Father Murphy's Christians

By FREDERIC HORNSBY

HE was just a little boy of eleven. His name was Ming Lo. His father had been killed in the raid on Shanghai. Now the Japanese were pouring more bombs down from the sky—they fell all around and near his home. He was very frightened. Ming and his mother prayed very hard. They prayed the way they had been taught at the little mission in Lishui. For four hours the bombing kept up, then it seemed to be over, for a little while anyway. Ming waited a few minutes before creeping outside to see how he could help the Priests, Sisters and soldiers, who needed every hand they could get and many more. Then he heard it. A low zooming overhead coming closer and closer—more terrifying every second. Ming got down on his hands and knees and crept along the side of his home. The bombs began to fall. Ming lay flat and began to think of his mother in the house all alone. He hoped she was not too frightened. With a dreadful crashing sound a bomb struck the back part of the house, flames burst from all sides. "Mother," Ming called. She did not answer. He saw an arm stretching out through the front entrance, he got up and ran to help her but she was hurt, badly hurt, and could not understand what he said to her. Ming dragged his mother out to the field alongside the house.

He covered her with rice sacks, making her as comfortable as he knew how, then he started out to find help. It must be a doctor or someone who had experience with head injuries as his mother's head was bleeding and swollen. He was just about a mile from his home, when a man stepped out from behind some wreckage and spoke to Ming: "Could you deliver this message to the town on the other side of the river? It is very important and a small Chinese boy like you could get through without being noticed." Ming said he could not go, as his mother was lying out in the field and he must get a doctor to her as soon as possible. "Do not worry," the man said, "I will see that your mother is taken to a place where she will get the very best of care." "I will go," said Ming. The man took down Ming's name and address on a card. Then he said "God speed you".

With these words in his mind Ming started for the river. When he came

to it, the bridge had been destroyed by bombs. Ming prayed for strength to swim the centre part of the river where he knew it was deep. He knew he could wade part of the way on both sides. He started across, wading until the water reached his waist, then he started to swim. He tried to put his foot down several times but the water was always too deep. He swam on, then quite suddenly he was able to touch his toes to the mushy bottom. He waded in to shore. He lay down for a minute to rest before going on as he had a lot of rough foot travel ahead of him. "God speed you," these words kept ringing in his head. Oh, I must hurry, he thought, and started off on his lonely trip.

He pushed his way through the tangled brush and vines at the edge of the river. On the other side of this there was a swamp. This frightened him because he was afraid of snakes. Their bite was fatal, his mother had told him. He would have turned back, he wanted to but he thought of his mother and he knew she would want him to go on through any difficulties. "You must always try and try again," these were her words—so he kept on going. He repeated all his prayers—praying for courage to get through—courage to carry out commands—and courage to live under Japanese rule (for the present).

Suddenly he seemed to feel that nothing could or would stop him—he was through the swamp and out on the pathway leading to town. There was a faint glimmer of light ahead, that is the town, he thought—at last. He threw himself on the ground to rest. He wondered how he had got through, though he was badly scratched about the legs and arms, he had never noticed it. "It must have been my prayers," he said. "Why, I did not know that the day had turned to evening, nor noticed the dark swamp shadows—why, I even forgot about the snakes. *He* must always be right there listening for boys who need help. Now I shall always know." I must not waste time. "God speed you." Again he seemed to hear it. He brushed off his clothes and started up the trail to the town. It was not hard to find Headquarters once he got there. The officer in charge took the message from Ming, thanked him, then hurried off to telephone some orders.

Ming went over to the food centre, where they gave him a bowl of rice. This tasted very good as he had had very little rice in the past few weeks. He would like to have stayed in the shelter overnight but he was too worried about his mother. So he started for home. The swamp and the snakes, the shadows and the weariness did not seem to bother him on the homeward trip. Though sometimes when he rested he thought he would like to sleep, he would pull himself up and keep on his way.

When he reached the town he went to the place where his home had been. A shadow moved forward to meet him. It was THE MAN. He said: "You have done well, my son — that message delivered into the proper hands will save the lives of thousands of people. God bless you." "Where is my mother?" said Ming. "Come with me, my boy." They walked about a mile down the road, turned up a short street, and knocked again and entered the bedroom. Ming saw his mother. She was lying in a nice clean bed and though she had bandages around her head, she looked comfortable. She looked up as Ming stood by the bed and said, "God is good. He has spared us both."

The man told Ming to get into the other bed and go to sleep. Before he slept he lay there and prayed for the soul of his father, his mother's fast recovery, for all who are taking part in the war, and last of all he said: "Please, God, guide me always."

Frederic Hornsby, St. James School, Gr. 7, 330 Willard Avenue, Toronto.

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Cancelled Stamps from the following

Mr. Joseph Le Clair, Martin, P.E.I.; Mrs. P. Mulvale, Sarnia, Ont.; Miss Marie Frawley, Sudbury, Ont.; Miss Gertrude Farrell, Perth, Ont.; Mrs. H. D. McDonald, Northfield Station, Ont.; Miss Frances Leonard, Conception Bay, Nfld.; St. Michael's School, Cobourg, Ont.; Mr. John Godsell, Conception Bay, Nfld.; The Floret Institute, Little Bras d'Or, N.S.; Miss M. A. Zahn, Fort Erie, Ont.; Mrs. S. Brydon, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. C. J. Fitzpatrick, Saint John, N.B.; J. Drebold, Chepstow, Ont.; V. M. Carter, Toronto, Ont.; Miss M. Garceau, London, Ont.; Miss K. Wright, Calgary, Alta.; Mr. Edward Murtagh, Emerald, P.E.I.; Miss Flavia Desjardins; Miss M. Butler, Halifax, N.S.; Mrs. James M. McNeil, Jamesville East, N.S.; Miss Faustina McMullen, Passchendale, N.S.; Miss Jennie Wall, Montreal, Que.; Mr. G. N. Roberts, Westmount, Que.

Many thanks, and please keep them coming!

We invite all young men who desire the inestimable gift of the Holy Priesthood to write to us immediately:

YOU
MAY
HAVE
A
VOCATION!

★

WE
WILL
HELP
YOU
TO
DECIDE!!

Address all communications to:
FATHER RECTOR
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

WON'T YOU SEND US YOUR MITE?

"And Jesus sitting over against the treasury, beheld how the people cast money into the treasury, and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she cast in two mites. And calling His disciples together, He saith to them: Amen I say to you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living."

—(Mk. XII: 41-44)

St. Theresa's Sunday School, Port Colborne, Ont.

The Passiontide

This is the month of the passiontide of Jesus Christ.

Sold for thirty pieces of silver because of OUR sins, He was delivered up to be scourged, crowned with thorns, spit upon and crucified.

In the person of His missioners, who in far-off China tread their weary way of the cross and daily undergo the crucifixion of war, hunger, disease and loneliness, Jesus Christ still suffers for OUR sins, still treads the wine-press of the wrath of God.

What a beautiful Lenten gift to Christ crucified it would be, if we offered to His poor missioners our thirty pieces of silver—our Lenten alms, to heal the broken heart of Jesus Christ.

SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS . . . SEND US YOUR LENTEN ALMS OF REPARATION

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY—SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

CANADA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

April, 19

He Is Risen,
——Alleluia!

Our Sincere
Congratulations!

MOST REV. J. E. O'SULLIVAN, D.D., Archbishop-Elect of Kingston, Ontario.

CHINA extends respectful and sincere felicitations to Canada's newly appointed Archbishops — Most Rev. Joseph Anthony O'Sullivan, Archbishop of Kingston, and Most Rev. James Morrison, of the Diocese of Antigonish.

THE Most Reverend Joseph Anthony O'Sullivan, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I., has been named by Pope Pius XII Archbishop of Kingston, succeeding the Most Reverend M. J. O'Brien, D.D., LL.D., who died August 30, 1943. His Excellency the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, announced the appointment to Right Reverend J. F. Nicholson, D.P., M.C., Vicar Capitular.

Archbishop-designate O'Sullivan was born in Hamilton on November 29, 1886, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Sullivan. His mother died in November, 1930, only three months before her son was named Bishop of Charlottetown, and his father some three years ago. A brother and a sister are now living in Hamilton.

THE Most Reverend James Morrison, D.D., Bishop of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, has been granted the personal title of Archbishop by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, even though the Diocese of Antigonish remains a suffragan of the Archdiocese of Halifax. This announcement was made by His Excellency the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

Bishop Morrison was born at St. Andrew's, P.E.I., July 9, 1861. He was ordained November 1, 1889. On May 25, 1912, he was named Bishop of Antigonish, and consecrated there September 4th of that year by Archbishop Stagni, then Apostolic Delegate.

MOST REV. J. MORRISON, D.D., Archbishop of the Diocese of Antigonish, N.S.

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APRIL CHINA 1944

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Signposts

Two Canadian Nuns Escape Japs: Now Serve Hostel In India

By Flight Lieutenant W. Dumsday

BOMBAY, India, March 6 — (RCAF News Service) — Often near death as they staggered along rugged mountain passes after the Japanese had sacked their mission in China's interior, two Canadian nuns now serve at a rest home near Bombay, home for 3,500 servicemen of all creeds and races, many of them fliers of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The nuns, both members of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont., are Sister St. Kenneth (Katherin Radey, 39 Lockwood Road, Toronto) and Sister Mary Vianney (Iona Bertrand, Fort Coulange, Que.)

They went to China from Canada in 1938 and before the United States entered the war there was a period of three weeks when the town in which their mission was located was bombed five times a day. With other members of the mission they often sought safety in the mountains.

During the raids the mission was partially destroyed but it was not until the Japs were entering the gates of the town on one side that the Sisters heeded warnings of friendly Chinese and evacuated through gates on the other side. They had no money and were wearing their only clothes.

Much of the journey was made by foot along treacherous mountain passes and the party was often strafed and bombed from the air. Sister Mary Vianney was suffering from acute appendicitis and at one time she was given only 10 days to live. When she finally arrived in India by air she weighed only 70 pounds, 50 below normal.

Sister St. Kenneth also took sick during the hazardous trek and for two hours one day she staggered along a roadway with a temperature of 104 while the thermometer read 130 degrees in the shade. The Sisters applied wet rags over their heads in an effort to keep cool but the rags would be baked bone dry within a minute.

Water was not always available and for four consecutive days the party went without water either for drinking or washing. They slept at the side of the road night after night, often resting on piles of stones. Once they slept in a graveyard and when the Japs attacked from the air they sought many places of refuge, the oddest being an open grave. While the bombers zoomed overhead the Sisters crouched beside human skeletons, only remains of previous victims of aerial warfare.

Thrilled at their present work in serving the boys in South East Asia Command, the Sisters are anxious to see the end of hostilities. They'd like to visit Canada again but first of all they want to return to the work in China.

A Joyous and Blessed Easter To All

Remember Our Deceased Friends

Mother M. Cyprian McGrath, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Sister St. Gabriel, of Hotel Dieu, of Cornwall, Ont.

Mr. John Higgins of St. John, N.B.

Rev. A. J. Lessier of Worcester, Texas.

Mrs. Mary Leahy of Peterboro, Ont.

Mother Willibrord of St. Willibrord's Academy, Montreal.

Mrs. Shea (mother of Rev. Vincent Shea).

Mrs. Anne T. Creed of Windsor, Ont.

Mother Mary Canisia Twomey of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Favours Received

Thanksgiving for favour received through intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for favour received. Mrs. J. B.

Thanksgiving for favour received through intercession of Blessed Mother Cabrini. Mrs. W. McI.

Thanks to Our Blessed Mother for favour received. A. B.

* * *

We Are Deeply Grateful

We are deeply grateful to the kind benefactors who just recently presented us with three lovely statues for the seminary chapel—statues of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier. May God bless their kind generosity.

Poor God

By RT. REV ★ WM. C. McGRATH

How has it come to pass that God gets all the blame for life's miseries and disasters and so little of the credit for its happiness and joys? How does it happen that so many good people entertain a concept of God that would make a Chinese bandit or an Iroquois Indian merciful by comparison? What have they gone and done to the gentle Babe of Bethlehem and the lonely Christ who died of a broken heart?

DIFFICULT questions, assuredly. But questions that seem to call for an answer when we consider the growing number of people who are pained, discouraged and bewildered by the unrelenting harshness of certain "systems" of spirituality. The natural result of the concept of God as a stern taskmaster rather than a loving Father is the emergence of the fear complex to such a degree that in all too many lives it has completely usurped the place of love. Even in this enlightened theological age, singularly free from major heresy, but sullied here and there by the muddy backwash of Jansenism, you will find religious teachers who so play up the fear of God and eternal punishment that they are in very grave danger of putting second things first; of overlooking—or at least underestimating — the all important and *only adequate* motive of love as a means of winning youthful minds and hearts to God. For the mind and heart of the child literally "reach out" for love and understanding as the flower reaches for the sun. If God be portrayed to them in their early and impressionable years as a tyrant or a policeman who will "catch up with them if they don't watch out" the resultant shock will have far-reaching effects on their future lives, the early wounds will leave psychological scars that subsequent adjustment will never completely efface.

Fire, Snakes and Brimstone

There are case histories galore. You have probably encountered some of them in your own experience, those affrighted souls who knew not how to relax in the arms of their loving Father. They were given a false start along the road of life. Their youthful hearts were literally shrivelled with fear of eternal sanctions till the soul within them died. I remember the young mother who once came to me in great distress because her boy of ten was not sleeping nights and was fast becoming highly nervous and distraught. A highly strung, highly intelligent, sensitive child, he was obviously the victim of some strange sort of phobia but for a long time was reluctant to let her know the cause of his anxiety. Finally he confessed. He was worrying himself sick about the great fiery snakes that abounded in Hell. The thought of them kept him awake at nights. If he were a bad boy (and he was, he admitted, now and then) and went to that unhappy region, he would be completely at their mercy. The teacher had said so. And, as we go to press, that teacher has not yet been shot at dawn.

You see, some of the old timers knew far more than the Church has ever taught or sanctioned regarding the nature of the fire of Hell. It was a fire reeking with the smell of brimstone and, besides the great fiery snakes, there were hordes of leering devils with red-hot pitchforks, running all over the place to toast their unhappy victims over roaring flames. Besides, you should always bear in mind that it was *God* who sent you to Hell. And who could hope to escape from God? It most assuredly is not our purpose to attempt to mitigate the awfulness

of Hell or the eternal despair of those who have walked out on God into the eternal night. Yet could I never find it in me to agree with those private "revelations" (were they always?) that would have souls streaming into Hell like the snowflakes in the snowstorm or the falling leaves in autumn time. That sweeping indictment of God's loving mercy seems to overlook the fact that in the course of justice *none of us* should see salvation. It is quite in keeping with the tragic and treasonable presentation of a God of love as a sort of diefied Genghis Khan; a Being capable of exasperation almost to the point of human vindictiveness who, according to the morbid imaginings of some *Dies Irae*-minded spiritual writers, would seem to glory in flames below. Such a "spiritual outlook" is founded neither on revelation nor theology. It smacks of the psychopathic.

Poor God

Poor God! They would not even do Him the justice of admitting that it is the sinner who *sends himself* to Hell. They did not say, though they could hardly not have known, that God wills *all men* to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth, but that there are still those who freely walk out of the radiance of His loving presence into that dark night of eternal frustration and despair. The dispositions of the immutable God do not change, like those of humans, with every provocation. They are not affected by every caprice and infidelity of fallen man. God wills not the unhappy death of the sinner but that he be converted and live. His love for us is as eternal and unvarying as himself and sin as we may we cannot make God love us the less. No, it isn't God who *sends* us to Hell. It is we who walk out on Him. It is mortal, sinful man who makes the awful choice.

All too "logical" is the transition from this dreary concept of a God of love to that of a Being who exults in the sorrows and heartbreaks of pitiful humans here below. All too easy the ensuing notion of God the grim avenger who, even in this life, exacts His merciless quota of human misery and despair. And small wonder that scruples wreak such havoc in the lives of those who "*try too hard*" to be good and whose maladjustment to the way of love harks back to the Little Red Schoolhouse. Fear has usurped love's domain in many a devoted heart. An impostor is on the throne where love should reign supreme. An inevitable disorder is rampant in the spiritual lives of many good people, with the result that religious mania is by no means unknown and, of all mental ills, remains one of the most hopeless and incurable. Such fear-crazed souls have been more sinned against than sinning. Love and joy have been banished and life—*of course*—has failed. Their "religion," Heaven help them, is founded on a policy of wild-eyed uneasy appeasement of an angry and inescapable God.

Man's Unholy Will

What a ghastly concept of a God who so loved His friends that he laid down His life that they might live forever! What an insult to His loving mercy that life's daily tragedies should be laid to His charge and labelled "God's Holy Will"! What about man's *unholy* will? Has it no part, no place, no blame? It is not Christian resignation but spiritual sadism to glory in the dismal thought that God wants people to die "before their time"; that God and God alone is responsible for the death of the man who jumps from the suspension bridge or throws himself in the path of the fast moving train. We have no time here fully to explore the theology of the supremacy of the Divine Will and the freedom of the will of man. Both are facts but we must always remember that the will of man *is* free; that God who, *ex parte ante*, wills the salvation of all men, knows that some of them will *freely* reject his inspirations and graces and their own chances of eternal salvation. To leave man's volition completely out of the picture and to say in every instance that tragedies occur only because it is God's will, is simply to put an end to human responsibility. It makes of God a Being who abhors fulfilment, glories only in frustration, revels in picking immature buds but cannot abide the sight of a flower in full bloom. Yet, when He was with us here on earth, He gave nobody reason to regard Him as that sort of person. He went about doing good, *undoing* the tragic consequences of human perversity and human misfortune. He gave back a son to a heart-broken mother and a daughter to her sorrowing father. Lazarus, the brother of Mary, he also raised from the dead and He manifested the tender humanness of His loving Sacred Heart by the tears of anguish He shed beside his tomb.

Death of Father Tom

There is a case in which God's Holy Will has been very much invoked and it concerns me personally. It is the case of the death in China of one of the best friends I have ever known, a young Canadian missionary whom we shall call Father Tom. Such a death of a young soldier of Christ on the firing line, affords ample subject matter for pious melodrama; ample opportunity for many good souls to discover yet another outstanding example of *God's Holy Will*. But, believe it or not, it does not strike me that way at all. I say that Father Tom should not be dead and you can imagine how it helps when good souls tell me that God's ways aren't our ways, which we grant them, and that God took him away from us *just because we needed him so badly*, which we furiously deny. For there you have it again. The good soul's unwitting indictment of Providence. The fire-and-brimstone-and-snakes-and-frustration mentality in all its dismal glory. We know that the "good souls" do not mean it that way but we also know that there are some whose spiritual outlook is so pathological that they seem to regard frustration for its own sake as the acme of spiritual achievement. Ironically enough, their concept of Christian resignation would seem to approach perfection in the Buddhist Nirvana. No, dear merciful God, you did not take Father Tom away from us *just because we*

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT., THE SUM OF $.....

needed him so badly. You did not *take* him away from us at all.

Father Tom was an inveterate worker. His was that highly strung, brillaint - minded, thoroughbred nervous temperament that needed periodic rest and relaxation as the very price of survival. Well, in due course he set foot on the shores of China, a country that is hard enough on even the most rugged and phlegmatic of temperaments for the first year or so, but doubly hard on one of his highly sensitive nature. For in China the Clydesdale will almost always outlive the racing thoroughbred. In China a sensitive, analytical mind is a distinct liability, like a seismograph in an unending thunderstorm. As you value your sanity you must not think *too much* about aspects of the Chinese puzzle that only God can solve; must not react too violently or expect that in one brief lifetime you will do so very much about the four hundred million who, nineteen hundred years after Calvary, still "sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

With commendable zeal — but questionable discretion — Father Tom went "all out" from the moment of his arrival. He was a bit older than the others and used to maintain, in half fun and whole earnest, that he had "wasted" so much time already that he had no more to lose. He had to hustle and catch up with the rest of us. Well, he never caught up with us in learning how to take care of himself and "the rest of us" are still plugging along. After taking the count more than once and spending weary months in hospital, we had learned, perforce, to slow down during the insufferable heat of a Chinese summer; learned the wisdom of the well known Chinese greeting: *Mah Mah Tseou, slowly, slowly go*, relax and take it easy. And somewhere we had come across that very wise counsel of Bishop Walsh to the young missionary: "Remember you can do twelve months work in China in eleven months but not in twelve." For not even the mad dog or the Englishman goes out in the Chinese summer sun. If you just manage to keep alive and free from serious illness during the dog days in China, you are conferring a benefit upon your Society by conserving your energy for the days to come. There are the insufferably hot humid days and the more insufferable sleepless nights. There are the flies and the fleas; the mosquitoes and the epidemics; the boiled water, the hot tea as the *safe* beverage when the thermometer touches a hundred and ten, not to speak of the all night *musicale* of the trumpet-packing devil doctors, over the garden wall. Sleep, gentle sleep, beloved from Pole to Pole, is a luxury in the Celestial Republic from mid-June till mid-September. Rest and relax as you will, be as nonchalant as you may about lying wide-eyed inside your mosquito net at night and it is still normal to lose anything up to twelve pounds before the cool autumn breezes make life worth living once again. Step softly, my friend, during a Chinese summer if you would travel far.

Now, Father Tom carried no excess baggage. He had no twelve pounds to spare. He needed rest more than any of us yet he worked as hard and as relentlessly during the dog days as during any other time of the year. We could see it coming but in vain did we try to impress upon him the necessity of slowing down. He "hadn't a moment to lose." He bore down on his work with such intensity that his resistance was worn threadbare. Then—he contracted malaria (as so many of the rest of us had done) at a time when he would have been hard put to throw off a cold in the head. And so . . . came death.

You see what I mean? Do you think that Father Tom, had he relaxed and taken things more easily till he became acclimatised, and kept his resistance up to a fairly normal standard (never an easy task in China) might not have had at least a fighting chance against illness? Might he not still be alive? Or was it "in the books" that he had to neglect his health and die? Did the human element play no part whatever in that little drama of death in the distant hills of Chekiang? Is it *Poor God* who alone is to blame—again?

The Home Front

But you do not have to go to China. There are cases galore all round us at home. There are many people, in every walk of life, who —perforce or otherwise—are committing slow motion suicide just as there are already many others who have gone down to untimely graves and whose life work under "normal" conditions must now forever be recorded only as the sad story of what might have been. Especially does this seem to be the case in the present age of speed and nerves and hypertension, in contrast to the "good old days" when the tempo of life was *maestoso* rather than eternal *accelerando*; when there was more of leisure, more of peace and green trees and far fewer beleaguered, moribund humans heading for the last roundup. Christian resignation is a beautiful thing but it does not involve the belief that every premature death is the direct result of intervention from on high. There could be such a thing as arriving in Heaven ahead of the Divine schedule by superimposing a little suicide schedule all our very own. The zealous old lay Sister in China had one all worked out. But it was for Chinese babies. She used to maintain stoutly that "the surest way, after all" was to baptise them and then turn the blind eye while their parents threw them in the river. It was Heaven for sure and Heaven couldn't wait. But Heaven can wait. God wants it that way. So, when people remind me that Father Tom is in Heaven and *that is all that matters* and ask why I burst into print with my case against death, which must come to all of us sooner or later, the answer is, of course, that being in Heaven cannot possibly be all that matters; that before we arrive in Heaven we have a little job to do on earth. Otherwise living to attain the use of reason would be

(*Continued on page* 8)

A Land OF STRANGE CUSTOMS

VERY REV. M. L. CURTIN

IN 1935 Fr. McArdle, a veteran missionary from China, spent a few days at the Seminary. Everyone there enjoyed his visit very much, and it was with genuine regret that the news of his death was received a few months later. While on furlough in his native city, Glasgow, Scotland, he contracted pneumonia and succumbed after only a few days' illness.

Fr. McArdle had spent 23 years in China, in the Vicariate of Hangchow, Chekiang Province, just to the north of our Prefecture. He had been a most successful missionary, and the stories of his experiences were most interesting, for he had a gift of description surpassed by few. He gave a talk to the students, and though seven years have gone by, it is still fresh in the memories of those who heard him. Naturally, the subject of his informal talk was China, and besides giving them some helpful hints to prepare them for the missions, he gave them some idea of what they might expect when they finally reached China. We are inclined to compare China and our native country, but it cannot be done. "Nothing is the same," he said, "everything is different."

It ought to be interesting to enumerate some of these differences, though no doubt this has been done before. This country has often been referred to as the unchanging China, but since the Empire was overthrown and the Republic established over thirty years ago, these differences are gradually disappearing. The influx of foreigners and their Western customs have played their part in bringing this about, though the change has been slow, and in some places in the interior of China, where, until recently, the influence of the foreigner had not been felt, it is almost imperceptible. We do not say the Chinese are wrong because their customs and ways are different from ours; on the contrary they are wrong to adopt some of the Western customs to replace their own, which have much to commend them. Perhaps they think our customs just as strange as we think theirs, and to them ours are strange.

Here are a few mentioned at random: When we greet a friend we enquire about his health, "How are you?" He answers, "Very well," though he may be far from well, and we may not be the least bit interested in the state of his health. Five minutes later we may not remember what his answer was. One Chinese meets another, and his greeting is, "Well, not well? Have you eaten your rice?" Or perhaps he simply enquires about having eaten. Among us, a more elaborate greeting between friends is to shake the friend's right hand. The Chinese shakes his own hand.

When we wish to call another who is within sight, we beckon, using the fore finger of the right hand, but the Chinese uses the four fingers of the right hand, and waves them *towards* the other.

As our friend leaves on his journey we wish him God-speed. The Chinese cautions him to walk slowly.

In a gesture indicating oneself we point to the heart. The Chinese points to his nose.

Before we open a book to read, the edge of the pages faces the right, and we read, as we write, from left to right. To the Chinese the edge faces the left, and when he opens to read he begins at what we consider the back of the book. He reads and writes from right to left, or more commonly, from top to bottom.

When we speak to another or refer to him in conversation, we call him Fr. Ly or Mr. Wang. The Chinese put the surname first, and the title afterwards, Ly Father (Ly Sheng fu), Wang Mister (Wang Sheng shung).

With us it is a compliment if someone guesses our age at less than it really is, and to call another Old Man, would be disrespectful. Not so with the Chinese. If they want to be especially polite they make a rough guess at your age as fifty, and the brilliant young man who knew about two words in English, thought he would gain my good graces when he asked me if I were fifty or eighty. Our former gateman at Lishui was known to everyone in and about the Mission as Old Man, and seemed to glory in his title.

We are reluctant to speak about death, and when our people call a priest to a member of the family they frequently caution him about mentioning the subject to the patient. It is often the priest's painful duty to break the news gently as he must, before administering the Last Sacraments, and the mere mention of making one's will and settling one's affairs is equivalent to signing one's death warrant. Funeral arrangements are left until after death comes, but in China, a man makes provision for his funeral long before he dies.

He lays aside sufficient money for funeral expenses, and it is a great satisfaction to him if he can buy his coffin and have it right in his house. When we are in mourning we wear black. At Chinese funerals the prevailing colour is white.

Our meals are occasions for conversation, often of a light nature, sometimes witty, sometimes otherwise. Businessmen lunch with their colleagues, and prospective customers, and far-reaching transactions have been arranged over the coffee and the cigars. When the Chinese are eating they have not much time for conversation, witty or otherwise. The rice bowl and the chopsticks call for their undivided attention. Rarely do we hold a banquet without several speakers holding forth afterwards. A toastmaster introduces speakers and sometimes the other banquetters wish he had not, though often the after-dinner speeches are most instructive and interesting. Invariably, however, in a group of after-dinner speakers there is at least one who does not know how or when to stop. There are banquets in China, (ask Fr. Boudreau or Fr. McAuliffe) but speeches are not inflicted on the guests, and when it is over, all go about their respective business. In the course of a meal if two of us inadvertently reach for the sugar bowl, the bread plate or the butter dish, one of us will draw back till the other has served himself. At Chinese meals, it is customary for all to help themselves simultaneously from the common bowl or bowls. The host may pick out a choice morsel and hand it to the guest of honour at his left (with us the g. of h. sits at the host's right). Then the host poises his chopsticks over the central bowl and urges his guests to do likewise, waiting for them to join him.

When we give something to another, or receive something from another, we use the right hand. The Chinese uses both hands, especially if the other is his superior in age or position, and usually the action is accompanied by a bow.

Putting on a coat we run the right arm into the coat sleeve first; the Chinese start with the left. Sweeping the floor, the Chinese servant begins at the center, ours will begin at the side. Raising a building, we begin at the bottom and work up; the Chinese begin at the top and work down, that is, as soon as the frame is erected they put on the roof and cover it in so that the workmen are protected from sun and rain while the rest of the building is being constructed.

Go into a class room at home and if the pupils are quiet you know they are studying hard. Long before you reach the door of a classroom in China you know the pupils are hard at it, for you can hear them. Each pupil shouts out the lesson he is trying to commit to memory, and he does so, apparently without disturbing his neighbour. There is a reason for this, for sounds and tones are important in the Chinese language, and to know they have the right tone they must hear themselves saying it. Years ago a new missionary was criticized by his companions because they could hear him as he read aloud the Chinese characters in his room, but a Chinese Priest who heard him predicted that he would learn Chinese, because that was the way the Chinese themselves learned it, and his prediction came true.

In the manner of dress, too, there is a difference, though Western customs seem to have been adopted to a greater degree in this than in any other. Even in the interior it is quite common now to see men dressed "foreign" style. Ripley's "Believe it or not" once said that the men of some parts of China dress as women and the women as men. It is true that some men wear a "jansan" which closely resembles a priest's soutane, and some priests use this as a substitute for the soutane, and some women, and all servant women wear what resembles, in Western countries, beach pyjamas or slacks. The women never wear hats, not even in Church, though in some places it is customary for them to wear a veil over the head when they approach the Sacraments. In the days of the Emperors men wore head gear everywhere, and today we see a vestige of this custom, especially in winter when the men wear the small round cap, even in Church. In late years we see more and more women in "jansans," and in Shanghai and doubtless in Peking and other cities where there is a large foreign colony many of the Chinese women have adopted the Western style of dress in its entirety.

So we could go on and on, enumerating instances of noticeable differences between our friends, the Chinese, and the strangers within their gates. These differences begin to impress themselves upon the foreigner as soon as he sets foot in the Orient, but as time goes on he gradually becomes accustomed to them and after a few years they become ordinary and commonplace.

●

Poor God

(*Continued from page* 6)

an unprofitable waste of time. If that be so, the old lay Sister really had something. And think of the world of headaches they could have saved you and me by throwing *us* in the river the day we were baptised. It may be the good Sister's way. It may even be the way of those who glory in untimely death. By no stretch of the imagination can it be construed as the way of our merciful Father in Heaven.

Maybe it's the Oriental in me but I confess that the passing of the years finds and shall find me more and more allergic to the hysteria of modern living and distressed at the outlook of those who attribute early demise in every instance to God's Holy Will. A very short time ago I received a letter from a heartbroken mother whose son had just been killed in the Far East and who, poor soul, was trying bravely but finding it terribly difficult to see God's Will in "this whole terrible war." How could she possibly see God's Will in "this whole terrible war" which is utterly man made and the result of failure on the part of mankind to do the Will of God? Where shall we draw the line? Those of us who were born fifty years too late or too soon and find ourselves in this maelstrom of cruelty and suffering and despair must surely realise that it is not the Will of God but man's inhumanity to man that makes so many countless millions mourn. What an indictment of Providence to lay every human tragedy at the feet of Poor God in Heaven.

Southern Apostolate

Three more Priests of our Society leave for Santa Domingo

Rev. J. P. Ainslie, S.F.M.

★

Rev. J. P. Ainslie of Kingston, Ontario, was ordained in December, 1942. He has been on campaign work since that time and for the past few months was assisting Rev. Lawrence Hart at St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission in Toronto.

Rev. B. J. Kirby, S.F.M.

★

Rev. Basil J. Kirby of St. John's parish, Toronto, Ontario, ordained on December 20, 1941. Since his ordination Father Kirby has been on campaign work and recently was appointed Circulation Manager of CHINA.

★

Rev. J. Gault, S.F.M.

Rev. J. Gault of Cornwall, Ontario, since his ordination on December 20, 1940, studied at Laval and Ottawa Universities, obtaining his licentiate in Canon Law. He was later appointed to the Seminary staff.

Your Mission News in Pictures

Sister Mary Gertrude and the children at our Chinese Catholic Mission in Toronto. Picture taken at their Hallowe'en party.

Four R.C.A.F. officers visiting a rest home near Bombay were surprised to find two fellow Canadians stationed there permanently—two members of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke. From left to right are: F/O. Grant Nelson, St. Thomas; Sister St. Kenneth; Sister Mary Vianney; Flt. Lieut. Tom Smith, Crystal City, Man.; Mrs. S. A. Seddon, Northampton, England, who operates the rest home; F/O. Rowland Lorimer, Regina; and F/O. Fred. Lonsdale, Marshall, Sask.

Seminary Snapshots

The professor has his joke.

Winter gives a beautiful setting to Our Lady's Shrine.

The big game is on.

Seminarians and friends listen to the Religious Theatre of the Air—our Radio Programme.

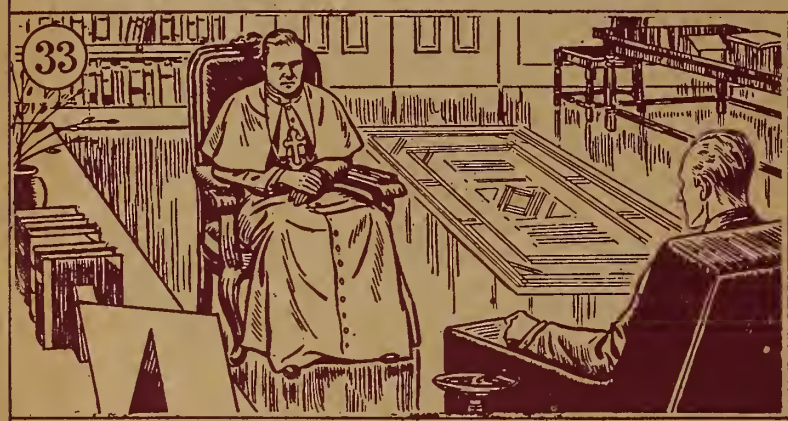
Off for a hike.

Ambassadors of Christ — *Life of Monsignor John Fraser*

Illustrated by ARTHUR KEELOR

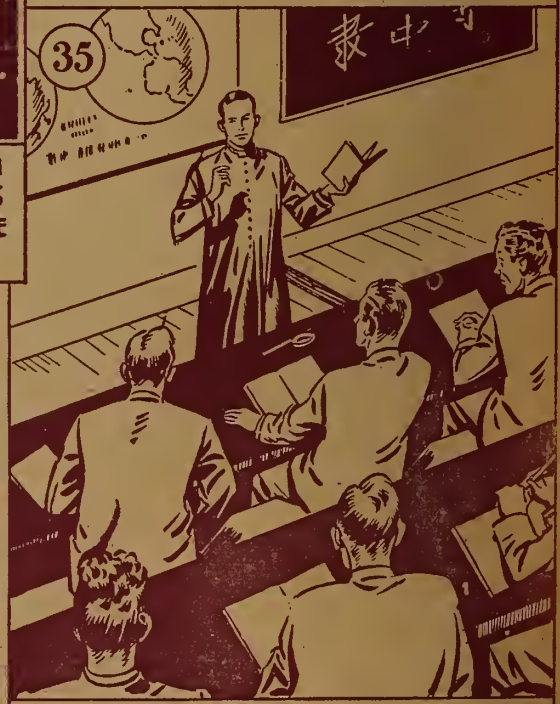
FATHER FRASER LEFT FOR CHINA, AND AFTER SEVERAL YEARS OF ZEALOUS MISSIONARY WORK RETURNS TO CANADA. THIS TIME HE BRINGS WITH HIM A CHINESE STUDENT DESIROUS OF BECOMING A PRIEST.

PRIEST AND STUDENT TRAVEL FROM VANCOUVER TO ANTIGONISH N.S. WHERE THEY ARE CORDIALLY RECEIVED BY THE FACULTY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER UNIVERSITY. THE CHINESE STUDENT REMAINS HERE TO BEGIN HIS STUDIES.



FATHER FRASER TRAVELS TO OTTAWA, WHERE IN AN INTERVIEW WITH ARCHBISHOP GAUTHIER HE RECEIVES PERMISSION TO OPEN A SEMINARY FOR THE CHINESE MISSIONS — IN THE ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

STANDING AT THE DOOR OF THE RECENTLY ACQUIRED PROPERTY IN ALMONTE ONTARIO, CANADA'S FOREIGN MISSION APOSTLE WELCOMES HIS ONE AND ONLY STUDENT, (THE CHINESE YOUTH HE BROUGHT BACK FROM CHINA)



FATHER SAMMON, WHO HAS JUST JOINED THE NEW ORGANIZATION, TEACHES A RAPIDLY GROWING CLASS OF PROSPECTIVE AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST TO CHINA.

The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society
(A Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions)

Vol. XVI—No. 4 SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. April, 1944

MY DEAR YOUNG MISSIONARIES:

The Holy Season of Easter is the time when we must really rejoice for it commemorates the greatest feast in the Church. It proves the power of Our Lord. "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." Christ has risen, let us rejoice and be glad. In the early days of the Catholic Church, after Our Lord's Ascension into Heaven, the Christians had a lovely custom: they were very happy on Easter Sunday and they greeted one another with these words, *"The Lord is truly risen, Alleluja."* Alleluja is a very holy word, it means: *Praise be to Him Who is.* Sometimes we hear this sacred word used disrespectfully in popular songs, but we Catholics must never use it in that way. See how many times you can find this sacred expression of Joy in the Missal for the Masses of Eastertide.

* * *

From now until the end of your school-year is only a matter of two or three months. Some of you will graduate from High School at that time—what do you intend to do with that precious thing Almighty God has given you, your life? Will you not dedicate it to God and become a missionary, a priest or a Sister wearing the uniform of the King of Kings ready to go, to fight and to die, if need be, for the liberation of immortal souls held in bondage by the greatest tyrant in existence, Satan, the enemy of God? Please give this thought serious consideration and pray to Our Blessed Mother to obtain for you the great gift of a vocation to the missionary life. All of you pray for an increase in the ranks of Christ's Foreign Legion. At the end of the war there will be a great and urgent need for missionaries. Now is the time to fill up the ranks; now is the time to prepare a legion of souls ready to fight and to conquer the Power of Darkness. There is only one way to make sure that we will not have wars and rumours of wars continually in this Vale of Tears and that way is to bring Christ into the hearts and souls of all men everywhere. This is the work of the missionary who is at the same time an Ambassador of Good Will to men of Good Will, and a soldier terrible in battle array to the evil spirits that go through the world seeking the ruin of souls. Pray! Pray!! Pray!!! May God grant that many of our Young Missionaries will become fired with the desire and the zeal to cast aside all the "glories" of the world to seek and to save immortal souls.

* * *

Now a word about New Members for the "Rose Garden". Look around your classroom and find out the boy or girl who is not yet a member. Tell him or her what a wonderful thing it is to follow in the footsteps of Little Flower praying and working for the Missions. You will be surprised how many will want to join up. In return for this campaign you will discover that your own love of the Missions is so much greater because of your efforts to interest others.

* * *

And so until next month, the Month of Our Mother, may God bless you one and all. When you kneel before Our Lord in the Tabernacle please remember me in your prayers, at least once in a while.

Your devoted friend,

Father Jim

The Mailbag

"The Alexandria Buds,"
St. Margaret's School, Alexandria, Ont.

. . . We hoped that one of the Fathers from Scarboro would be paying us a visit, that is the reason we did not send our offering before.

I would say that sounds like an invitation. Just wait and see, I'll bet you will have a visit from one of our missionaries very soon.

* * *

Peggy and Mildred Gowan,
161 Parsons Avenue, Port Arthur, Ont.

We are two sisters who would like to have the pleasure of joining your "Little Flower's Rose Garden."

We are happy to have the pleasure of welcoming you. Thank you for your donation.

* * *

Barry McGrory,
98 McLaren, Ottawa, Ont.

. . . The main purpose of this letter is for a Pen-Pal.

Now, here is a chance "to write to Ottawa."

* * *

Gus Sears,
23 Aldershot Street, St. John's, Nfld.

Monday, February 7th, was my birthday, I was seven years old. I got a lot of nice presents including one dollar in cash, which I am sending to you as a small donation for the Missions.

Well, Gus, that is very generous of you. May God bless you for the sacrifice.

* * *

Pupils of Grade V,
St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ont.

. . . Lu Ju was a casualty. His arm was injured. In case you don't know who Lu Ju is, I will tell you. Lu Ju is a drawing of a Chinese boy which is tacked at the front of the room. He reminds us to bring money for the Missions.

Lu Ju is a faithful symbol of his people. They are a people forced to suffer very much these days. Please pray for China, Lu Ju's homeland and for his fellow countrymen.

* * *

Guess Where?
February 29th, 1944.

Dear Father Jim:

Do you like being puzzled? Well, here is something that will puzzle you. We will give you a prize if you can guess who we are.

Our way of sending our first donation is to keep you guessing. Hoping to hear from you??? Soon??

Yours sincerely in Christ,
L.A.C.A.

Say, this is a real mystery. Your letter was sent to my desk without the money order and in an envelope

with another letter so that I don't even know whether it was your envelope or not. I presume the initial letters at the end of the letter are just a "blind," as they say. So here is my guess: The New Harmony Nine, Reserve Mines, N.S. If I'm wrong I hope the real writer will not be offended. Now I must sit back and wait for a while.

* * *

Barbara Mary Black,
15 McRae Drive, Leaside, Ont.

. . . My mother and I wouldn't miss your program (The Religious Theatre of the Air) . . . I enclose stamps and I would like a Pen-Pal.

Barbara does not mention her age, but I think she is one of the younger "Young Missionaries." The program she refers to is our weekly presentation of the Lives of the Saints now heard on five radio stations in Ontario. If all the members of the "Rose Garden" in other Provinces were to write to their local radio stations telling the managers that they would like to hear The Religious Theatre of the Air, it could be arranged.

* * *

James O'Brien, 549 Sandwich Street, West, Windsor, Ont.

James is fourteen and would like to have a friend in China of his own age. But we cannot arrange that until after the war. In the meantime perhaps some "missionary" of fourteen years of age will write to our young friend.

* * *

Grade IV, St. Andrew's School, Port Arthur, Ont.

. . . We, the pupils of Grade Four, have formed a club to help the Missions. We call it "St. Therese's Helpers." Would you please send us forty Mite Boxes and also pledge cards (certificates of membership in the "Rose Garden").

You are really off to a flying start. Many, many thanks.

* * *

Alice Callahan,
Spandiards Bay, Nfld.

This is a little note to say that I am sending the money.

What would our missionaries do without the "Young Missionaries of the Little Flower!"

* * *

Vera, Mary and Leo Fitzpatrick,
Carbonear (Box 14) Newfoundland.

. . . We have a new priest here. He was ordained at Harbour Grace on February 1st, his name is Father Shea from Brigus. Father Leo Burke was here until New Year's Eve, the Parish Priest of Brigus is in hospital and is very sick. (Father Burke is now looking after the parish of Brigus.)

Thank you Vera, Mary and Leo and I know our friends all over Canada and Newfoundland will pray for the Pastor of Brigus.

* * *

Grade One, St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ont.

. . . Every morning at school we pray for the Missions. Please pray for your little friends in Grade One.

Each day at Holy Mass I pray for all the Buds near or far away.

The Religious Theatre of the Air

A WEEKLY RADIO PRESENTATION OF THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS NOW HEARD ON FIVE STATIONS IN ONTARIO

C H M L	— HAMILTON	—	Sunday, 4.30 p.m.
C K S O	— SUDBURY	—	Sunday, 2.00 p.m.
C J I C	— SAULT STE. MARIE	—	Sunday, 2.30 p.m.
C K C H	— OTTAWA-HULL	—	Saturday, 9.30 p.m.
C H P S	— PARRY SOUND	—	Sunday, 1.30 p.m.

Radio's Most Popular Religious Programme

LISTEN-IN EVERY WEEK — ASK YOUR FRIENDS TO JOIN YOU.

Grades IV and V, St. Theresa's School, 156 Waverley St., Ottawa, Ont.

. . . The boys of these classes are anxious to have Pen-Pals.

Names are listed under St. Theresa's New Members in February issue.

* * *

Marcella Mullins,
Carbonear, Nfld.

. . . Are you Rev. Father Jim Moriarty of Harbour Grace?

I am Father Jim but NOT Fr. Jim Moriarty, nor do I come from Harbour Grace. So now you are just as wise as ever, Marcella. Besides Father Moriarty's first name is not James.

* * *

The Pupils of Otterbury School, Harbour Grace, Nfld.

I wish to thank you all and your zealous teacher, Miss Paula Hayden, for your generous donation to aid our work for souls.

* * *

L.A.C. Chabot, C.P., R117293 R.C.A.F., M P 01206, Dafoe, Sask.

. . . Mass is offered at camp every day at 5.15 p.m. on Sundays at 9 and 11.30 a.m. . . . I go to Blessed Sacrament Parish on my leaves in Regina.

I ask all our Young Missionaries to pray for Cecil, a faithful member of the "Rose Garden." Please pray daily for all our members in the Armed Forces. Each day at Holy Mass I remember them; join your prayers with my Mass and together we will take care of 'Our Boys and Girls' who are Soldiers of Christ and of their Country. Hail, Christ the King of Kings!

New Members

St. Joseph's School, Blind River, Ont.

Jacqueline Moranville, Lina Miron, Annette Langlois, Roland Cyr, Jeannine Raymond, Therese Vaillancourt, Paulette Dechamps, Marie Jeanne Albert, Bernadette Cyr, May Albert, Pauline Martel, Delisco Faller.

* * *

"Floret School," Little Flower Institute, Little Bras D'or, N.S.

Catherine McNeil, Charles Saunwhite, Lillian Nolan, Shirley Trumano, Alexander McKinnon, Rudy de Lorenzo, James Atkinson, John McKeigan, Victor Crout, William McNeill, Nelson Gillis, Margaret Hewer, Louise MacDonald, Marion L. MacDonald, Therese Brown, Agnes Hewer, Ernest Hewer, Bernie Metcalf, Currie McNeil, Albert Crout, Richard Crout, Henry Launey, John Doucette, Robert Madoie, William Madoie, Charles MacDonald, James MacDonald, John Myles McNeil, William Hammond, Joseph Metcalf, Charles MacDonald, Doris McInnis, Mary M. Vickers, Dorothy Crout, Elizabeth McIsaac, Paula McDonald, Lawrence McDonald.

Want Pen-Pals

Grade IV, St. Andrew's School, Port Arthur, Ont.

Maunna Gaffney, R. Bortessi, C. Quinn, J. Gamble, B. Morrison, Denis Garofalo, Mary Guarasci, Kack McKenna, Gary McLeod, James Reeve, D. McIsaac, Helen Blazina, Alfred Clavet, Frank Tacak, B. Farrant, P. Bentz, K. McIsaac, M. Lovrello, Billy Tennier, Madeleine Papineau, A. Vigliarolo, A. Dominick, Madeleine Jean, Dolores Doyle, Luella Galvin, Georgette Lauzon, Elinor Galvin, Donald Merchant, P. Milkovich, Raymond Krekiak, Verna Petrovich, P. Lynch, Myrtle Coghlan, R. Foulds.

(If some of names are not spelled correctly please forgive Father Jim. It was a little difficult to read the list as sent to me.)

READ 'EM AND GRIN

"You say this woman shot her husband with this pistol, and at close range?" asked the coroner of the eyewitness to the colored tragedy.

"Yassuh."

"Were there powder marks on his face?"

"Yassuh, dass why she shot him!"

Hotel Guest (phoning down at 2 a.m. for the third time): "Say, are you the night clerk?"

Crahbed Clerk: "Yes; what's hiting you?"

Guest: "That's what I'd like to know."

Big Sister: "Johnny, if you eat more cake you'll hurst."

Johnny: "Well, pass the cake and get out of the way.

Friend: "So now you and your son are carrying on the husiness together?"

Owner: "Not exactly. I run the husiness, and my son does the carrying on."

A passerhy saw two teams of hoys playing hasehall. He asked one what the score was. "We're hehind 28 to nuthin'," said the hoy.

"You don't look very discouraged with a score like that," said the stranger.

"Discouraged? We aren't discouraged. We haven't come to hat yet!"

"Why do poets always speak of the moon as silver?"

"I suppose it's hecause of the quarters and halves."

"I hope you are carrying out those ideas I write you ahout," said the contrihutor to the editor.

"Did you see the office hoy with the waste-paper hasket?"

"I did."

"He was carrying out your ideas."

A mandate, wrote a schoolgirl, recently, is an appointment a girl makes with a fellow.

The warning against careless talk in wartime suggested a new method of teasing newlywed couples. On the hack of a hridal car in addition to the usual hoot, was hung a notice which read: "The result of careless talk."

Bill: "I hear they have taken the early morning train off your route. Do you miss it?"

John: "Not since they have taken it off!"

The man was relating his adventures in the jungle.

"Ammunition, food and whiskey had run out," he said, "and we were parched with thirst."

"But wasn't there any water?"

"Sure; hut it was no time to he thinking of cleanliness."

A missionary in Africa was trying to impress upon a negro convert that it was not right to have more than one wife.

"When you get hack home," he said, "tell all your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

The negro scratched his head thoughtfully and said, "You tell them, massa."

Man (leaning out of train window): "Here hoy—take this 50c and get me a sandwich; get yourself one with the change."

Boy (returning just as train is pulling out, chewing wildly on a ham on white): "Here's your change, mister. They only had one sandwich."

Judge: "The case against you, Samho, is that you left your wife. That makes you a wife-deserter. What have you to say?"

Samho: "Judge, you don't know dat woman. Ah ain't desertin'. Ah'se refugeein'.

May: "What did father say when you asked him if you could marry me?"

George: "He didn't ahsolutely refuse, hut he made a very severe condition."

May: "What was it?"

George: "He said he would see me hanged first."

A candidate for the police force was being verhally examined.

"If you were alone in a police car and were pursued hy a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing 60 miles an hour along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The candidate looked puzzled for a moment. "Eighty," he replied.

Very late one night two chaps who had been imhihing too freely were sitting on the pavement with their feet in the gutter. One was heard to say to the other, "What does your wife shay when you shtay out late like thish?"

"Haven't got a wife," the other replied.

"Then why do you shtay out late like thish?"

A Frenchman, struggling with the English language, turned to an American friend for counsel:

"What," he asked, "is a polar hear?"

"Polar bear? Why he lives 'way up north."

"But what do he do?"

"Oh, he sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

"Zat settle! I will not accept!"

"What in the world do you mean, you won't accept?"

"Ah," explained the other, "I was invite to he a polar hear at a funeral, and I will not accept."

New Vicar: "Are people subject to colds in this part? Quite a lot of people had coughs during my sermon."

Old Verger: "Coughs, sir—them ain't coughs, them's time signals."

A school inspector, having ended his investigation into the class's knowledge, smiled at them genially and said:

"Now it's only fair that I should give you a turn, children. Can anyone ask me a question that I may answer it?"

Presently he heard a voice.

"Please, sir, I know a man who has two eggs for hreakfast every morning. He doesn't keep hens, sir, he doesn't steal eggs or huy eggs, sir, and nohody gives them to him. Can you tell me where he gets them from?"

The inspector thought and finally had to answer: "No, I'm afraid I cannot. Well, where does he get them from?"

"Please, sir," said the hoy, "he keeps ducks!"

The hotel manager was passing down the passage one morning when he saw Boots kneeling at one of the hedroom doors cleaning a pair of shoes.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Take them down to the hasement at once and clean them there."

"Impossihle, sir," replied Boots. "There's a Scotch gentleman inside the room and he's hanging onto the laces."

She was a hig, strong woman, and the hurglar she had tackled and captured hore unmistakahle signs of punishment.

"It was very plucky of you, madam," said the magistrate, "to have set upon the hurglar and captured him, hut need you have hlackened his eyes and knocked all his front teeth out?"

"Well," said the woman, "how was I to know it was a hurglar? I'd heen up three hours waiting for my hushand. I thought it was him."

God Is Homeless and His People Are Homeless!

The Catholic Missions in China are a Mass of Rubble and Debris

We appeal to all our friends to assist us in the rebuilding of our churches, schools, and hospitals in China. As soon as the war ends the great work of reconstruction must begin, and it is NOW that we must gather together the necessary funds to re-establish our bomb-blasted missions in Lishui and Kinhwa.

The people of Canada have generously and whole-heartedly backed up our soldiers, airmen, and sailors, by the purchase of War Bonds and Certificates.

Will they be less generous in their support of our brave missionary priests and sisters in far-off China?

Buy the new Victory Bonds and Certificates and give them to the Scarboro Foreign Missionary Society for the Lishui Reconstruction Fund. In this way we will be striking a real blow for God and Country.

TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO.

Enclosed is my offering of $..... towards the rebuilding of our Lishui and Kinhwa missions, and my tribute to the gallant people of China.

Name .....

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